

PHOTOPLAY

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15¢

June

In
Defense of
My Wife
by
Humphrey Bogart

Ingrid Bergman
By Paul Hesse



Lips radiant as glowing embers

Color
Throbbing
Startling
Utterly New

Floress

THE FLUORESCENT LIPSTICK

-  **PINK PASSION**
Radiates Glowing Pink
-  **NEON RED**
Radiates Orange Red
-  **SCARLET SEQUIN**
Radiates True Red
-  **TWILIGHT FUCHSIA**
Radiates Fuchsia, Magenta
-  **BLUE FLAME**
Radiates Blue Red



Daring! Different!

Charge lips with glistening color drama, ignite every costume with this new fluorescent lipstick miracle, containing shimmery Florium.* See hi-lights by day... at night, a glow like burning embers. Unrivalled smoothness and indelibility *plus* a non-chap emollient give you for the first time *radiated* color... imperishable lip allure all in one! It's germ-free, too. So new—try it now—send for trial sizes.

**Florium adds soft glow*



ORDINARY LIPS



LIPS WITH FLORESS

So new your toiletries counter may not have it. Ask your druggist or get it at Crown Drug, Cunningham, Gallahers, Dow, Gray's, Hook's, Jacobs Pharmacy, Kinsel, Marshall, Sun Drug Co., Sun-Ray-Nevins, Thrifty Drug, Walgreen's. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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Send me two trial sizes of the amazing new FLORESS, the fluorescent lipstick, in shades checked below. I enclose 25c in coin to cover all charges, including tax. Check here ☐ if you wish all 5 shades for 50c.

Check here for
☐ **REGULAR \$1 SIZE**
in beautiful all metal swivel case.
☐ I enclose \$1.20 tax included.
☐ Send C. O. D. \$1.20 Plus Postage.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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* In Canada: Large Size is \$1.35—C. O. D.'s Accepted

CHECK SHADES
☐ Pink Passion
☐ Neon Red
☐ Scarlet Sequin
☐ Twilight Fuchsia
☐ Blue Flame

Even Venus couldn't
get away with that!



**How can a goddess stay on her pedestal
unless she stays nice to be near?**

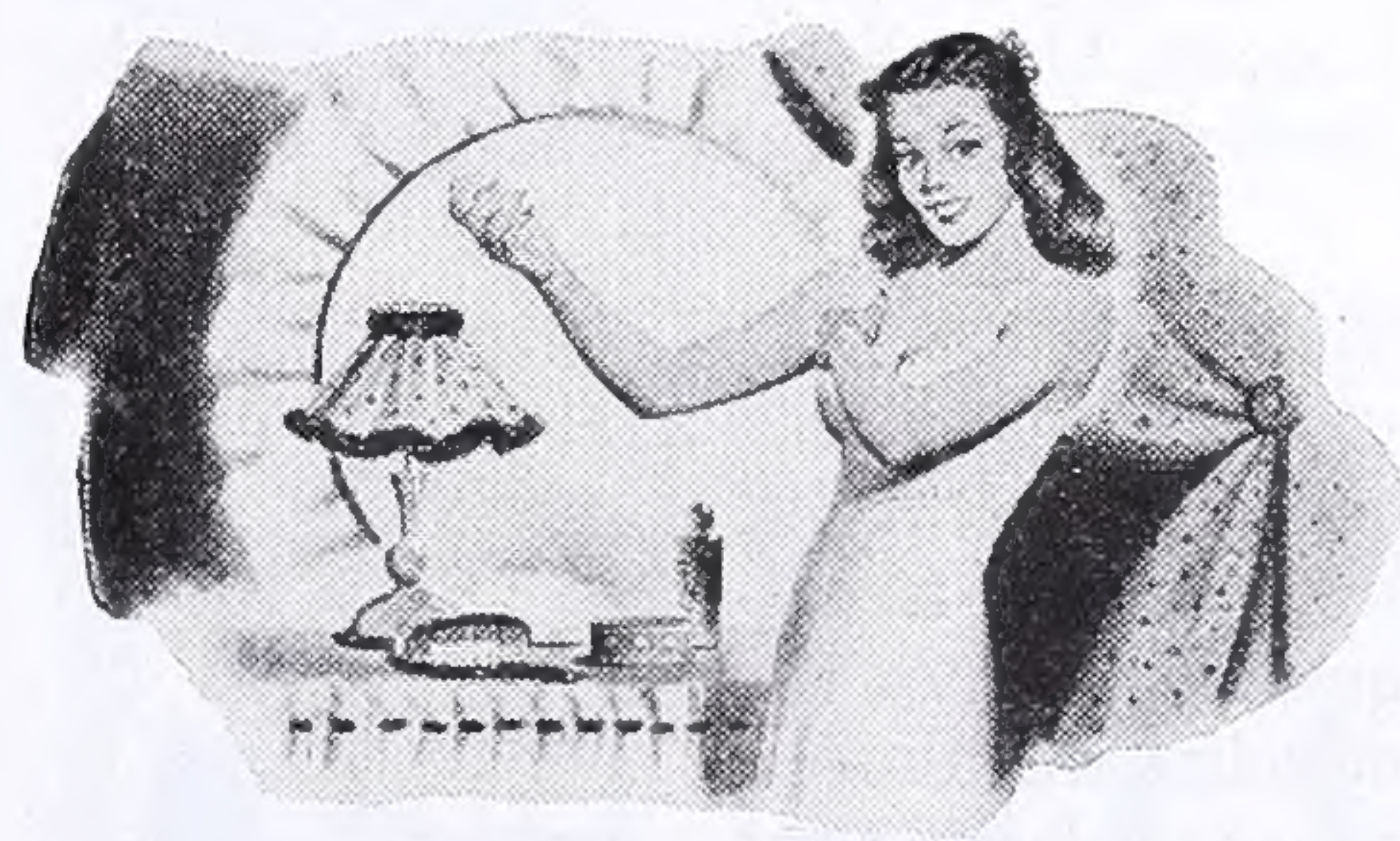
SURE YOUR BEAUTY will get a lift from
that fragrant bubble bath! But what's
to keep your freshness from fading after
the bath is over?

It's as simple as this: Mum's the word
for *lasting* charm. Your bath, you see,
washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum
guards against risk of *future* underarm
odor.

With Mum you play safe. You play fair
with your friends.

Take 30 seconds for Mum. Smooth
Mum on each underarm. Half a minute
and you're protected, all day or evening.
Your fresh-from-the-bath appeal marks
you as a girl who is nice to be near.

Creamy, snowy-white Mum won't irri-
tate your skin or injure fine fabrics. And
it won't dry out in the jar or form irri-
tating crystals. Safe and gentle Mum
smooths on easily even *after* you're
dressed. Get a jar of Mum today.



Mum



— takes the odor out of perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Sometimes we wish we were a novelist—just for the thrill of seeing our words brought magically to the screen.



★ ★ ★ ★
As M-G-M has just done, for instance, with A. J. Cronin's modern romantic masterpiece, "The Green Years".

★ ★ ★ ★
If we had written "The Green Years", we'd be especially proud of having created the whole galaxy of fascinating characters who would shine before us in the hushed and darkened theatre, the living images of what we'd envisioned.

★ ★ ★ ★
There would be young Robert Shannon—handsome, sensitive, fighting his way in a hostile world. And Alison, Robert's sweetheart, loveliest of all our heroines! And Grandfather Gow, as rollicking a rogue as ever caroused across the screen!

★ ★ ★ ★
We'd see that first kiss of the lovers... and Robie's struggle against a friendless town... and the feud of Grandpa Gow with his ghoulish in-laws!

★ ★ ★ ★
And we'd marvel at how perfectly each character has been cast, as though born to the role.



★ ★ ★ ★
There couldn't be a better "Dandie" Gow than Charles Coburn; a more splendid Robert than Tom Drake; a lovelier Alison than Beverly Tyler. This, by the way, is Beverly's first—and very impressive—featured role.

★ ★ ★ ★
Laurels would certainly go to Director Victor Saville and Producer Leon Gordon; to screen play writers Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien; and to a fine supporting cast: Hume Cronyn, Gladys Cooper, Dean Stockwell, Selena Royle, Jessica Tandy, and Richard Haydn.

★ ★ ★ ★
Yes, if we were A. J. Cronin, we'd be very happy to see "The Green Years" on the screen. But since we're a columnist and not the novelist, we take our delight in typing out this sincere tribute and signing it

—*Leo*



PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE GOERS

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Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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At seventeen a girl's heart is so wise—a boy's so achingly unsure. That's the way it is with Alison and Robie in this tender picture of the green years—those years so full of laughter and heartbreak.

M-G-M has caught, with vibrant warmth and understanding, the spirit of this modern masterpiece...



A.J. Cronin's

THE GREEN YEARS

M-G-M presents A. J. CRONIN'S "THE GREEN YEARS" starring CHARLES COBURN with TOM DRAKE • BEVERLY TYLER • HUME CRONYN • Gladys Cooper
Dean Stockwell • Richard Haydn • Screen Play by Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien • Directed by Victor Saville • Produced by Leon Gordon • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



It's Desi Arnaz's happy birthday, complete with cake and Luci Ball

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood



Profiling the Sherrys—Bette Davis and groom at CBS



The Mitchums make a gleeful pair—Bob and his Mrs.

Photographs by Fink and Smith

Amour, Amour: Peter Lawford, who can't pass a telephone without stopping to phone someone for a date, has been calling pretty Beverly Tyler these Hollywood nights . . . Hedy Lamarr and John Loder are sooooo happy now that they're reconciled and all those nasty quarrels forgotten. Two people so much in love shouldn't let petty differences part them . . . It's Rod Cameron and Yvonne De Carlo now. Guess Yvonne's mile-high torch wasn't high enough to reach that famous millionaire flying in the stratosphere . . . Kathryn Grayson and Johnny Johnston make it look as though the latest parting of Kathryn and John Shelton is the final one. Hollywood's bored with the frequent separations and reconciliations of that pair. It's about time

they made up their minds . . . Guy Madison and Gail Russell are a steady twosome. Guy told Cal recently that they are both free to have other dates, but don't want them . . . William Eythe and Margaret Whiting decided it wasn't really love between them so all is over now . . . Distance-makes-the-heart-forget item: Bob Hutton dated Suzi Crandall and June Haver while Lana Turner was in South America. But June's also dating Rory Calhoun who also dates Suzi, which makes it all about as simple as an atomic bomb formula . . . Little Martha Stewart and comedian Joe E. Lewis, who have known each other for over a year, tied the knot in Florida. They'll make the West Coast their home . . . (Continued on page 6)

It's the
Comedy Hit
of the Year!



Ring out with those roars! Let go with those laughs! Here comes
the merriest, madcap merry-go-round that ever
rolled you up and down the aisles!

Paramount presents

"THE WELL GROOMED BRIDE"

starring

Olivia DeHavilland

Ray Milland

Sonny Tufts

with

James Gleason • Constance Dowling • Percy Kilbride • Jean Heather

Produced by Fred Kohlmar • Directed by Sidney Lanfield

Screen Play by Claude Binyon and Robert Russell



That Oscar winning Movie Man of the Year
follows up his sensational "The Lost Weekend"
performance with a new screen high in
romantic hilarity! He's out for fun!

Smart Headwork



To snag for your very own the nicest, strongest guy around!

It's smart head-work, too, when you choose DeLong Bob Pins to keep your page-boy or chignon under control because they've got the Stronger Grip that's called for . . . They simply refuse to slip and slide around in a weak-kneed fashion, letting your carefully concocted hair-do down to *there*...



Once you use DeLong Bob Pins you'll wonder how you ever lived and breathed without them. Their Stronger Grip solves your head-work problems now and forever more. Remember . . .

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS



Cornel Wilde amuses hostess Veronica Lake while his wife Pat Knight watches

INSIDE STUFF

Cornered at the same party—thoughtful Danny Kaye with blondsme Janet Thomas



(Continued from page 4)

Cupid's Casualties: The Rita Hayworth divorce suit against Orson Welles won't be filed as soon as expected—but not for any particular romantic reasons. There's "no love lost" between these two. But there are a lot of financial details to be discussed and Rita isn't going into court until the property settlement has been arranged. With Orson spending so much time in the East, "conferences" aren't easy to manage. Meanwhile it looks as if Jimmy Stewart has really sabotaged the Tony Martin thing with Rita. But Tony will be back by the time you read this—and then we'll see.

With Stirling Hayden and Madeleine Carroll divorced, look for his immediate



Happily present—Cary Grant with the girl of his heart, pretty Betty Hensel

return to the movies he cared so little about when he left Hollywood. And don't be surprised if he marries Kyle McConnell, a beautiful model.

Near casualty was the Betty Hutton-Ted Briskin marriage. And Cal can tell you quite confidentially that if there was any fault (despite his love of his Betty and utter generosity) it was Briskin's. He's been insisting on being in all publicity pictures with Betty; hanging around the studio while she's working, which doesn't please studio heads at all; and otherwise interfering in what is strictly her business. By the way, they'll build a three-room addition to their house for a nursery and the birdies say it'll be occupied in September after she finishes "Perils of Pauline."

So far it's been impossible to confirm, but we want to tip you off that Jean Arthur and Frank Ross are headed for a smash. Our dope is that as soon as she's well enough to file—they'll divorce.

The month's crop of divorces far outnumbered the (Continued on page 8)

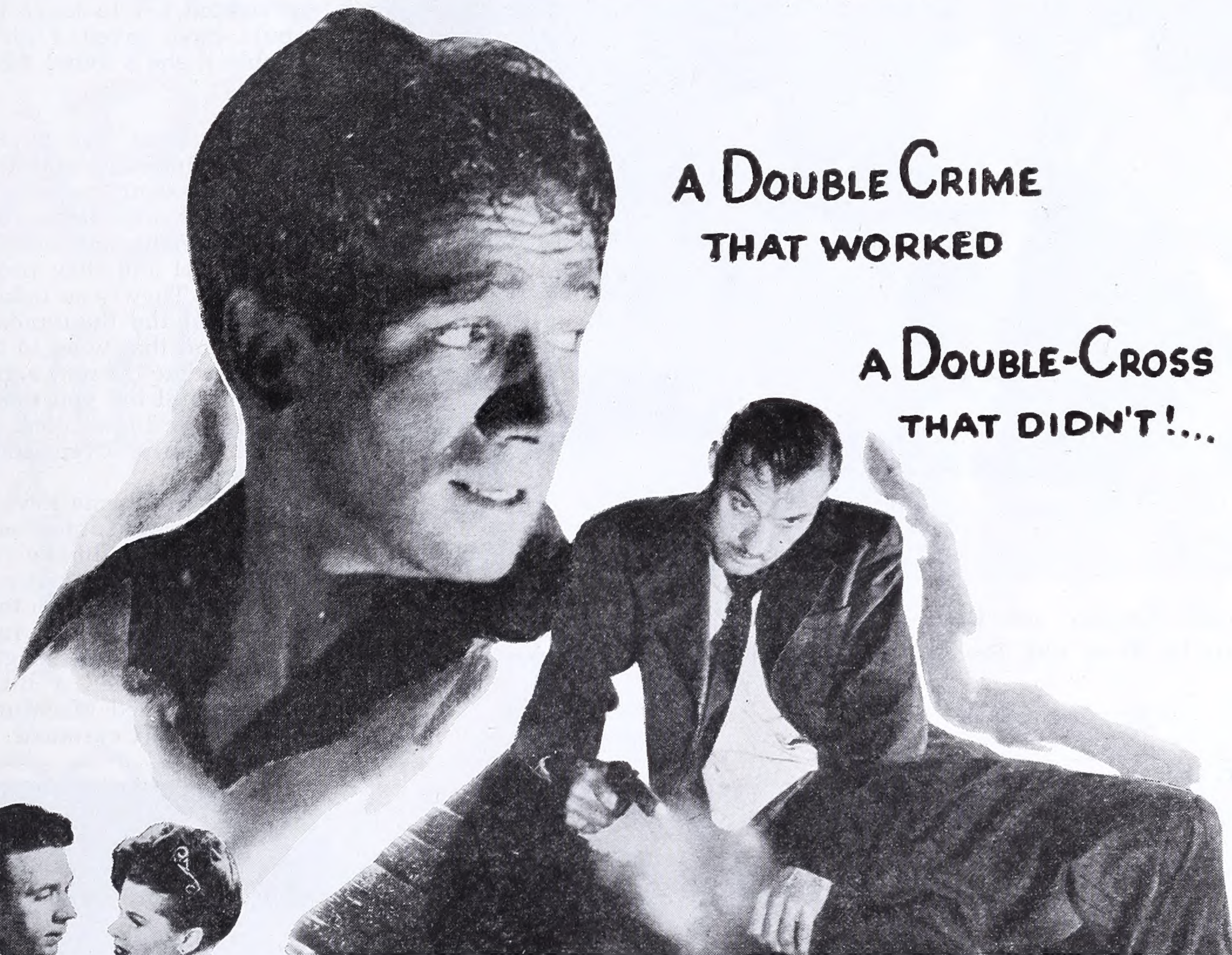
Now Presenting

"THE YEAR'S OUTSTANDING NEW STAR!"

DANE CLARK IS WINNER OF "MOTION PICTURE HERALD'S" NATION-WIDE THEATRE POLL!

**A DOUBLE CRIME
THAT WORKED**

**A DOUBLE-CROSS
THAT DIDN'T!...**



**IT'S WARNERS AGAIN FOR EXCITEMENT AND
ADVENTURE! HERE'S A STORY CRAM-FULL OF
BOTH SO DON'T MISS A SINGLE MINUTE OF IT!**

THE RUGGEST PAIR
IN PICTURES
PAIR-OFF!

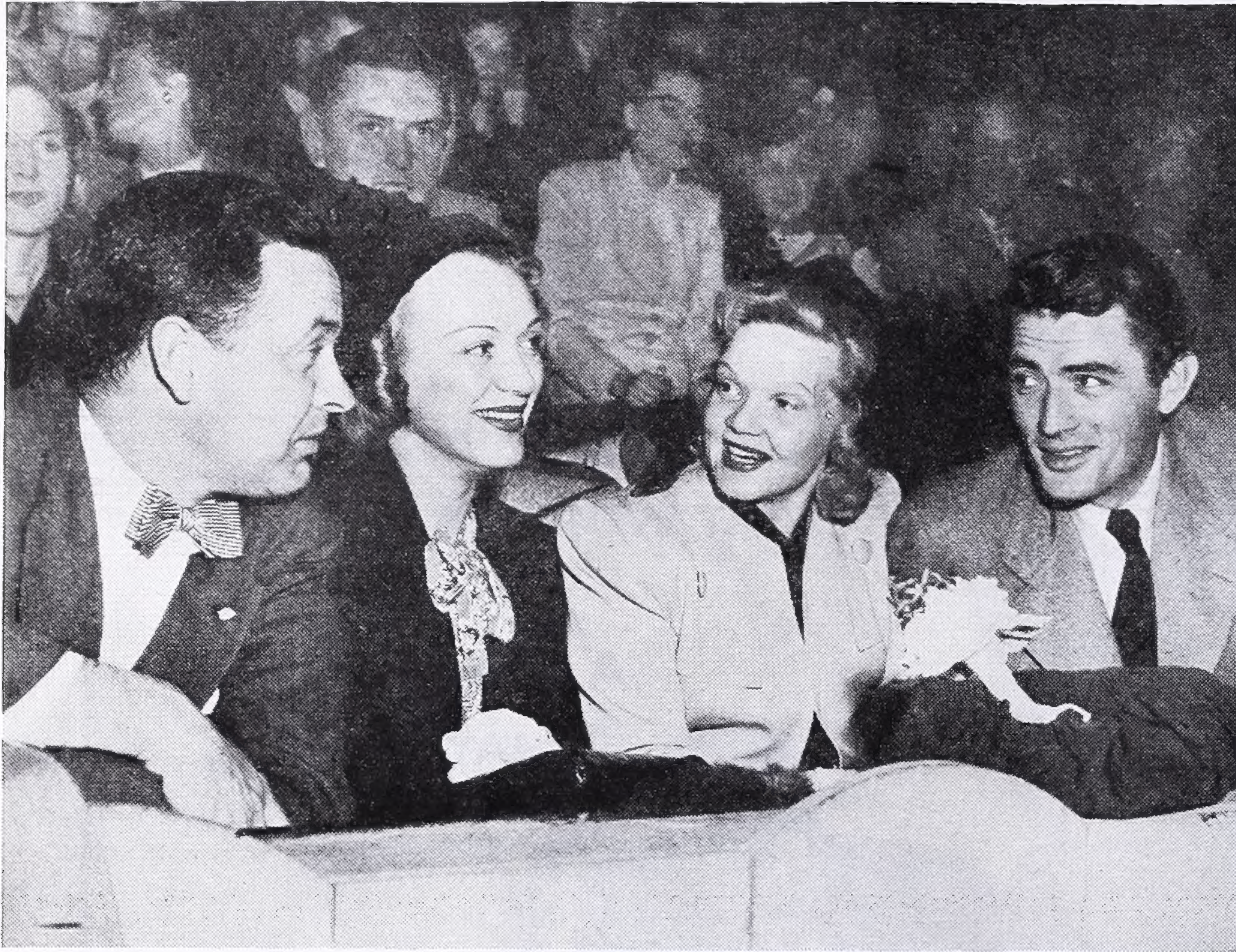
**DANE CLARK
ZACHARY SCOTT
JANIS PAIGE**

THAT NEW GAL—BRINGING
A LUSCIOUS NEW 'SOMETHING' TO PICTURES!

"HER KIND OF MAN"

DIRECTED BY FREDERICK de CORDOVA with FAYE EMERSON • GEORGE TOBIAS • HOWARD SMITH • HARRY LEWIS • PRODUCED BY ALEX GOTTLIEB
Screen Play by Gordon Kahn and Leopold Atlas • Original Story by Charles Hoffman and James V. Kern

WARNER REMINDER: See 'SARATOGA TRUNK' yet? Be mighty sure to — or you'll be mighty sorry...



Fun in pairs—Gregory and Greta Peck step out and take in the Sonja Henie Ice Show with Eve Arden and her husband, Ned Bergen

(Continued from page 6) weddings. The marriage of Ellen Drew and Cy Bartlett survived years apart when Bartlett was in the Air Force but, like so many other things, had reconversion trouble when the war was over.

After three months of wedlock, Sheila Ryan admitted her marriage to cowboy actor Allan Lane had been too hasty. Seems that Allan was too critical of everything Sheila did and said and he wanted her to leave the screen. It would have saved a lot of time and trouble if she'd found that out beforehand.

Judy: Happiest gal in Hollywood of course is Judy Garland, the mama, who got just exactly what she "ordered" from the stork. Both Judy and Vincente Minnelli had their hearts set on a baby girl and they promptly named her Liza. They're so tickled they don't even mind the thousands of dollars it cost to add that wing to their house to accommodate the new arrival. Actually, Minnelli will tell you that it cost more to add those three rooms than it did to build his entire lovely house originally!

Party-wood: Cinema town has been going mad on the subject of parties. The biggest recent shindig was the one Gracie Allen and George Burns tossed at The Club for over two hundred—oodles of movie and radio stars on hand, with much singing, gagging, dancing and even a little saxophone playing by Fred MacMurray . . . You could have (Continued on page 10)

Together Again

IRRESISTIBLE *P.W. LIPSTICK

and METAL SWIVEL CASE

*Pre-War IRRESISTIBLE is back!
The smoother lipstick, longer-lasting,
more wonderful than ever thanks to
wartime research. WHIP-TEXT through our
secret process, of long scarce materials,
IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK is creamy soft
as you love it, yet firm, non-breaking...
and comes in a smart metal
swivel case that works!

Irresistible RUBY RED Lipstick

a deep, rich red . . . WHIP-TEXT to be s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r . . . longer lasting!

in
handsome
metal
swivel
case

10c
&
25c
SIZES



catches **BOB**
BABS
With
her
boots
off!

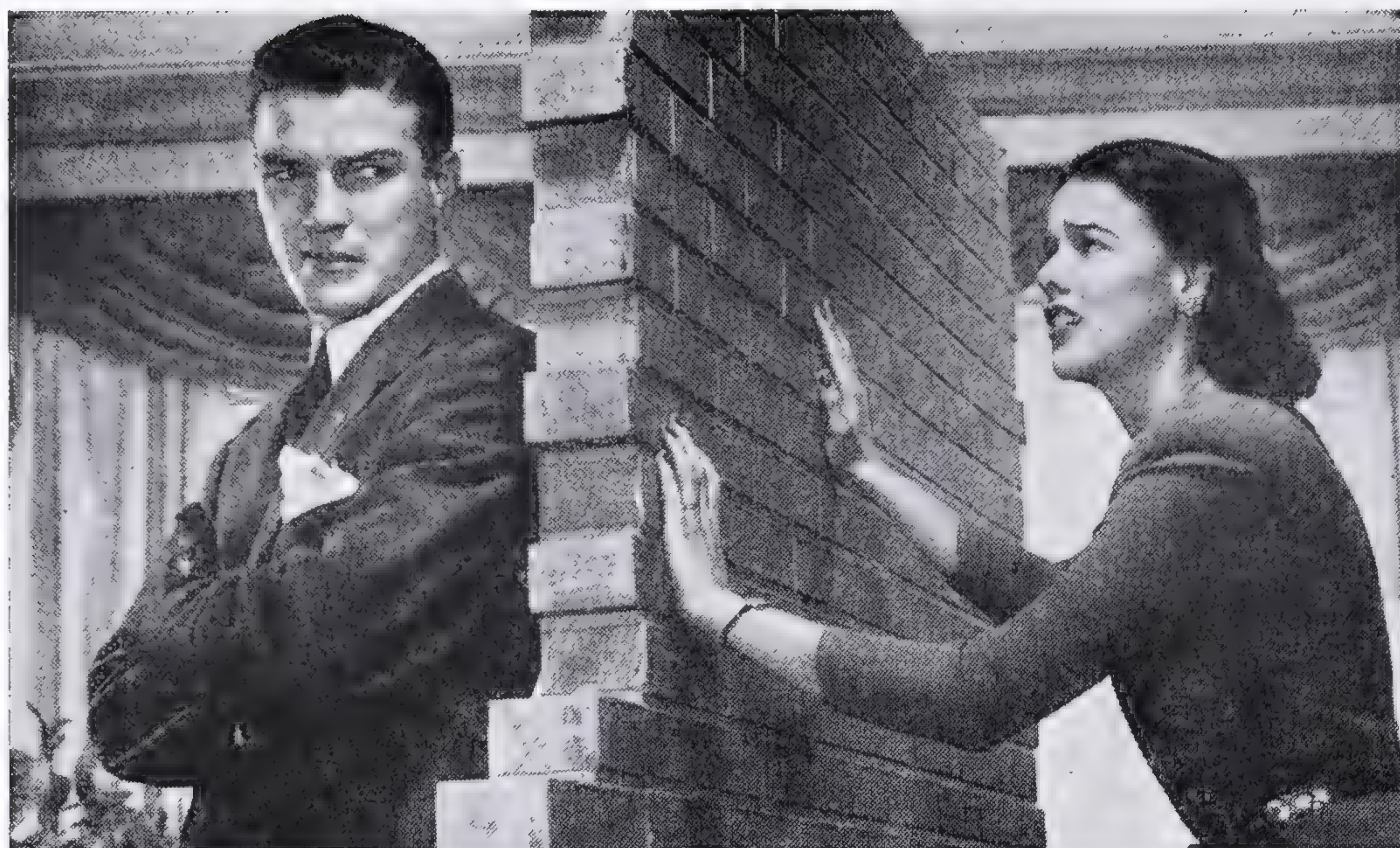


Paramount
presents

Barbara Stanwyck
Robert Cummings
Diana Lynn



with
PATRIC KNOWLES
PEGGY WOOD
ROBERT BENCHLEY
WILLIE BEST
Directed by Irving Pichel
Produced by Seton I. Miller
Screen Play by Dwight Mitchell Wiley



A BARRIER STOOD BETWEEN US

Misunderstanding and coldness loomed like a wall between us. I *should* have realized why, because I knew about feminine hygiene and the difference it can make. But I'd been trusting to *now-and-then* care.

My doctor set me straight. He said never to risk marriage happiness by being careless about feminine hygiene, even once. And he advised me to use "Lysol" brand disinfectant for *douching*—always.



BUT I BROKE IT DOWN

Nothing between us *now*, but love and happiness. I've learned my lesson. No more carelessness about feminine hygiene. I always use "Lysol" for douching and is it *de-*

pendable! Far more so than salt, soda, or other homemade solutions. "Lysol" is a proved germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly, yet gently. So easy and economical to use, too!

Check these facts with your Doctor



Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of every woman. So, douche thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution . . . always. Powerful cleanser—"Lysol's" great spreading power means it reaches

deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. Proved germ-killer—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control . . . far more dependable than homemade solutions. Non-caustic—"Lysol" douching solution is non-irritating, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow

easy directions. Cleanly odor—disappears after use; deodorizes. More women use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene than any other method. (For FREE feminine hygiene booklet, write Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.)



For Feminine Hygiene use **"Lysol"** Brand Disinfectant

always!

"LYSOL" is the registered trade-mark of Lehn & Fink Products Corporation and any use thereof in connection with products not made by it constitutes an infringement thereof.

(Continued from page 8) gotten a nice sunburn just from the heat of the photos' bulb-flashing at the Cornel Wildes, who were at Veronica Lake's party—and Linda Darnell with her Pev Marley (in spite of all those rumors trying to separate them)—and Connie Moore and Cary Grant with Betty Hensel, who are waxing warmer than ever. Really think this romance is here to stay a while. Teresa Wright and Niven Busch, who don't usually go out to parties much, were there too.

June's Dates: Trying to keep up with June Haver and her dating would take Simon Legree's bloodhounds—every night it's another beau. And Cal wouldn't be a bit surprised if all this changing off was a result of "studio orders" because everyone knows that June's real heart is Dr. John Duzik—and he has been for a long time. Her bosses would much rather she be seen about a lot with different fellows and get typical ingenue publicity—but we wouldn't be a bit surprised to see Junie and John leap off any day and get married. They already have her mother's consent. Latest is that the Haver has made a statement that she isn't going to marry *anybody* for two years. Ho-hum—we've heard that before!

Question Mark: Vanny-boy (last name is Johnson) came back to Hollywood far from the exhilarated lad you'd have thought he'd be—after that mad, "exciting" trip to (Continued on page 12)

Profiled with laughter—lovely Linda Darnell and her favorite man, Pev Marley



Greatest Frontier Saga *SINCE "CIMARRON"!*

The screen tells it for the first time . . . a town
outside the law . . . and all the notorious
badmen who fought to keep it there.

BADMAN'S TERRITORY

Starring

RANDOLPH SCOTT
ANN RICHARDS
GEORGE 'Gabby' HAYES

Produced by NAT HOLT • Directed by TIM WHELAN

Original Screen Play by JACK MATTEFORD and LUCI WARD

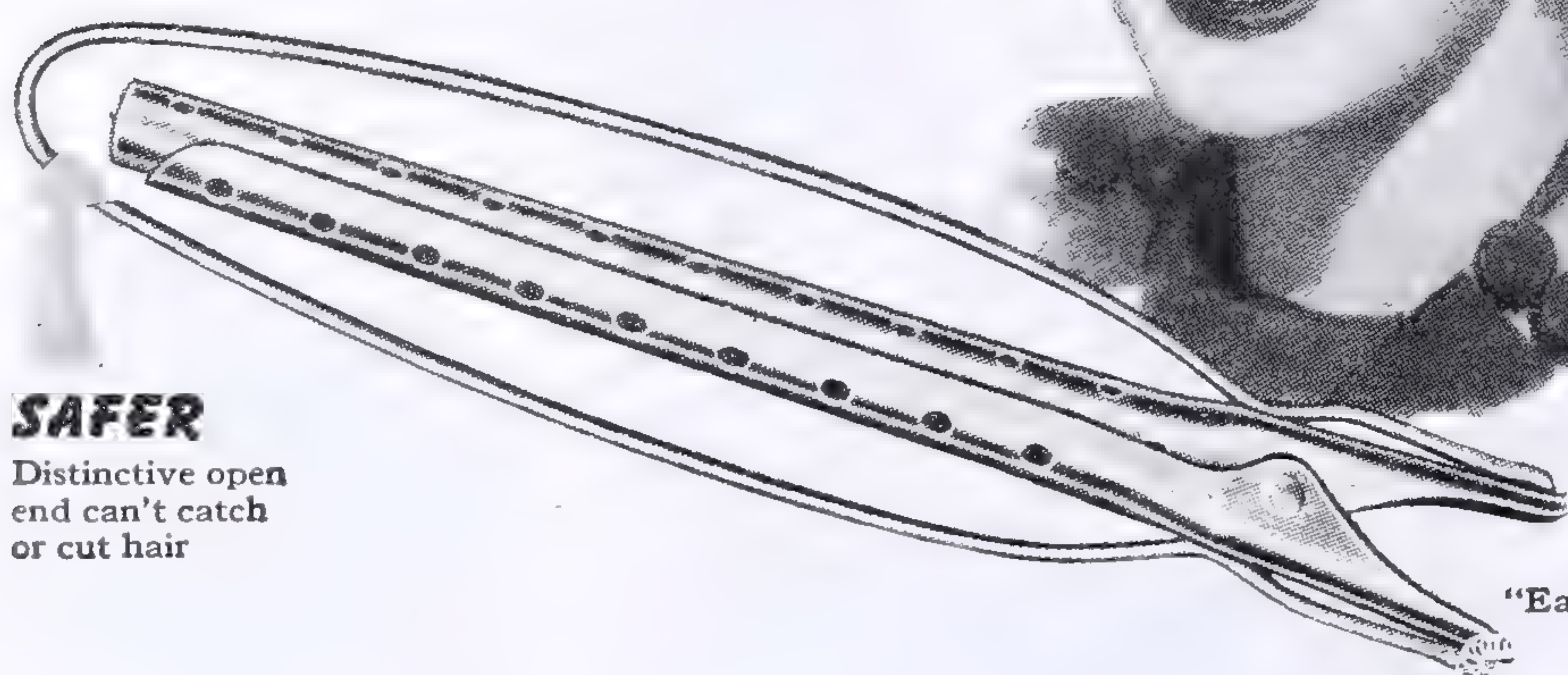
An RKO RADIO PICTURE



REVOLUTIONARY NEW CURLER AVOIDS BROKEN HAIR ENDS

No matter how beautiful your permanent, no matter how natural your wave, broken hair ends can cause ugly, unmanageable frizz.

The revolutionary new GAYLA "Easy-Lock" Curlers "baby" brittle hair-ends, treat them softly, gently—thanks to the unique "open end" feature. No wonder your hair looks so soft, so lovely, so natural!



SAFER

Distinctive open end can't catch or cut hair

EASIER

Patented "Easy-Lock" snaps closed easily with one hand from any position

DON'T RISK A FRIZZY HAIR-DO BY BREAKING, MASHING, CUTTING



Get a whole set of these new, safer curlers today and help yourself to uniformly soft, flattering, natural curls every time.

Gayla
"EASY-LOCK"
CURLER

by the makers of the famous
Gayla Hold-Bob bobby pins and hairpins



Here is *Amber!* Petite Peggy Cummins, of "Forever Amber," and Vincent Price

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 10) New York and all its triumphs—when you consider that he left there broke and unknown only five years ago. But it didn't excite him—not the way it would most. We talked with him right after he got back—and it seemed he was very let down. For one thing, he's not conceited and didn't take all that adulation "big." And too, if you ask us, he was really lonesome for Sonja Henie! Yessuh, from the way he acts now (doesn't want her to have other dates, etc.), I think the guy really cares! They've been together every possible minute since he got back, but don't take our word for it. Sheilah Graham tells you all about it in her story on page 33.

As for Sonja, she's looking sensational—her jewels and clothes are something! And she's about to star in a new picture, "The Countess of Monte Cristo"—but first she says she's going to throw another one of her famous "big parties."

Generosity by Joan: No one has printed how sweet Joan Crawford was to little Ann Blyth who was so sensational in "Mildred Pierce," which won the Oscar for Joan. The Blyth might not have been so great or so at ease had it not been for Joan. Because when Ann started in that picture—and in that terrific acting part—she was so nervous about that and about working with the seasoned Crawford, she could hardly breathe. Joan noticed this the first few days on the set. Before the week was out, she was taking Ann home to dinner with her, just gabbing evenings away, putting the gal at ease—and going (Continued on page 14)

The motion picture
to hold you on
the keen knife
edge of...

Mad, unholy desire...
strange, diabolical hate,
and an all-consuming love
with murder as its motive.

SUSPENSE

Vigorous screen entertainment
starkly exposing a beautiful girl's
evil destiny which brings disaster
to the men who love her. Every
thrill-packed moment an experi-
ence in gripping "suspense."

"SUSPENSE" A KING BROTHERS PRODUCTION starring BELITA • BARRY SULLIVAN • BONITA GRANVILLE
ALBERT DEKKER with EUGENE PALLETTE • Miguelito Valdes • Bobby Ramos & His Band • Produced by MAURICE and
FRANKLIN KING • Directed by Frank Tuttle • Original Screenplay by Philip Yordan • Music by Daniele Amfitheatrof • A MONOGRAM PICTURE





WALTER THORNTON, originator of the Pin-Up Girl says: "I recommend Flame-Glo Lipstick to all of my pin-up models for extra beauty, extra glamour... no blurry edges!"

RITA DAIGLE, famous Stardust contest winner, a popular Walter Thornton Pin-Up Girl.



What do Your Lips say about You?

Your lips are forever saying things about you! Use Flame-Glo and be sure they speak loveliness and allure. Use the beauty secrets of famous Pin-Up Girls to give yourself new glamour. Flame-Glo keeps lips alive with the fire of youth hours longer, thanks to its protective water-repellent film... no blurry edges ever. For quality every time, choose Flame-Glo!

KEEP KISSABLE WITH

Flame-Glo
LIPSTICK



AT ALL TOILET GOODS COUNTERS • MATCHING ROUGE & FACE POWDER

(Continued from page 12) over her lines with her!

Various Returns: You can look for Norma Shearer to return to pictures before the leaves fall. She's already reading the script of "Mr. District Attorney," which will be movie-ized from the radio series... Ty Power, Bill Powell, Clifton Webb, Darryl Zanuck and others have gone simply batty on the game of—not polo, kiddies—but croquet. English croquet—which is played with extra large heavy balls and mallets. And no sissy game either! They had a "tournament" in Palm Springs that went on for weeks—and took it so seriously all their pals were having chuckles. So what happened? Why, everyone else started taking it up and now it's become such a craze that

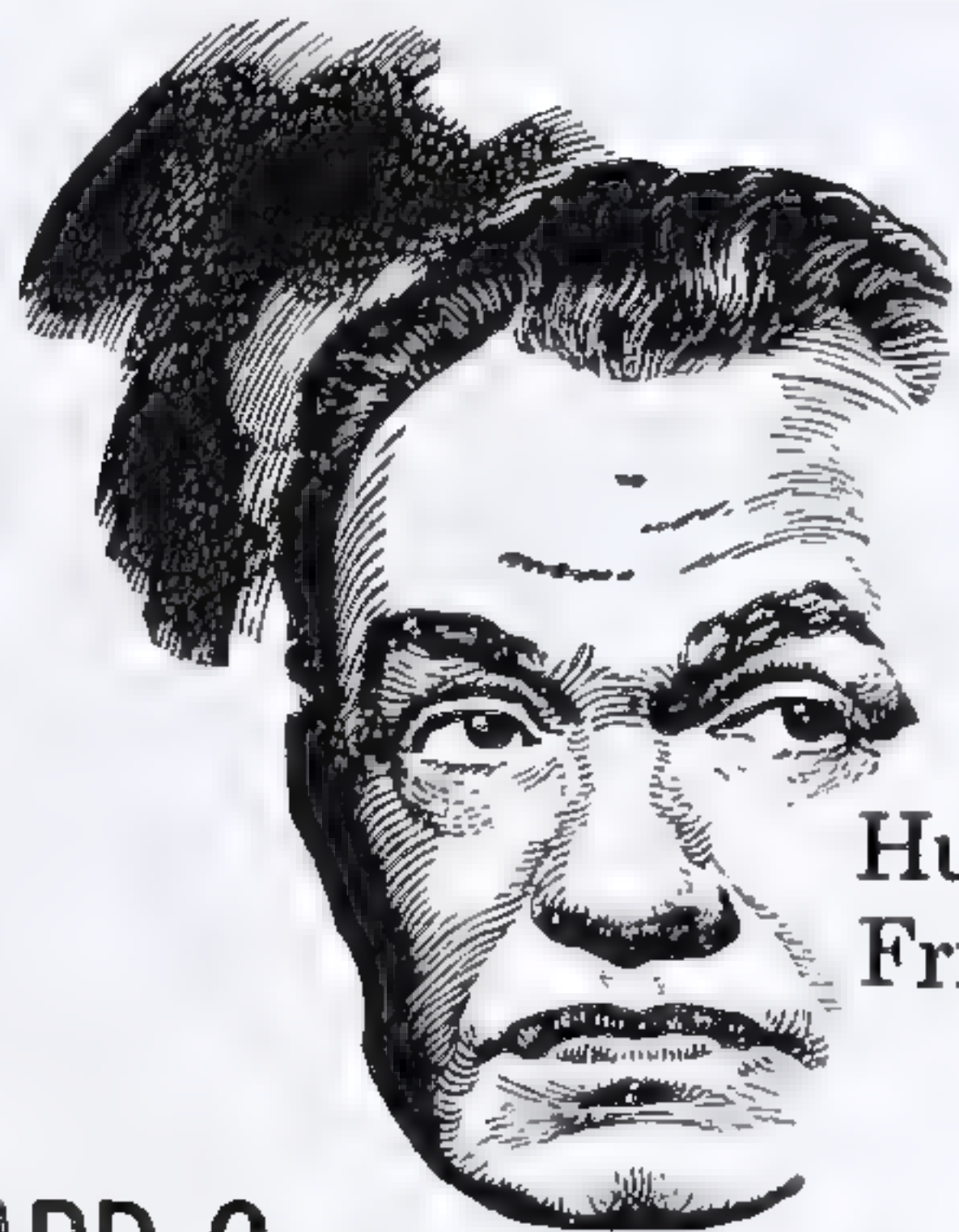
INSIDE STUFF



Irish eyes are smiling—Mrs. O'Keefe watches Dennis. He watches Ice Show

it will no doubt spread all over Beverly Hills any minute. What a summer to look forward to. Stars will probably be breaking their necks right and left tripping over wickets!... Lana Turner was due for some wrist-slapping by her studio when she got back from that South American jaunt. Oh—did she get in dutch in Brazil for pulling down the shade on her plane and ignoring the pleas of thousands on the airfield to let them see her. She didn't even give 'em a smile—much less an autograph. Though Greg Bautzer long-distanced her, it was Huntington Hartford who met her plane in Miami... Ray Milland left Hollywood after winning his Oscar, saying he'd do no work—nothing but play for three-months. And then he proceeded to appear on about a million radio shows for the next few weeks. He and his Mal were planning a trip to Rio de Janeiro (Continued on page 16)

After what you've
done to me...
**KILL
ME!**



Hunter — or prey?
Friend or Stranger?

EDWARD G.

ROBINSON



...Tainted by the
touch of the
Stranger!

LORETTA

YOUNG



...Stranger to fear...
master of deceit!

ORSON

WELLES

"The Stranger"

The most
DECEITFUL
man a woman
ever loved!

International Pictures presents
EDWARD G. ROBINSON • LORETTA YOUNG
ORSON WELLES

in
"the Stranger"

with

PHILIP MERIVALE • RICHARD LONG • BILLY HOUSE

Produced by S. P. EAGLE

Story by VICTOR TRIVAS and DECLA DUNNING

Screenplay by ANTHONY VEILLER

AN INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

(THE HAIG CORPORATION) Released through RKO RADIO PICTURES

Directed by
ORSON WELLES





(Formerly known as those difficult days, those certain days or just "those days")

Tampax users may agree on the superiority of this method of monthly hygiene, but their reasons vary widely.



GLORIA SAYS: "I CAN GO IN SWIMMING" Yes, Tampax is internally worn, without external belts, pins or pads. You don't feel it when in use and you need not remove it for your shower, tub or swim!

BETSY SAYS: "DON'T NEED A DEODORANT" Right you are, Betsy! With *Tampax* no odor can form and there are other comforts too. No chafing. No bulges. Quick changing; easy disposal. . .



LUCILLE SAYS: "IT RAISES MY MORALE" Tampax relieves embarrassment at such times. So dainty and efficient that millions of modern women have adopted it. For sale at drug stores, notion counters, in 3 absorbencies.

HELEN SAYS: "A DOCTOR STARTED IT" . . . Doctor-invented Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton compressed in dainty applicators. So compact that your purse holds a full month's supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



3 absorbencies

REGULAR
SUPER
JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Mocambo coupling—Gail Russell pays strict attention to her happy date, Guy Madison, on a dinner date

(Continued from page 14) themselves—and may be learning the "South American way" by the time this reaches you.

Fun Punning: Tiny June Allyson was standing beside tall Danny Kaye and he asked, "How tall are you?"

"With heels?" asked June.

"With any guys!" said Danny!

People giggled hearing Kay Kyser say, "Garson's back! How I'd love to scratch it!"

Lots of times H. Bogart lets L. Bacall take the controls of their boat when they're out sailing together. And lots of times, Lauren sort of lets the boat lag behind too much. When this happens, Bogie always yells to her, "Baby—your ship is slowing!"

By the Way: Agent Henry Willson is

so maaaaad about Diana Lynn and told us he is dying to marry her. It's up to her now . . . And with Diana giving most of her nights to Henry, her former big flame, Loren Tindall, is playing the field.

Coming up!: You'll want to know more about Mark Stevens after you see him in "The Dark Corner." He earned his success the hard way because not so long ago he painted signs at twenty-five cents per line, couldn't even get a dishwashing job in New York, almost starved on the road when he was playing in stock, finally landed a job in an Ohio radio station at \$25 per week and had to walk twelve miles to Warner Brothers for his first screen test because he didn't have the bus fare.

(Continued on page 18)

Across the table from Gail and Guy at Mocambo—Henry Willson shares amusing moment with Diana Lynn



"Intimately Yours"



VITA · FLUFF

"THE WORLD'S FINEST SHAMPOO"

by
Duon

"AT YOUR BEAUTY SALON"

"Away with Fingertip Monotony..."

Let your nail polish interpret every mood... every occasion!" SAYS
MRS. JESSE SPALDING III
(the former Vivi Gould Fairchild)
of New York and Palm Beach

Evening Enchantment

For after-dark allure, Vivi gives her fingertips a more sophisticated, formal look by covering them completely in Dura-Gloss PINK LADY. And she uses the Quick Trick method—applies 2 coats of polish—for crystal lustre and sheen.

Costumes by McMullen
Jewels by Trifari

Outdoor Freshness

To harmonize with her gardening costume, Vivi wears Dura-Gloss NUTMEG, applied to show both moons and tips—for a casual, outdoor effect. And she uses the Double Quick Trick because it makes quick polish changes so simple and easy.

It's charged with excitement...

Town Sophisticate

Changing to Dura-Gloss RED PLUM to accent her vivid red hat, Vivi complements the sleek lines of her suit with a smooth, tailored manicure—moons exposed, tips covered. And applying her polish the Quick Trick way, gives her nails a jewel-like gleam.

DURA-GLOSS

Fingertip Allure



NEWEST STRATEGY OF ALLURE!

So Easy With Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" Technique

1. Quick Trick

For crystal-like lustre and sheen, use this Dura-Gloss method: Apply one coat of Dura-Coat—two coats of Dura-Gloss polish. Quick dry with Dura-Gloss Polish Dryer.

2. Double Quick Trick

When time is short, use this easy method for sparkling fingertip beauty: Apply one coat of Dura-Coat—one coat of polish. Quick dry with Dura-Gloss Polish Dryer.

Every fashionable shade of Nail Polish made is made by Dura-Gloss

Copr. 1946, Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, N. J., Founded by E. T. Reynolds



Gaily present: The Frank Sinatras were on hand to hear who won Academy Awards

(Continued from page 16)

Award Notes: After the tumult and the shouting died the general feeling in Hollywood was that the awards had gone to roost this year to the rightful, most deserving winners. Everyone talked for days about Bob Hope's off-mike talk while emceeing the award event. At the close, when all winners were gathered for pictures, Ingrid Bergman, who had presented Ray Miland his winning Oscar, protested, "I don't belong here. I haven't an Oscar." Bob retorted, "Well, all you have to do is slip home and get one."

In lusty good will, pranks were played on Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder who copped a triple-header with "The Lost Weekend," winning writing, directing and acting honors. When Brackett and Wilder walked into Paramount Studios the morning after the event, writers had hung empty bottles from the windows of a four-story building to welcome them. But that wasn't all. At a testimonial luncheon presided over by Harry Ginsberg in the commissary to celebrate the award, Paramount's top producers, directors and writers were called upon to pay tribute to the two men. Each guest, dead-pan serious, stood up and apologized for the fact that, while he had heard "The Lost Weekend" was a knockout, he hadn't seen it. One producer said he'd seen two days' rushes but as soon as it came to his neighborhood theater he was going to catch

STUFF



He took home an Oscar: Ray Milland of "The Lost Weekend" fame and his Mrs.

the picture. Brackett and Wilder caught onto the gag but the boys were much too blissful to do anything about it.

Joan Crawford, who was too ill to attend the award presentation, had to hear over her bedside radio that she was the year's outstanding actress. Joan said that when she caught the news she cried so loud, so hard that she heard none of the applause which roared from the crowd acclaiming her. Joan wasn't able to go back to work until a week later and her golden Oscar remained on her dressing table by her bed.

Knee deep in wires and flowers, Joan is still voicing her thanks to the many people, great and small, who congratulated her. She said, "Telegrams came from Louis B. Mayer and Helen Hayes, Harry Rapf who brought me out to Hollywood in 1926. They came, too, from the mail-room girls at Warners and the mail-room boys at M-G-M—from so many people whom I haven't seen in years—whom I thought surely had forgotten me."

The first thing Joan did was to call the Academy office and get their permission to have a small golden Oscar engraved on a money clip which she presented to Mike Curtiz who directed "Mildred Pierce."

Everyone hopes Jimmy Dunn will get a film role now to equal his Oscar-winning comeback in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." (Continued on page 21)



Sunlit
sorcery

Woodbury
Sun Peach

KATHRYN GRAYSON

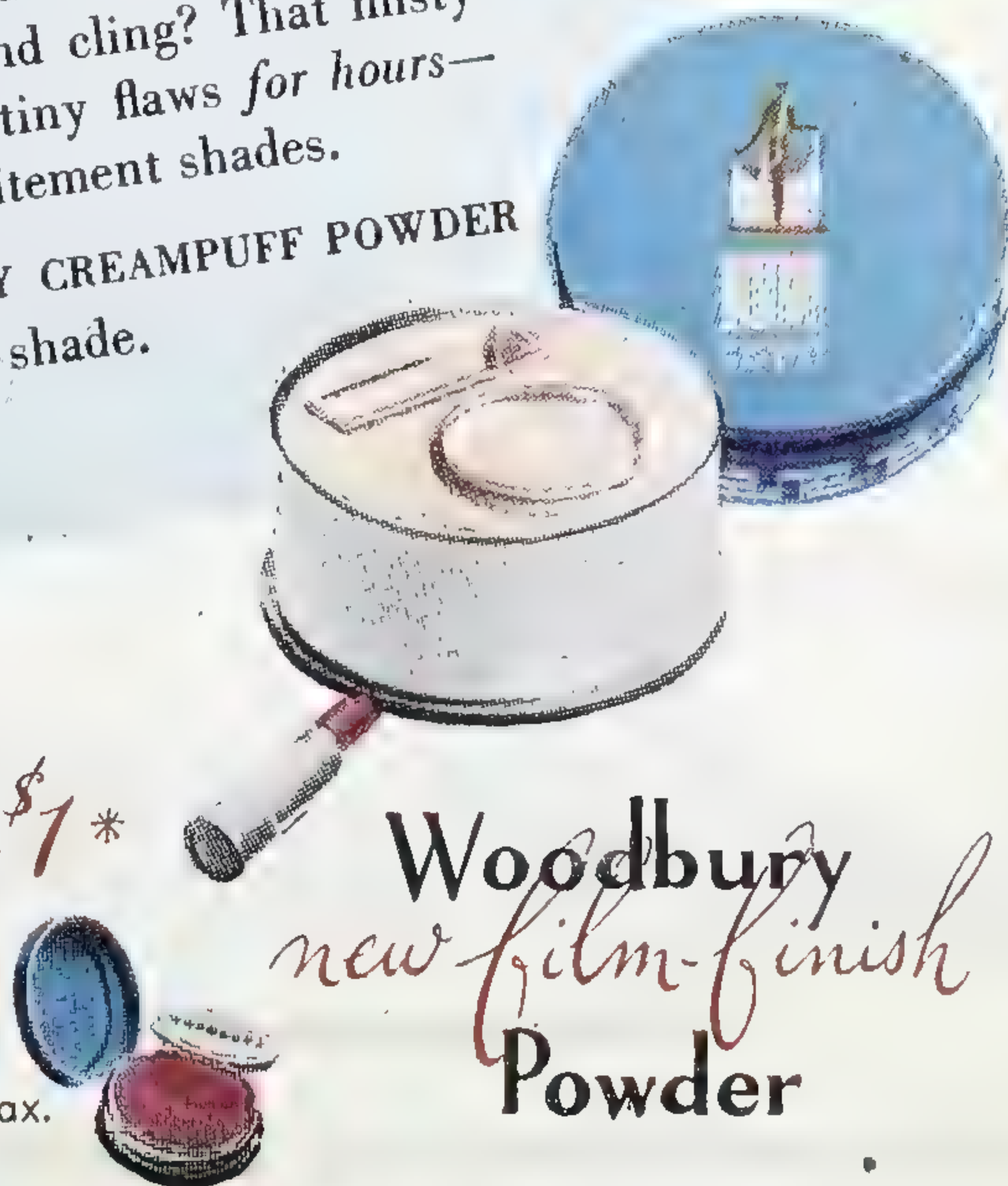
... saucy, sun-kissed beauty! Take her lush, intoxicating skin tone for yours... dip your puff in WOODBURY Film-Finish SUN PEACH. A luscious, ripe, sun-drenched peach it is—exclusive Film-Finish blending makes it color-full. A dazzler on your skin—perfect as the color in the box! Compare the glow and life it brings your skin—more flattering, more Summer-right than the powder you're wearing now. And cling? That misty-sheer Woodbury texture veils tiny flaws for hours—stays color-fresh! Eight Star-excitement shades.

Flatterer! Pat on WOODBURY CREAMPUFF POWDER BASE. Blends with any powder shade.

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP... all 3 for \$1*

1. Big \$1 box of Film-Finish Powder
 2. Star lipstick—your just-right shade
 3. Matching rouge—right for you
- Boxes of Film-Finish Powder, 25¢ and 10¢—*plus tax.

Woodbury
new film-finish
Powder





*No other shampoo
leaves your hair so lustrous,
yet so easy to manage*

Cupid finds it difficult to resist the girl
with Drene-lovely hair!

When you Drene your hair, it gleams
with all its natural lustre . . .

all its enchanting highlights reveal

"The best way to catch a camera
or a man's eye," says glamorous

Cover Girl Penny Edwards, "is to look
your loveliest with shining-smooth hair

Here, Penny, golden-haired Drene Girl
shows you these easy-to-fix styles

you can try at home

or ask your beauty shop to do.

Your hair is far silkier, smoother and
easier to manage when you use

today's improved Drene Shampoo
with Hair Conditioning action.

No other shampoo leaves your hair
so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

YOU CUT LOTS OF ICING when you wear these romantic shining
curls. "Drene-washed hair," says Penny, "matches the radiance of
our most momentous moments." Drene reveals as much as 33
percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo. Since
Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any dulling film
on hair as all soaps do. Complete removal of unsightly dandruff
too, the very first time you use Drene! See how
Penny's softly-waved hair adds height to her face.

Drene
**Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action**



LOVE-NEST SHOPPING finds you smoothly
groomed . . . your shining-clean hair swept over
to one side in this sophisticated style. "It's
easy to fix any hair-do," Penny reveals, "when
you're a Drene Girl." Note how Drene with H
Conditioning action leaves Penny's hair beautifully
behaved right after shampooing.



About face—
Janet Blair,
Glenn Ford on
the "Gallant
Journey" set

INSIDE STUFF

Out Warners' way—co-stars Dennis Morgan and Jane Wyman stop for a chat between takes on the set of "Cheyenne"



(Continued from page 19)

Ramblings: Frank Sinatra's trying to talk Louis B. Mayer into letting him do "Shopworn Angel" with music and June Allyson. Junie thinks it's a wonderful idea, so maybe you'll be seeing them together. Remember when Jimmy Stewart and Margaret Sullavan played in it some time back? And when Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll did it the first time?

Shirley Temple's glorying in her role of housewife. She's doing all the housework for her husband, John Agar, and thinks it's a lot of fun. They've worked out a system whereby John does the breakfast dishes while Shirley cleans the house. At night they both do the dinner dishes so they'll have the whole evening together. It's just coincidence that John took to his bed for ten days after he ate Shirley's first meal. It was the flu, not ptomaine.

"I believe the best way to make a success of my marriage is to forget all about my career," says Faye Emer-

son, so she cancelled her contract with Warner Brothers. Staying in the movies would keep her in Hollywood and since her husband, Elliott Roosevelt, is living in Hyde Park, Faye decided she'd rather be happily married than a star. Bright girl!

It doesn't matter that he was flying long before the war or that medals and a colonel's insignia adorned his Air Force uniform, Jimmy Stewart's been grounded. Frank Capra, Jimmy's producer, insists he stay on land until "It's a Wonderful Life" is filmed, cut and finally "in the cans."

Charlie Brackett and Billy Wilder, who made "The Lost Weekend," sought Garbo to play opposite Bing Crosby in their next production, "The Emperor's Waltz." They promised she wouldn't have to talk to anyone—not even Bing. But in spite of all this, plus the fact that every actress in town is mad to work for Brackett and Wilder, Garbo refused. She wants to stay home. P. S. Joan Fontaine gets the role. Which is



Dale Evans

beautiful motion picture actress, now playing in "Along the Navajo Trail," photoplay by Republic Productions.

Instantly...

make YOUR lips more thrilling!

Here is the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A "lipstick," at last, that actually can't smear—that really won't rub off—and that will keep your lips satin smooth and lovely. It isn't a "lipstick" at all. It's a liquid in the most romantic shades ever! And so permanent! Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer.

At better stores everywhere \$1 . . .

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CHECK SHADES WANTED

- ☐ **Scarlet**—devastating on girls with hazel eyes, fair skin.
- ☐ **Parisian**—spectacular on Irish type, dark hair, blue eyes.
- ☐ **Regal**—real excitement with brown eyes, medium skin.
- ☐ **English Tint**—precious inviting coral, new glamor for blonds.
- ☐ **Orchid**—exotic pink, lovely with lavenders, or pastel gowns.
- ☐ **Gay Plum**—enchanting with fuchsia, plum or purple costumes.
- ☐ **Gypsy**—does wonders for dark-eyed charmers with olive skin.
- ☐ **Medium**—natural true red, flattering to every type.



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To Relax . . . make your bath soft as summer rain with Bathasweet Water-Softener. Then lather up with creamy Bathasweet Soap.

To Soothe away tenseness . . . spill Bathasweet Pine Oil into your tub and laze till your skin feels silken.

To Tone your body . . . rub your skin to a rosy glow with a fragrant Bathasweet Shower Mitt.

To Exhilarate your spirits . . . try a quick dip in Bathasweet Foam. As refreshing as bathing in sea foam.

Top each with Bathasweet Talc Mitt and be dainty for hours!

3 fragrances: Garden Bouquet, Spring Morning, Forest Pine.

Bathasweet
BATH ACCESSORIES




Ciro's concentration in date department
—Louise Allbritton, Charles Collingwood

INSIDE



Errol Flynn listens to Jack Haley's antics
at NBC broadcast. Below: Robert Young,
Dorothy McGuire at 20th commissary



Lovely
HAIR FREE *legs*

Just give your legs a quick, dry E-Z Glove Massage—and—whoosh!—leg hair is gently, safely erased—and so, too, is unsightly, dead top skin. No stubble, no razor cuts, no waiting, no smell. Millions sold yearly. For petal-smooth, velvet-soft legs day or night, beach or dance, with or without nylons . . . *E-Z does it!*

At all cosmetic counters in 10¢ and 39¢ packets.

Also E-Z Fingertip Glove for removing hair from underarms, face and back of neck.

A. Sartorius & Co., Inc., Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

E-Z HAIR REMOVING GLOVE

A HELEN NEUSHAEFER PRODUCT



certainly very much all right.

The gag on the set of "Forever Amber" is that they're going to drop the name "Amber" from the title and just call the picture "Forever" because it takes forever to shoot each sequence.

When Pat Wilde made her screen test for Twentieth Century-Fox she got all the breaks. So she would be completely at ease, Cornel played opposite her. And he worked with his back to the camera so he wouldn't steal any of the scenes. However, if you could see the test you'd recognize the back of Cornel's neck, no doubt. And his voice, of course.

Greater love hath no actor than that he should turn his back to the camera for another!

Children's Corner: Robert Cummings's son was signed to a movie contract at the ripe old age of four weeks and will play Bob's son in his new picture, "The Lawyer." Let the kid earn an honest

STUFF



Brand-new parents, Maria Montez and Jean Pierre Aumont celebrate at Ciro's

dollar, says Bob, who'll put it in a trust fund for the youngster.

Joan Bennett, who has three daughters of her own, has "adopted" a six-year-old Belgian boy who was orphaned when his father was killed in Germany. Joan will finance the boy's upkeep in Europe until he's grown. A few years ago Joan made a similar arrangement to take care of an orphaned Chinese boy. Cal applauds Joan and wishes other stars would make similar arrangements to care for war-orphaned children.

Bronwyn, Maureen O'Hara's youthful pride and joy, got hold of one of her mother's indelible lipsticks and had a fine time smearing up the wall. When it wouldn't come off, Maureen hung a frame over the smear and signed Bronwyn's name under it. It gives an odd decorating effect, but Bronwyn's now enchanted with what she's done.

"... it's definitely the kind of make-up that does things for you!"



THE COLORS OF EVENING IN PARIS face powder are so wonderful... and the smooth velvet texture clings for hours. Evening in Paris rouge and lipstick are designed to harmonize, of course, so your make-up always has that exquisite perfection you strive for.

You really should try this marvelous Evening in Paris make-up... you'll see why the men say "if a lovely woman would be even lovelier...her make-up should be Evening in Paris."



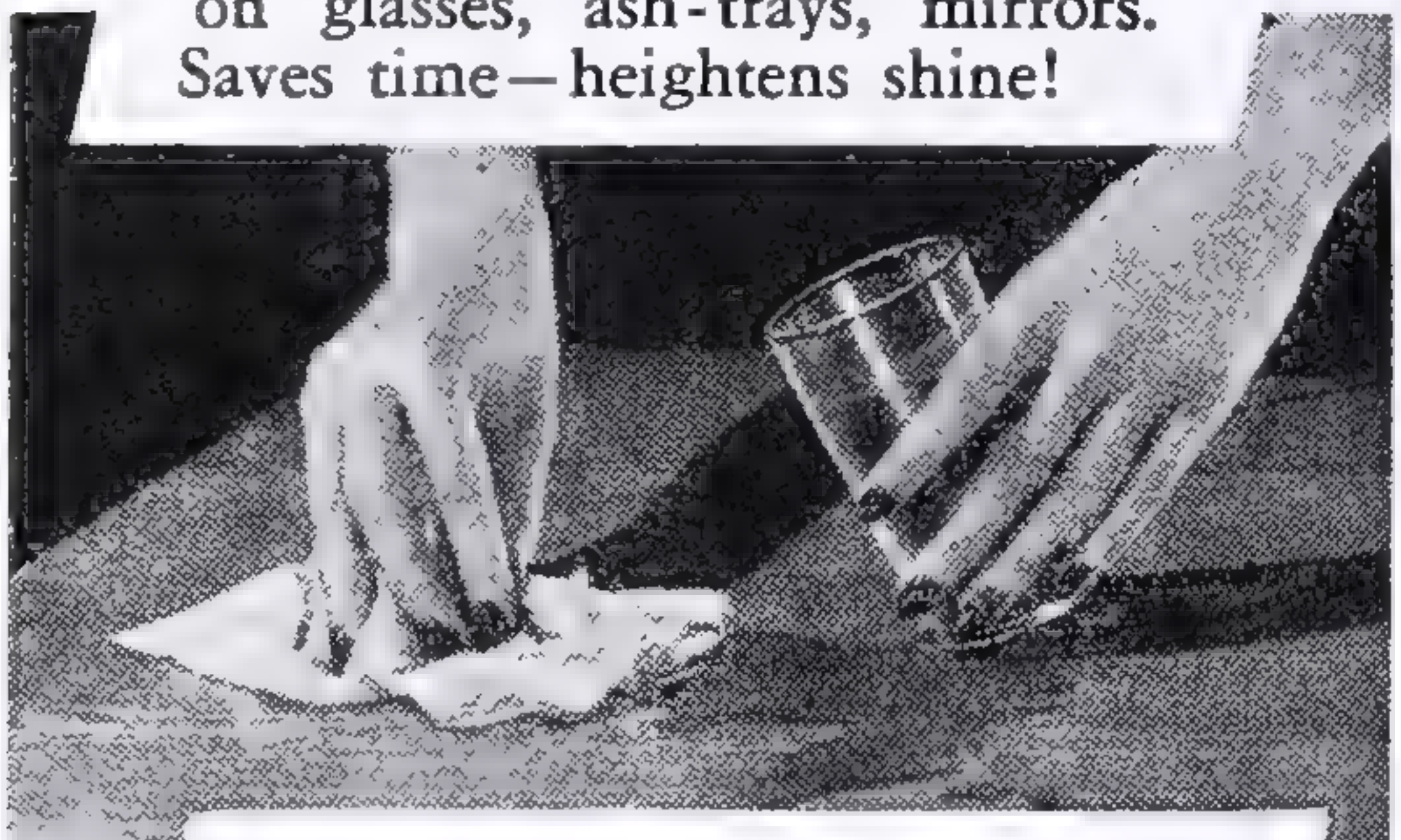
BOURJOIS N.Y.—Distributor

Tune in the Powder Box Theater—Thursday, 10:30 P. M., E.D.T., Columbia Network.

SHORT CUTS IN House Cleaning!



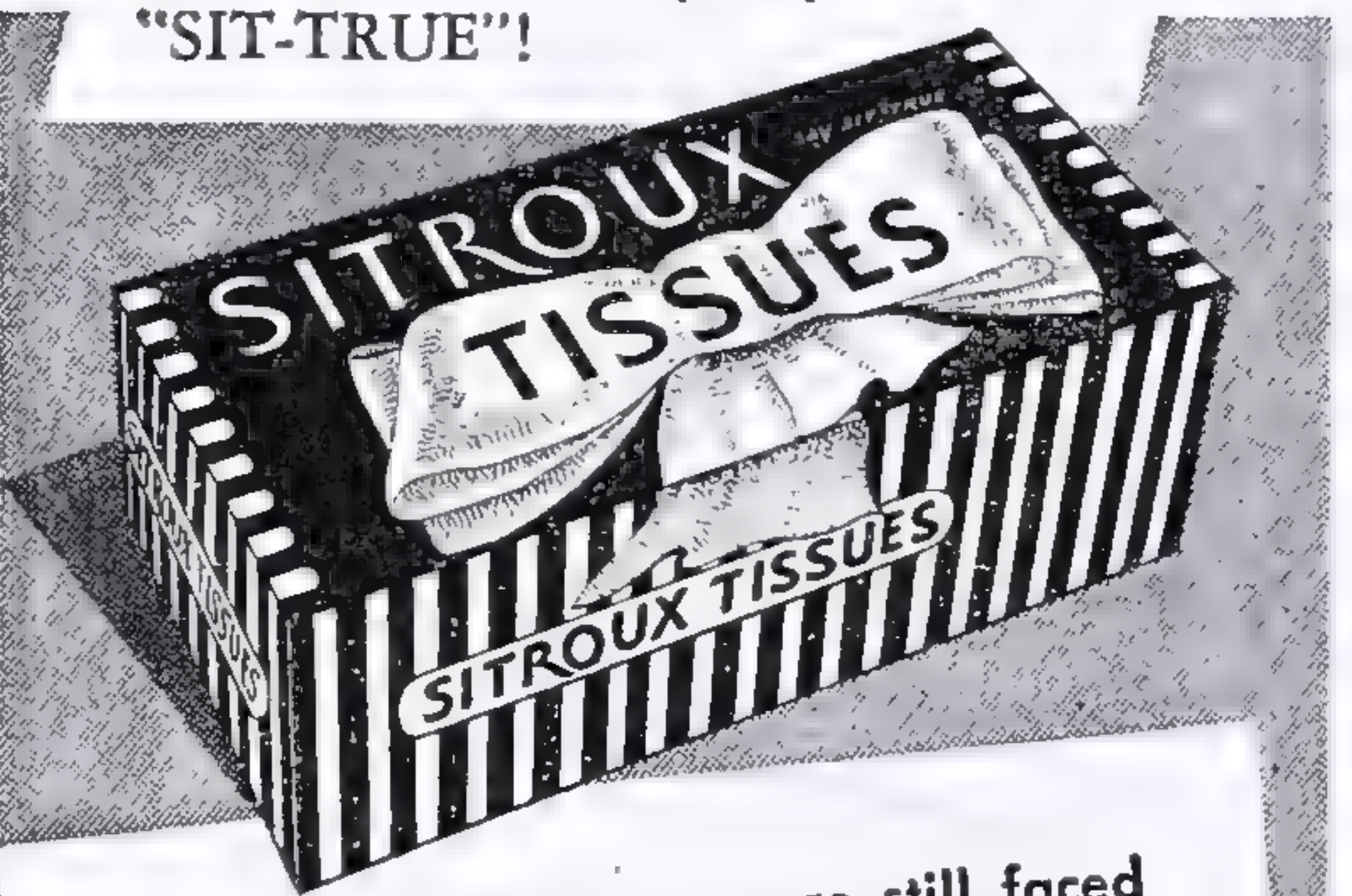
"Beauty treat" for glass-ware, as well as your own precious complexion! Use soft, SITROUX TISSUES for quick "shine-up" on glasses, ash-trays, mirrors. Saves time—heightens shine!



Absorbent Sitroux Tissues "blot up" spilled liquids in a hurry! Saves table surface—and dispositions! And speaking of "saving"—never waste Sitroux!*



Substitute soft, absorbent, SITROUX TISSUES for baby's bib—(use after, for "mopping up" high-chair tray!) Sitroux is grand for "sniffles" and sneezes, too — and cuts down on laundry bills as well. Always say — "SIT-TRUE"!



* Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX

SAY SIT-TRUE

TISSUES



On the waves—Bing Crosby and Dinah Shore at CBS Command Performance

INSIDE STUFF

Star time at Command Performance — Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra, Bette Davis and Jimmy Durante were on hand



"It just so happens that I have here in my pocket—" begins Dorothy Lamour as she whips out a set of snapshots of her young son to show everyone who asks about the baby. Some little gremlin must put them in Dotty's purse whenever she goes out.

Hither and Thither: Joan Crawford's wearing colorless nail polish and no hats in "Humoresque" so that all attention will be focused on her face—reason being that she's a lady dipso-maniac in the picture and so much of the action shows her picking up cocktail glasses . . . Ann Rutherford and Margaret Sullavan came to Adrian's fashion show both wearing the same plaid jacket he'd designed. Incidentally, the prices the Hollywood couturiers are charging this season make even the glamour girls' eyebrows rise. One designer now charges \$450 and \$500 for a plain suit . . . Victor Mature's not being seen around town these nights because John Ford told

him he'd be out of "My Darling Clementine" if he didn't stop playing around . . . Jinx Falkenburg is living on Jock Whitney's estate in Manhasset waiting for the birth of her baby. If it's a girl they'll call her Capri and if a boy, Patrick. When Jinx got her release from Columbia, one of the conditions was that she not say anything detrimental about the pictures she appeared in for the studio. Jinx may have to keep her mouth shut, but her friends have plenty to say about how they wasted her in those silly B's . . . You have to blink your eyes when you look at those clothes Esther Williams had made for her in Mexico. They're vivid as a Technicolor dream and all of them look wonderful on the glowing Esther, especially the jacket with bullfighters strewn all over it . . . Alan Curtis went around town giving away his books and a good part of his wardrobe to his pals. Seems that was the only way to make room in his small apartment for his pretty bride's wardrobe.

Are you in the know?



Which is a "must" in leg make-up?

- ☐ Defuzzing
- ☐ Debumping
- ☐ Artful application

S-m-o-o-t-h is the word for glamour-gams. So whisk off the "whiskers" with a good depilatory. Discourage bumps with soap-and-water scouring; soften your legs with lotion. Then apply make-up artfully, following directions with care. (See? Each answer above is right!) It's all part of a gal's grooming ritual. And so is keeping dainty... especially on "difficult" days. You know, Kotex contains a *deodorant*... locked inside each napkin so it can't shake out. Don't overlook this new Kotex safeguard for your daintiness!



What's the cure for this coiffure?

- ☐ An upsweep
- ☐ A snood
- ☐ A good thinning out

That bush on Nellie's head is strictly barber-bait! What's the cure? A good thinning out. A frizzy effect or too many curls just can't compete with a simple, sleek coiffure. If *your* locks have a moppish look, have your hairdresser shear and shape them. Self-confidence goes with good grooming... and (on "those" days) with Kotex, too. That exclusive *safety center* of Kotex gives you *plus* protection. You're confident because your secret's safe—thanks to Kotex sanitary napkins.



If you're budget-bound, which should you buy?

- ☐ A suit
- ☐ A conversation print
- ☐ A fancy formal

Does your budget hoot at your wardrobe plans? Well, then, pick one of the new soft suits. You can wear it more often—with varied accessories keyed to most every occasion and mood. Be a shrewd shopper. Always latch on to the type of duds you can *keep* living with, longer. And when buying sanitary napkins, remember—you can keep *comfortable* with Kotex. Because Kotex is the napkin with lasting softness... made to *stay soft while wearing*. Naturally, Kotex is first choice.

If stranded on the dance floor, should you —

- ☐ Join the wallflowers
- ☐ Retreat to the dressing-room
- ☐ Yoo-hoo to the stag line

A solid joe would know better, but if ever a goon-guy thanks you for the dance and leaves you marooned—what to do? Walk nonchalantly to the dressing-room. There you can regain your composure and reappear later—with no one the wiser. Such trying episodes challenge your poise. Just as trying *days* often do... but not when you have the help of Kotex! For Kotex has special *flat, tapered ends* that don't show revealing outlines. So why be shy of the public eye? Just rely on Kotex!



A DEODORANT in every Kotex* napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good, three checks, outstanding

✓✓ The Postman Always Rings Twice (M-G-M)



Lana Turner and John Garfield, lovers tangled in crime in this powerful film

IT'S not a pretty tale—and it doesn't much resemble James Cain's powerful, passion-packed novel, but it's gripping drama of love and murder in the lives of three undesirable people.

John Garfield, a ne'er-do-well hitchhiker, stops at a roadside cafe and falls for Lana Turner, dissatisfied wife of Cecil Kellaway, middle-aged owner of the restaurant.

Under the scrutiny of a suspicious district attorney, played by Leon Ames, Lana and John plot the murder of her husband. But they became so enmeshed in their

brutal planning that their love for each other soon borders on hate and revenge. One tension-packed incident leads to another until their ambitions are hopelessly entangled in tragedy.

Lana's acting is a good match for her startling beauty and Garfield plays the wanderer to the hilt. Hume Cronyn gives a shrewd performance as the attorney and Audrey Totter, briefly seen as a pick-up girl, stands out sharply.

Your Reviewer Says: It packs a mean wallop.

✓✓ The Kid from Brooklyn (Goldwyn-RKO)



Danny Kaye and Virginia Mayo combine corn and glamour in this fun fare

HERE'S corn with glamour—but what matter—when Danny Kaye runs his zany, merry way right through your blues and leaves your heart completely light-headed.

It's the old "Milky Way" comedy deftly set to music. As the shy, serious milkman who, through a fluke, is built into a prize fighter, Kaye is a joy. Defending his sister, Vera-Ellen, he accidentally knocks out champion Steve Cochran and his trainer, Lionel Stander, and is persuaded to fight professionally to win the love of his sweetheart, Virginia Mayo.

However, through fame and acclaim, he

changes from introvert to extrovert and almost knocks himself out with his own importance.

Walter Abel is hilarious as a conniving fight manager, and Eve Arden is her usual crisp, wise-cracking self. Miss Mayo is beautiful to see in technicolor, and Vera-Ellen's dance routines are standouts. Fay Bainter, as a society dowager who learns to duck, is a scream.

But with a superb cast and a lavish production, the show is Kaye's, and he waltzes through it like a rocket.

Your Reviewer Says: It's lovable impudence.

✓✓ Two Sisters from Boston (M-G-M)



Peter Lawford and June Allyson share a tender moment in this unusual musical

CHANCES are you'll get slightly tangled in the plot of this sprightly tale, but who minds a tangle with the beauteous Kathryn Grayson, June Allyson, Jimmy Durante, Peter Lawford or the eminent Lauritz Melchior?

When Kathryn Grayson breaks away from her strait-laced Boston family for an operatic career via a New York burlesque house, she is followed by her prim sister, June Allyson, as protector from worldly wickedness. Durante, boss of the burlesque, helps them get the cherished break in opera—but by such devious means as to

provide some hilarious comedy moments. Peter Lawford, wealthy scion of the opera's benefactor, breaks down and falls mightily in love with one of the sisters, turning in his most effective performance in a rising career.

Melchior, playing a grand opera star, blends his magnificent voice in beautiful arias with Miss Grayson, whose singing is superb. Ben Blue has a nimble bit as a butler. P.S. Durante is downright wonderful.

Your Reviewer Says: Brother, what sisters!

(Continued on page 28)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 28

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 142

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 134

**Be
Good
To It ...**

FOR the health of your scalp and the looks of your hair be continually on guard against infectious dandruff.

It is widespread, easy-to-catch and hard-to-get-rid-of. Its distressing flakes, scales and itching can really raise hob with your appearance.

Do as thousands of fastidious women do . . . make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a regular part of your home shampoo. Insist on it at your beauty shop.

Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderful precaution because it kills the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (*Pityrosporum Ovale*) which many dermatologists say is a causative agent of this obnoxious infection. So, at the first sign of flakes, scales or itching, start at once with Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice daily ... the treatment that has helped so many . . . it may help you.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
and **MASSAGE** for
INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF



The "BOTTLE BACILLUS" (*PITYROSPORUM OVALE*)

This is the stubborn germ that so many dermatologists call a causative agent of infectious dandruff. Listerine Antiseptic kills it readily. Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Missouri*.



It's as simple as this!

**GIVE YOURSELF
A BEAUTIFUL**

Crowning Glory

COLD WAVE PERMANENT... AT HOME!



You can treat yourself
to a perfect, soft, natural-looking
permanent—done at

home—in three hours or less with the

simple, ready-to-use Crowning Glory Cold

Wave Permanent Solutions... Simply put

your hair in curlers, dampen each curl
with Crowning Glory and, in less time than

you believe, you have a lovely new

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Ideal **FOR**
CHILDREN'S HAIR, TOO

The dainty softness of your
little girl's hair will be
accented by a natural-looking
Crowning Glory Permanent
given at home. Crystal-
clear Crowning Glory
Solutions are as effective
and easily used on her
baby hair as on yours.

Complete
with Curlers...

\$2.00
PLUS TAX



Crowning Glory

Ask for Crowning Glory Cold Permanent Wave
Packet at Leading Cosmetic Counters
and Notions Departments

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 26)

✓✓ Notorious Gentleman (Arthur Rank-Universal)

ALTHOUGH it is unduly long and involved, here is another British-made film to make Hollywood sit up and take notice. It's a gem in honesty.

As the rascally son of an English gentleman, Rex Harrison gets himself thrown out of Oxford and vainly tries to make a go of his future at a Brazilian coffee plantation. Scorning the discouragement of his family and friends when he fails, he goes on a series of sprees and breaks up the marriage of his school chum, Griffith Jones. Now a notorious playboy, he takes up auto racing and is stranded without funds in war-torn Vienna. To get out, he blandly marries for her money Lilli Palmer, who needs his name to escape the Nazis. Romping through her savings, he breaks her heart by romancing with his father's secretary, Margaret Johnston. He becomes so entangled in his own web of misfortune that tragedy is inevitable.

Harrison is superb as the swaggerer, and Lilli Palmer (in real life, Mrs. Rex) is one of the most sensitive lovelies we've seen on the screen. Godfrey Tearle plays Harrison's father and Marie Lohr is his embittered, haughty aunt.

Your Reviewer Says: Intelligent treatment for adults.

✓ Suspense (Monogram)

THIS much heralded million-dollar production of a small studio should click solidly with those who like their movie murders straight. It will ring a jewel-toned bell, too, for fans of the lovely skater, Belita, who see her for the first time an accomplished dramatic actress.

Life is cheap behind the scenes of a lavish ice revue, owned by Albert Dekker and starring his wife Belita. Barry Sullivan, broke and transient, is hired as a peanut vendor and rises to become manager of the show. Arrogantly, he makes love to Belita and follows it up when he believes Dekker has been accidentally killed on a vacation. While Barry's former

Best Pictures of the Month

*The Postman Always
Rings Twice*

Notorious Gentleman

Best Performances

*Lana Turner, John Garfield
in "The Postman Always
Rings Twice"*

*Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer
in "Notorious Gentleman"*

girl, Bonita Granville, tries to win him back with threats of revealing his earlier crimes, sinister clues indicate that Dekker is much alive and secretly watching Barry's love affair with Belita. Trapped, Barry kills the husband and finds himself hopelessly involved with disaster.

The elegantly mounted skating scenes are breath taking, and Belita is great. Sullivan will surely be heard from again, and Eugene Pallette does a thought-provoking job as the boss of Barry and friend of Dekker.

Your Reviewer Says: It's suspense in a pepper pot.

✓ **The Bride Wore Boots**
(Paramount)

TAKE Barbara Stanwyck as a thoroughbred horse-fancier, mix in Robert Cummings as a historian on Civil War generals—add Diana Lynn as a siren—and sorry, but it comes out nothing.

This slapstick treatment of the domestic woes of a wacky family has some funny moments but at best they are far below the fine standards previously set by the trio who head the cast. Married to Cummings, an author who doesn't understand or share her love for horses, Barbara divorces him because of an innocent intrigue with Diana, and then sets out to win him back, using their two boisterous children as foils to make his life miserable.

Patric Knowles as another horseman is Barbara's suitor. The late Robert Benchley is all too rarely seen as the family uncle. Peggy Wood makes a gracious matron as Barbara's mother, and Natalie Wood and Gregory Muradian are the pint-sized progeny of the Cummings-Stanwyck household.

Your Reviewer Says: Horses don't bet on people.

Heartbeat (RKO)

RETURNING to the screen after three years with the Free French Army, Jean Pierre Aumont joins Ginger Rogers in a romantic concoction about a guttersnipe who graduates to Gowns by Greer. Unfortunately, the story is too weak and unbelievable to make his return an impressive one.

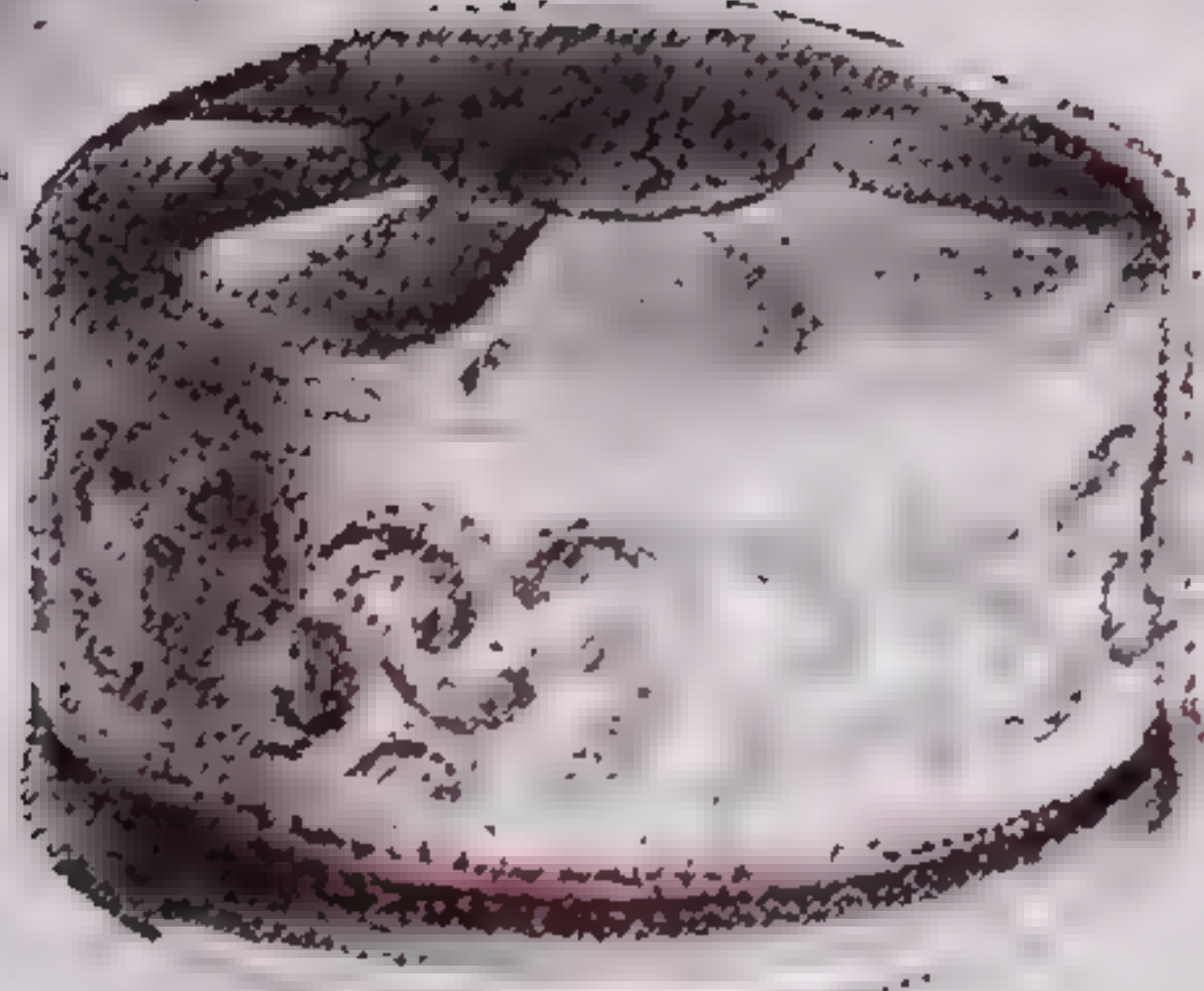
Ginger plays an eighteen-year-old gamin of France, who, when released from a reform school, takes up professional thievery. Diplomat Adolphe Menjou, whose pocket she picks, dresses her like a debutante and plants her in a formal ball as a ruse for Aumont, also a diplomat, who is carrying on with Menjou's wife, Mona Maris. Suspecting Ginger to be a demure demoiselle, Aumont falls in love with her. When she betrays her identity, his remorse and distaste for her class fights it out with his heart.

Mikhail Rasumny enters the picture as a penniless charmer who almost marries Ginger to save her from returning to the reformatory. Eduardo Ciannelli has some mild moments as a baron who poses as Ginger's uncle at the fancy party. Basil Rathbone, who operates a school for pick-pockets, is the picture's only humorous highlight.

Your Reviewer Says: The heartbeat is irregular and sadly ailing.

✓ **So Goes My Love (Universal)**

THIS is a woman's picture, full of interesting and often tenderly illuminating little incidents in the courtship and marriage of Don Ameche, playing *Hiram Percy Maxim*, and (Continued on page 133)




BY APPOINTMENT
PERFUMERS TO
H. M. QUEEN MARY
YARDLEY, LONDON

summer's dream is she

... moving through the night in a magic shimmer. ... Like pink-gold her complexion glows — flawless, smooth and sparkling. ... Lips jewel-bright, head proud-set. ... Here, clearly, the shining perfection that says she's learned to "Color-light"!

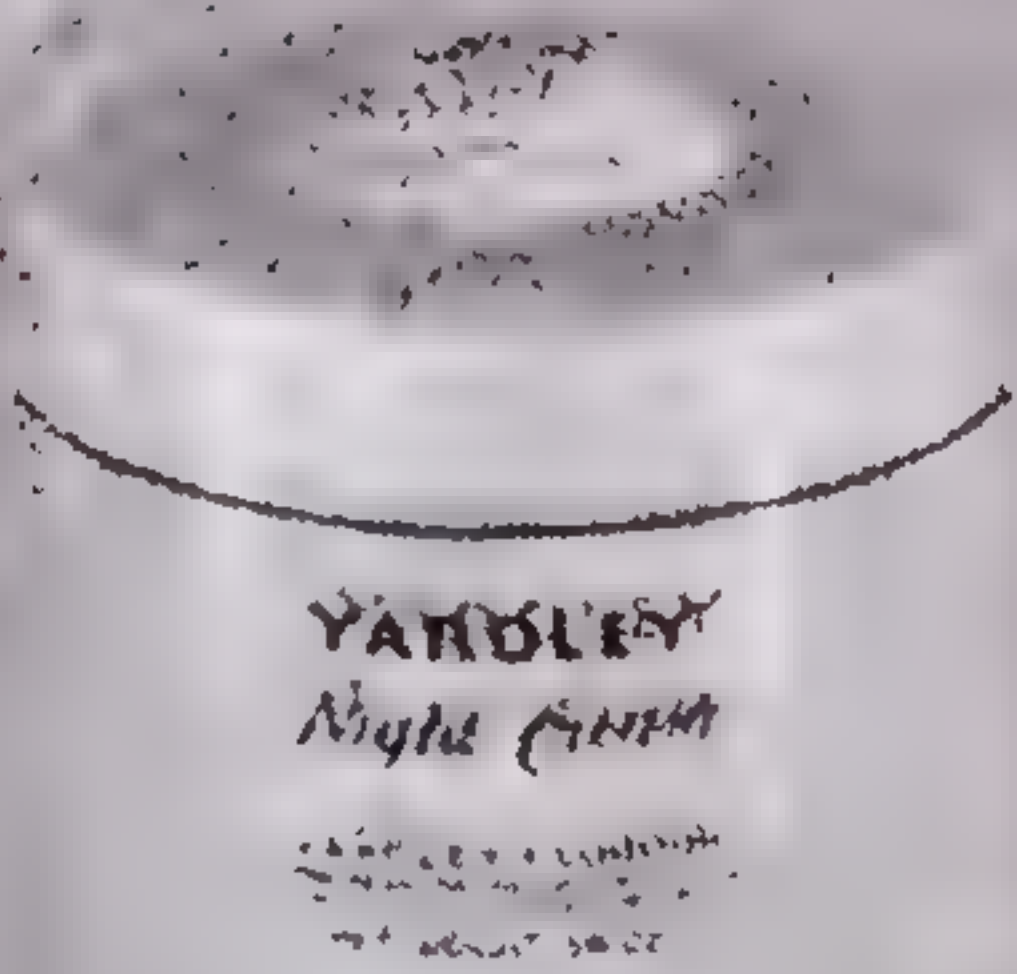
"color-light" with
YARDLEY
aids to beauty

"Color-light" your skin—blush-soft — with Yardley "English Complexion" Powder, \$1.

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THE STORY OF A MAN AFRAID TO LOVE!

**The screen's
boldest probing of
human emotion!**

MEET THAT GUILD GAL
She Gives As Good As She Gets!

JOHN HODIAK · NANCY GUILD

in

SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT

20th
CENTURY-FOX



with

**LLOYD NOLAN
RICHARD CONTE**

and

**Josephine Hutchinson
Fritz Kortner · Margo Woode
Sheldon Leonard · Lou Nova**

Directed by

JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

Produced by **Anderson Lawler**

Screen Play by Howard Dimsdale and Joseph
L. Mankiewicz · Adapted by Lee Strasberg
From a Story by Marvin Borowsky

Sunrise Serenade



IT was the simplest white house at the end of a rutty dead-end road in the least pretentious section of the Valley. It certainly didn't look like the place where you'd find a movie star. Nor did it look at all like the setting for a gay love story. But I found both there.

It was Duke and Chotta Morrison's house. It was their love story, too—or rather it is their love story. A very nice brand of love, Duke's and Chotta's, gay but deeply sincere and based on a lot of experience in living.

You know Duke Morrison. His screen name is John Wayne. But you don't know Chotta, the new Mrs. John Wayne. Only somehow, of her it is much more accurate to say that she is Mrs. Duke Morrison. I doubt that she gives a hoot that John is a movie star or that if she learned tomorrow that he wasn't going to be one any longer, it would bother her at all. It's Duke she's in love with.

Although they were married last January, Duke and Chotta have not told their love story before because they didn't want to hurt anyone. But even now the story simply can't be told without at least mentioning Duke's previous marriage.

First loves are ideal when they work. When they don't, they are misery.

The marriage of John Wayne and Josephine Saenz lasted for more than ten years but it never worked, largely because during that marriage Duke Morrison, the simple guy who loves ranches and horses and his work, hardly had a chance.

It wasn't beautiful Jo's fault. It wasn't Duke's fault. It was just that old demon, incompatibility.

Jo, the (Continued on page 80)



Two pups between striking profiles—John, of "Dakota," and his bride

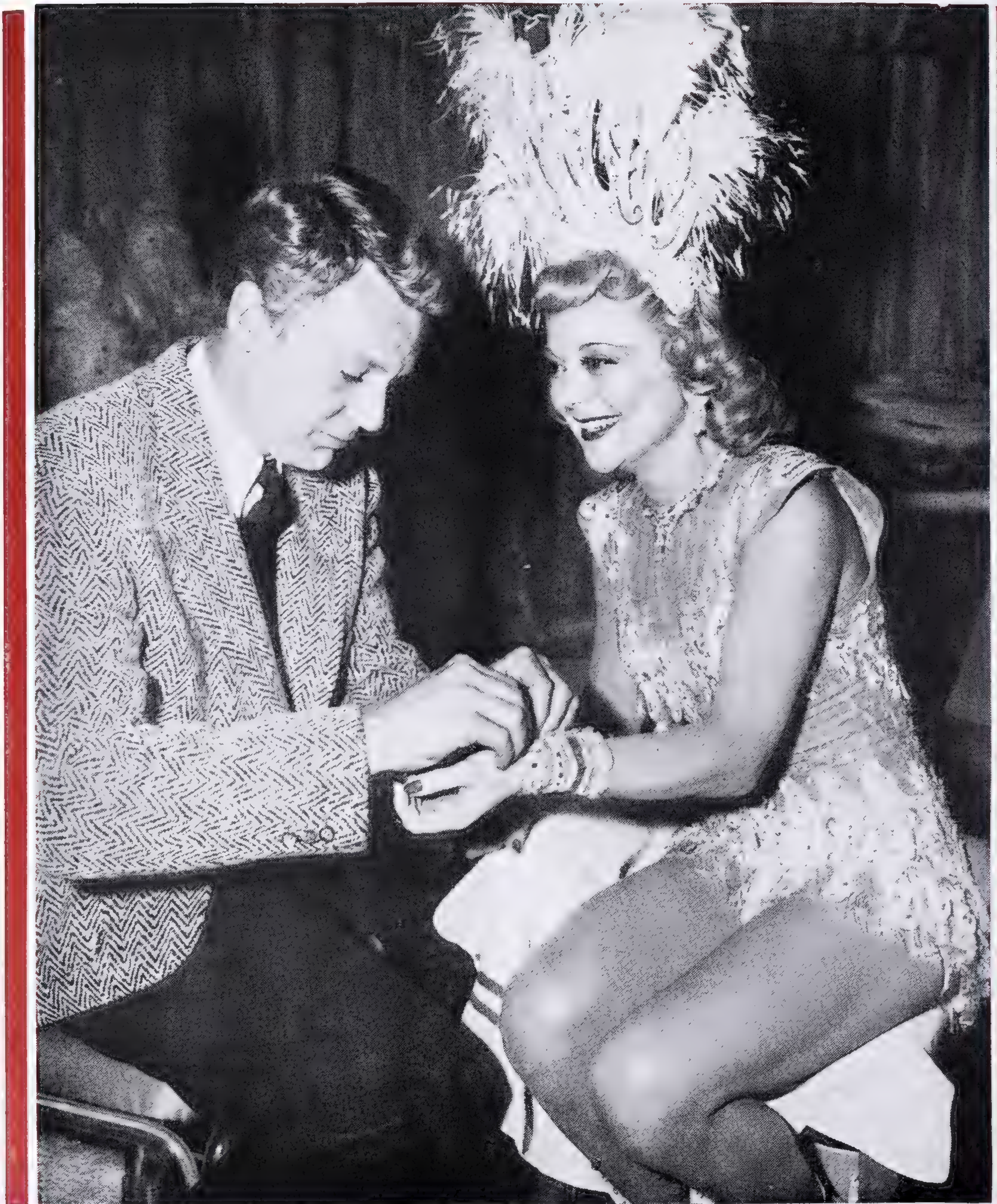
There began a beautiful love story when

John Wayne, of Hollywood, and Chotta, of

Mexico, met at sunup and traded dreams

BY RUTH WATERBURY

People will say they're *In Love*



Van, of "Easy to Wed," helps Sonja, before ice show, with glitter touches

Don't take anyone else's word about Van Johnson and Sonja Henie. Just read for yourself what a famous Hollywood reporter learned when she asked: Does he love you?

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

SHE KEPT the big red heart that came all shiny in tinsel on Valentine's Day until there was only a single piece of faded chocolate left. He wears a tiny pair of silver skates in his lapel. And when they're together or talk of each other they have a telltale glow.

Like it or not, the incredible seems true and the story that began less than a year ago at a party at the Jules Stein Hollywood mountain-top mansion is ready now to be told with all its gay romantic trimmings.

It started with an introduction. "Sonja Henie, I want you to meet Van Johnson." It followed, as no one would have predicted, with the towering blond and the diminutive blonde beginning to talk simultaneously. They haven't stopped yet. If it isn't about tennis, it's about swimming. Or about their mutual passion for people; or their ambitions of which they probably have more than any two in Hollywood. Or their Scandinavian descent. Or Sonja's beautiful Holmby Hills home.

It carried on the following day when Van, discovering that Sonja's marriage to Dan Topping was about to be dissolved, established his habit of lengthy telephone calls. A week later when Sonja opened her fabulous Ice Revue in Indianapolis, there were orchids in her dressing room telegraphed from Hollywood. Likewise, when she opened in Chicago, in New York and—much later—in Hollywood.

It was December when Sonja brought her revue to Chicago and it was two A.M. when her phone rang beside her bed. Her sleepy "Hello" was answered by Van's cheerful voice. She thought he was calling from the Coast.

He wasn't. He was calling from downstairs in the hotel lobby. He had dropped in upon her, literally from the skies.

"I have a week's holiday," he explained enthusiastically, "while they shoot a sequence of 'No Leave, No Love' in which I don't have to appear. Not a soul knows I'm here. . . ." (Continued on page 78)



Don't smile and gaze at her . . .



Don't laugh at his jokes too much . . .



Or "People will say you're in love!"

You're Welcome,

In her greatest moment of triumph Joan Crawford says, from the bottom of her heart, thanks! But the people of Hollywood feel the gratitude is theirs



Director Mike Curtiz and Joan share this special moment—with Oscar

It was the moment of moments at the Academy Awards. The Best Actor and the Best Actress of 1945 were about to be named. If it is possible for 2,048 people to hold their collective breath—they did! The spotlight found Charles Boyer as he stepped onto the stage of Grauman's Chinese and ripped open a white envelope. "The best actress of the year," he read, "is—Miss Joan Crawford!" The first sound came in a sigh, then a shout, then an overwhelming wave of happiness from every throat and every heart in the house. Crawford, our own Joan, had won this highest honor the motion-picture industry has to bestow on an actress. The too-



Christina and Christopher with Mama visit Ice Show

JOAN

BY LOUELLA O.
PARSONS

plump chorus girl, who had come here twenty years ago and who had known triumph and defeat in that time, had come back after two years of idleness to be crowned queen of them all! Every head turned toward the center of the house. But no Joan trailed down that aisle to receive the Oscar! Instead, Michael Curtiz, director of "Mildred Pierce," stepped to the stage and said, "Joan is too ill to be present. I have just talked with her and she sends her love and gratitude. But she will not be able to be present." The sound, now, came in a sigh, then a murmur, then a wave—of disappointment. It was the night of nights, the triumph of her life—and Joan was not there!

I said: "Joan, if they had had to bring me in an ambulance and wheel me down the aisle—I'd have been there. How could *you* miss it?"

That was a question all Hollywood had been asking—ever since the Academy night and it was the first one I put to Joan when I went down to see her after the important event.

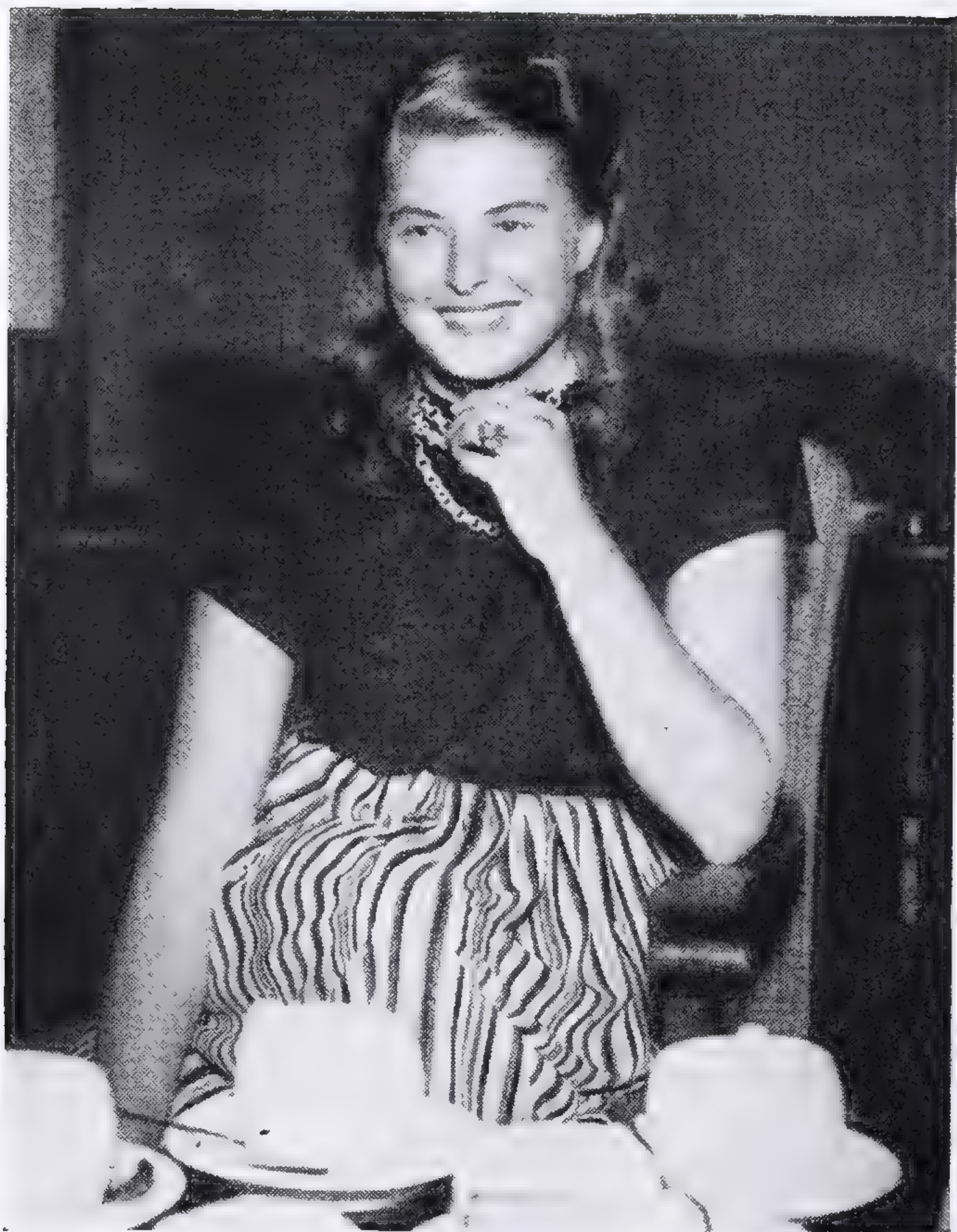
In a way, I think I was looking at the happiest woman I have ever seen. She was still ill from the ravishes of the flu. That was obvious. It was the first day she could be up and around for a few hours and she was still weak after days of fighting a fever of 102. But the flu, fevers or hell's fire itself could not dim the overflow of happiness in which she moved. Her red hair was piled (Continued on page 128)



Oscar Lady, Joan Crawford, whose next is "Humoresque"



THE INTIMATE STORY OF *Ingrid*



Crisply fresh beauty, almost startling lack of affectation . . . Ingrid Bergman, star of "Notorious"



COVER GIRL

THE winter of 1945-46 witnessed the birth of the classic wisecrack:

"I just saw a picture without Ingrid Bergman in it."

It referred, of course, to three productions—"The Bells of St. Mary's," "Spellbound" and "Saratoga Trunk." Collectively they are expected to do thirty million at the box office.

Thirty million dollars for three pictures! And with no disrespect to the directors and co-stars involved in their making, the one constant factor of this unprecedented achievement is the tall, honey-haired Swede known as Bergman.

Which virtually ranks Miss Bergman as the tenth largest industry in the United States!

Biographical details of this extraordinary lady have been published and re-published. Such chronologies cast meager light on the subject. For it is in her acts and attitudes that are revealed the shining facets of character which have made Bergman the most brilliant and most beloved actress of this generation.

He kept looking at her intently, like an author in search of a word.

He was Gregory Clark, Canada's foremost war correspondent. It was backstage in the huge auditorium at Toronto, the occasion, a rehearsal of a broadcast for Canadian War Bonds.

Veteran of three years covering the war, Clark hypnotically contemplated the coral-cheeked, plainly attired Bergman. Then suddenly, his intellectual explorations making a discovery, he turned to me and said: "Now I know what it is she has. A girl in Paris said it for me."

He then related how when he was in Paris immediately following the American (Continued on page 74)



War highlight—entertaining troops in E.T.O.—at Berchtesgarden. This is view Hitler got from his veranda in his heyday

She's earth and Olympus, morning sun on furrowed fields . . .

Bergman, the honey-haired Swede, as seen

through the eyes of her close friend . . .

JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

Lauren Bacall



Welbourne

Bogie's girl, Betty . . . or Lauren Bacall of "The Big Sleep"

In Defense of MY WIFE BY

Humphrey Bogart

WHEN Photoplay asked me to write an article about my wife my first impulse was to say, "Nothing doing." Who am I to be writing articles for the magazines? And why should I write about Betty when Betty is perfectly capable of writing about herself if she wants to, though I don't think she would want to. Betty doesn't pack a portable typewriter and furthermore she's no egotist.

Betty took quite a beating from the critics for "Confidential Agent." Nobody but myself really knows how she took this beating—what she went through in the shock and surprise of it. It was an experience that tested her mettle, and because she is a girl with plenty of courage and with plenty of the right stuff in her she met the test and licked it.

That's why I decided to write this article. I want to tell something of what I know of Betty's character and I think it deserves to be told, for Betty's sake if for no other reason.

What I want to point out at the beginning is that Betty had to learn two great lessons practically overnight, the lesson of how to handle oneself in the face of immediate and unexpected success, and that other lesson of how to take immediate and unexpected failure. Few people get both of these experiences so close together, and even an old-timer like myself would have a tough time accepting and adjusting to such a situation. I think that Betty proved herself a champion the way she took it in her stride and didn't cry for help.

Remember that "To Have and Have Not" was her first picture. She had come to Hollywood from New York, prepared for a long battle of hard work and hard knocks. Any sensible person starting out on an acting career should expect such (Continued on page 99)

Overnight Lauren Bacall's name became a byword, then came the blast of criticism.

Here her Bogie takes up the challenge



Bogie loves boats, is making a sailor out of Betty

Cornel Wilde



Listen for the music of many violins, some
strains plaintive, some passionately gay,
for Cornel Wilde is a man of minstrel moods

Gypsy Cavalier

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

CORNEL WILDE is a man of minstrel moods.

His is a nature as rhapsodic as the songs of a gypsy violinist who weaves a changing pattern of despair, an almost sobbing sadness, a high sweet plaintiveness, and then schottische gaiety. With him—one moment is red wine and laughter, the next, a sad brooding silence. An evening that begins with wine and music at a dining spot with his wife Patricia and some friends can gloom over in a minute with any reminiscing about something unhappy that happened in the past, or an injustice now being done someone he likes. Someone completely detached from that evening. But soon the mood changes and the laughter returns.

He has a keenly analytical mind that's always breaking everything down into tiny little pieces, searching for the solution, the reasonable answer. And he's always puzzled and unhappy when the pieces don't fit.

He has a gay bantering humor along with the restlessness of a sensitive artist who must find expression for the talents within him, and who is constantly seeking out his own niche. Something that's been hard for him to find.

Add to all of this—or ahead of it—the fact that he has all the ingredients for romance. A certain charm of the old world. A gallantry and graciousness that causes waitresses to bring out an extra pat of butter, bobby-soxers to scream and older women to feel younger.

His appearance is Don Juanesque. His manner gentle. Yet strong. With his lithe physique, graceful swordsmanship, dark curly hair and brown (Continued on page 108)



Tender trio: Pat, Wendy and Cornel in Wendy's nursery. Cornel is currently in "The Bandit of Sherwood Forest"

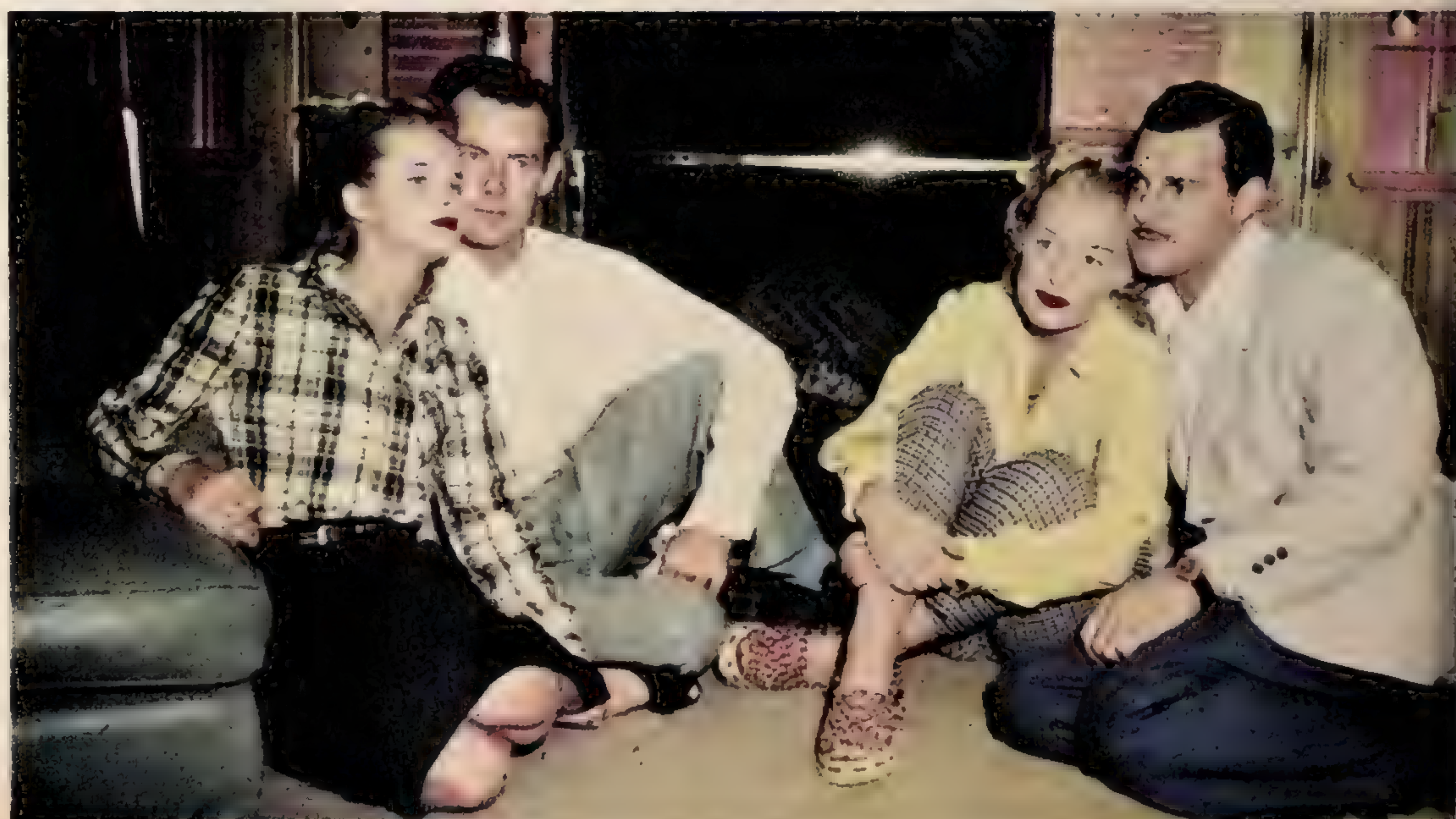
Wilde thinking: Cornel, starred in "Centennial Summer"

Betty and Ted have
a barbecue for Pat
Nearney and bride
Mona Freeman



Betty plays chef for her
hungry guests. You'll see her
next in "Cross My Heart"

Relaxation is in order after the
abundance of a Briskin barbecue



Color pictures by Frazer

Atomic research on Betty Hutton—

as gay as bubbles, as democratic as beer,

favorite of Devil Dog and underdog

By HERB HOWE

Champagne and Pretzels

NOW that we have the secret of the atom's energy, when are we going to discover the secret of Betty Hutton's, and should we share it with Russia?

Your selfless investigator, dedicating himself to this task of secret anatomical research, opened Betty's dressing room door and had his hat blown off by the internal combustion.

"Taxes, taxes, no matter what you make you wind up broke!" screamed the golden typhoon, whooshing out from an inner room.

"This is Mrs. Briskin . . ." someone said in futile effort at introduction.

"I get ten cents out of every dollar I make, dear, how d'you do, thank God I love it, it beats washing dishes and tending other people's kids like I used to, or working for fifteen bucks in night clubs, this is my husband, isn't he handsome, kiss me."

The harsh command at the close of the breathless soliloquy was addressed to her dark, silent, glowing husband, Ted Briskin, inventor and manufacturer of movie cameras; hence this moment's pause for station announcement—but only a moment—as Madame Briskin does not hold for footage, not even a kiss.

Since "Stork Club" Madame's popularity has been rising like a champagne cork. Four secretaries have been added to handle fan mail and Secretary Henry Wallace has stopped worry— (Continued on page 131)



Ted's a kitchen kibitzer—and Mrs. Briskin likes it

CARNIVAL TIME



Ticket please, Mister! Judy Donlevy stands on tiptoe and just makes it. Cheryl and Linda Lou Rogers wait turn



Popcorn and hot dogs and everything! Pops Donlevy and Rogers let down on the don'ts and the kids have a gay holiday at Beverly Park

Cheryl thinks it's wonderful to be six and ride the merry-go-round alone. The three-year-olds think it's more fun to have their daddies do their "driving" for them



Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Right this way!

The thrills of a lifetime for the small
fry of Brian Don-
levy and Roy Rogers



Too bad, Daddy, but my little car isn't big enough for you, too, or
you'd get a ride. Judy's a wee bit puzzled about getting it going



Well, for goodness sake! This cute little colt
is going to put Trigger's nose out of joint



Here comes the Toon-
erville Trolley! Judy
is the really true con-
ductor and her pas-
sengers are Cheryl
and little Linda Lou

Color Pictures by
Fink

Nebraska

Natural



Dreams—of John Swope, of travel

She's taller than you think,
this Dorothy McGuire whose "Spiral Staircase"
leads into the golden clouds

HIGH above the Arizona mesquite the lazy skies were punctuated by the wabbly dashes and sputters of a small plane. After several uncertain curves it descended to 6,000 feet and succeeded in making like a straight line. Paralleling a highway, it soon gave this up like a schoolgirl dismayed with geometry and trundled to a shuddering stop at Thunderbird Field. A pretty girl got out.

A mechanic ran up. "What's the matter, Dorothy?"

Dorothy wrinkled her small nose in discouragement. She said, "I've got to learn to fly a faster plane. A P-39 maybe. Why when I looked down on the highway, the trucks were going faster than I was."

Dorothy McGuire looks precisely like *Claudia*, her most famous character. She wears sweaters in a certain casual way, lets her hair fly, is alarmingly luminous and desirable at all times, and can't do sums. When speaking about her people say little Dorothy, the little McGuire or bright canary. She is a good deal more than that, of course, as her determination to fly fast planes reveals and as her recent and current activities in picture-making reveal too. There are sturdier notes in her make-up than golden chirps.

She is taller than you think, a fact that both amuses and pleases her. Most people decide she is a small, incompetent armful of a girl, but she is five-foot-seven and straight as a sapling.

When she puts on an evening dress, she spreads it on a bed, lifts a hem, and dives in, head first. The effect is astonishing, something like Ann Curtis doing the breaststroke in a sea of (Continued on page 104)



Great promise, she says of Guy Madison

BY CAMERON SHIPP

Dorothy McGuire



Profiled in beauty, Dorothy McGuire, starred in "Till the End of Time"

Bachrach

The P.Q. of Pete



Peter Lawford takes it in his stride! Here is the new and fascinating way of discovering your Personality Quotient

BY
ROBERTA ORMISTON

Peter's powers of concentration were good—here it's block test

WHAT makes people the way they are?
Why do they do the things they do?

We've all asked those questions but few of us have had an answer because we haven't asked the right person. A psychologist, for instance. For, as any psychologist will tell you, we're all made up of contradictory bits and pieces.

It's like this . . . Everything that ever has happened to us is stored away in our memory, even though we're unaware of it. And our personality—the way we appear on the surface—is, to an astonishing degree, the result of the way we have reacted to all our never forgotten experiences, especially those we knew during our formative years.

Take Peter Lawford, for instance. Perhaps you think Peter was born with the sense of humor that is definitely one of his plus qualities. Maybe you assume his over-all charm to be a direct inheritance from his aristocratic forebears. Not at all. We really know about Peter, you see. We had Doctor Ulrich Sonnemann determine his P. Q.—personality quotient—by the most accurate and scientific tests.

Doctor Sonnemann, now chief psychologist with the Institute of Psychological Guidance, was, during the war, associated with the neuro-psychiatric (Cont'd on page 115)



Is he reaching the point of losing interest?

Peter Lawford



A plus for personality for Peter Lawford of "Two Sisters from Boston" 49

HEARTH-SIDE PIRATE

That romantic peril, Paul Henreid, whose pirating of hearts begins at home

BY DOROTHY DEERE



Inspection—of his collection of rare books

THERE'S something about Paul Henreid that does the same thing for the average woman as a dab of one of those daringly named perfumes behind her ears. Elevates her ego and fills her with a delightful portentousness of things romantic about to happen. . . .

As witness to the mass effect of this observation, there was the time he did a broadcast in New York, with a minimum of advance publicity, to a practically non-existent studio audience. All of which made it quite a shock to step out into the hallway and be fallen upon bodily by a seething, clutching, soprano mob. This one is not his story but Lisl's, who is his wife:

"It was so funny, the terrified look on his face when the girls started pulling at his hair and his tie. As big as he is, they pushed him around like a cork. A corps of studio ushers had to lift him by the elbows and almost carry him to a private elevator. That is when I started clutching. But they closed the elevator door in my face and left me behind with the mob—

"'Please—,' I told the usher, 'I am Mrs. Paul Henreid! See, I have the same accent he does.' 'Pretty good imitation,' he said. 'What you dames won't try—!' By this time, all the ushers are keeping an eye on me—I am the hardest-to-handle fan of

A Vienna waltz? Paul and Lisl bought their home from the Fondas





Cosmopolite in casuals: Paul Henreid, star of "Devotion"

Engstead

HEARTH-SIDE PIRATE



These bar-stool barrels brought their belongings to Hollywood



Two cigarettes in the daylight—on terrace

all. It was two hours before I could escape from the building by an alley door. All this two hours Paul was riding around the block in a taxi, waiting to pick me up!"

Regarding these small inconveniences, Paul shudders to think he might have stuck to his boyhood ambition to become a hack driver—and missed them. This business of romance—this working with the subtle waltz strain, the weighted glance, the whispered caress on a moon-drenched hilltop, is undeniably "a fascinating way of making a living." Personally, he's a long-time waltz man, having used this device to woo and win his own dark-eyed Viennese mate. He can't help wondering, however, why movie love-scene writers must stage them in "such uncomfortable spots—"

"What is romantic about a chill and forsaken balcony—or who would want to struggle all the way up a hill? The fellow would be too winded to do any really capable love-making. Actually, the most in-

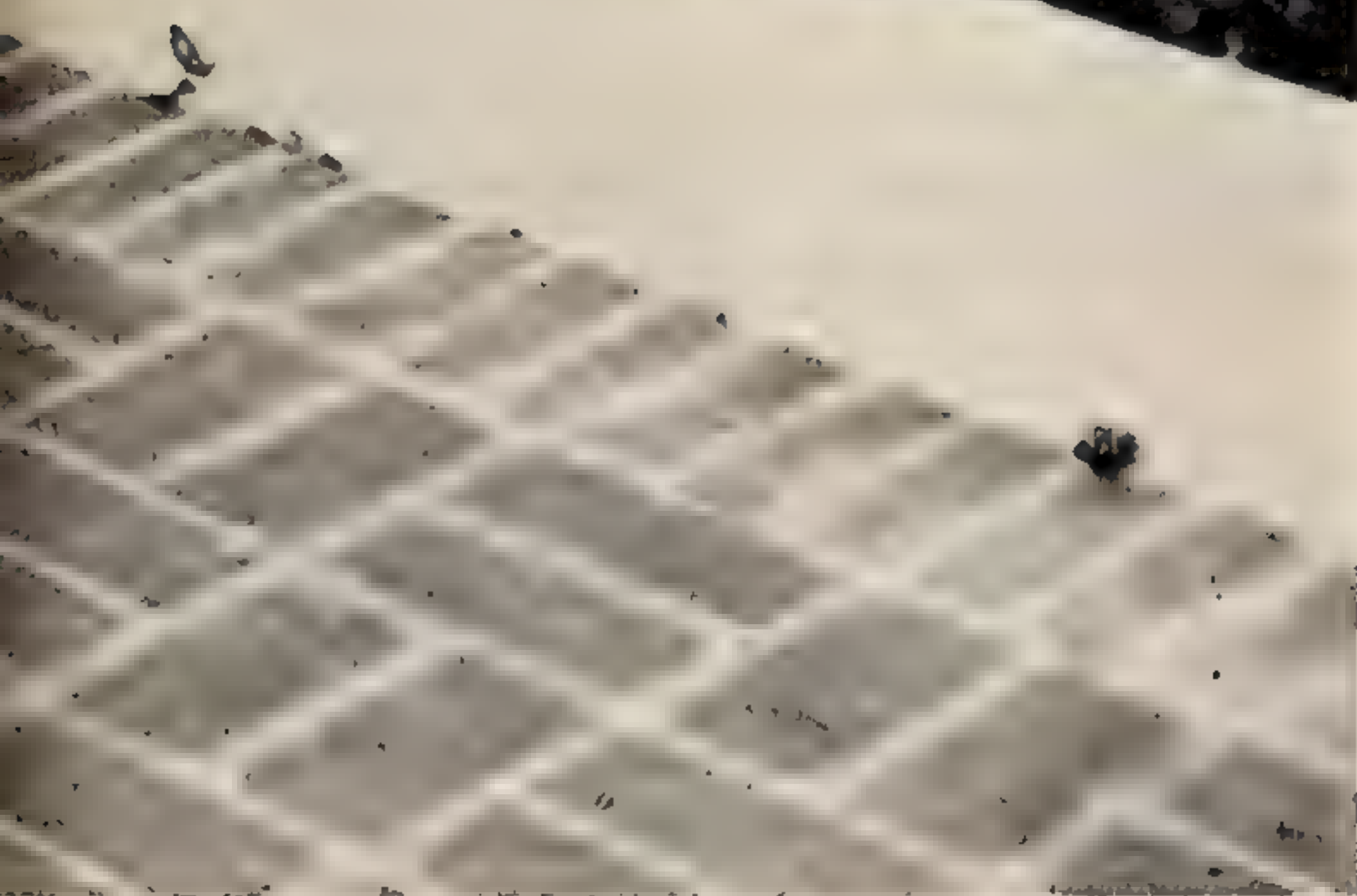
timate remarks are those spoken between two alone in a crowd."

The Henreid trade-mark, those two cigarettes, was the direct result of his feeling that romance "should never be pompous." As the script of "Now, Voyager" was written, he and Bette Davis were to make a habit of each lighting a cigarette and exchanging them. "It seemed a bit phony—before the picture was done we would have been like jugglers posed to catch each other's tenpins." He changed the gesture to one with which he was more familiar when lighting a smoke for Lisl when they were motoring together—which should be a lesson for all those gents whose frustrated females are forever having to struggle with their own match in a strong wind.

IN person, Henreid is taller, tanner and more blue-eyed than he appears even in Technicolor. He talks with sincerity or a sophisticated humor, but preferably on subjects other than himself. (Continued on page 84)



Mimi Maria and Monica are the girls in Daddy's life



A kiss for the lady of his heart—beside their pool

Monica's wide awake—speaks Viennese, English, learning French





Bob Walker—practical giver



Jane Haver—smart, sweet and gay as a lark

THE YOUNGSTERS

A youthful, gleeful, good-sense revolution, with the

HOLLYWOOD isn't what it used to be! The youngsters, that bright crop of gay, ambitious naturals, have taken over.

Van, Guy, Esther, Peter, Lon, Cornel and all the rest are at the head of a parade that's marching right through their celluloid town and sweeping along with it a lot of old customs and customers.

Once the bosses of Hollywood were those stars who had been on top long enough to accumulate riches, manners, a butler and an Oscar. The youth of Hollywood—those poor, struggling young artists no one ever heard of, my dear—were allowed to scratch about on the fringes and given an occasional glimpse into the mad social whirl on the inside.

Imagine the revolution! Now it's not your diamonds or your butlers—it's your naturalness. Likely as not, when my chauffeur drops me off at a party for some of us stuffy oldsters, he'll say to me: "If you should want me earlier than you plan, I'll be at



Jane Allison—still clear-eyed, unspoiled

Dane Clark—picks "individuals" for friends





Jeanne Crain—retiring, but a will of her own

TAKE OVER

BY ELSA
MAXWELL

new crop looking, listening and using their heads

the hotel with Van. We've got a gin rummy game going on."

Which is one of the nicest things about Van Johnson. He knows he's better off spending a quiet—and early—evening with a non-professional friend than in spending late hours at a fancy soiree wishing he were home in bed. Not that Van and his fellow stars are never seen out.

There are those stories about Van and the presents he gives his hostesses. All of them true, by the way. Anyone who opens the door to Van is certain to find him with a long box of flowers, or a virtual crate of candy or nuts, whereupon, grinning, he says, "Thought you might like this." What the stories of Van's gifts fail to explain is that Van, shy about any large or formal group, repeatedly declines the "best" invitations and never thinks of gauging the cost or size of the flowers or nuts or candy by the stature (social or professional) of his hostess. Actually where young stars once (Continued on page 121)

Van Johnson—he's an early-to-bedder



Peter Lawford—reads flowers



Gail Russell—dicks-and-beach-minded

TWO things confront every human being: What the world thinks he should be and what he knows in his heart he is. In other words, the theoretical man versus the real guy.

Now, a lot of people have a fairly good idea of what they are but mighty few have the honesty to admit it in words.

Not so Errol Flynn!

Trust him to state it—starkly. No hedging, no extenuations.

"Why whitewash myself?" he says—and means it.

"I don't believe in trying to fool anyone by attempting not to appear to be what I am." Such is his impatience with pretense of any kind.

Not the least ingratiating part of Flynn's debunking of Flynn is his ability to laugh at himself. Let someone try to keep up the polite fiction that Errol has never had any trouble with the opposite sex and he is liable to hoot derisively.

"The cook chased me with a carving knife when I was ten," he says. "A lovely lady—but she didn't catch me."

Nevertheless, Errol admits that criticism used to bother him a little. That ended after he found out through bitter experience that there was no possible way of pleasing everybody anyway. So these days he lets the brickbats and bouquets fall where they may, and is equally unimpressed with both. The reason there are more brickbats is undoubtedly because Errol, to his own bewilderment, so often finds himself embroiled in exploits hardly calculated to draw the bouquets.

"Ah, yes—a victim of circumstance!" he says in a pseudo-tragic voice calcu- (Continued on page 124)



Errol (at his birthday party) can and does laugh at himself

Flynn versus Flynn

There are two Errols and both of them state

it straight, "No whitewashing!"



The man and his dog, Moody. Errol is next in Warners' "Never Say Goodbye"



Sailor of the seven seas—aboard the Zacca

His date? His wife, Nora Eddington Flynn



BY MARION COOPER



Betty Grable, of "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim"

Betty Grable says:

Did you ever feel that a song was written especially for your romance? That's the way Harry and I feel about "You'll Never Know." When we first started going together, we went to a little quiet out-of-the-way place one night to dance. We were sitting at a corner table holding hands and looking at each other in a dreamy sort of way when we became conscious of a gray-haired man who was dining all alone at a nearby table and watching us intently. Pretty soon the orchestra leader announced that someone had just requested "You'll Never Know" for the couple sitting at the table under the palm tree.

When the piece was finished, the gray-haired man came over to us and said, "Pardon me, I hope you didn't mind my doing that, but I couldn't help noticing how happy you are. You remind me of when I was young."

We adopted it then and there as "our" song. We requested it every time we went out dancing and Harry made a special recording of it just for us.



Helmut Dantine, next in "Shadow of a Woman"

Helmut Dantine says:

There is no song that thrills me like George Gershwin's "Summertime." When I was living in my native Vienna, America was only a distant dream. I used to spend hours studying the history and cultural trends of the American people hoping that some day I might be able to come here. I was particularly fascinated by her folk music and managed to get hold of several records which I played over and over again. Among them was "Summertime."

When I heard these songs again in the land in which they were written, I enjoyed them even more deeply and as I traveled about the country, the melody of "Summertime" kept running through my mind. It seemed to possess all the warmth and color that I saw around me. In it, I think Gershwin has captured the joy and laughter, the beauty and sadness that describe the great American scene.

The song I

Musically speaking, these six talk



Dennis Morgan, in "The Time, the Place, and the Girl"

Dennis Morgan says:

"Little Annie Laurie" is the song that holds a special place in my heart because it reminds me of a very lovely old lady and a far-away country I have always wanted to see.

You see, my grandmother was raised in Scotland and although she loved America, she always had a secret desire to go back to her native land. She's been careful to hide her feelings though and I think I am the only one in the family who has ever known about it.

I have always been her favorite grandchild and when I was a boy, she used to take me up in her attic and open up her keepsake chest for me. She'd spend hours telling me stories about the old country and singing Scottish airs. Then is when the nostalgia would creep into her voice and a sad light would come into her eyes. I would pretend not to notice and I have never said anything to her about it, but whenever I'm asked to sing at a family gathering, I always sing her favorite song, "Little Annie Laurie" and a look of understanding passes between us.

I'm still hoping that someday I'll be able to take her back to the country where her heart is.

Remember

of the melody that lingers on



Anne Baxter, starred in "Smoky"

Anne Baxter says:

Strange as it may seem, my favorite song reminds me of a very unpleasant experience. It was when I was going to high school and one of the star athletes who had been my secret passion for months asked me to the big Christmas dance—my first formal! I spent the whole week before the dance in a state of perfect rapture preparing for the big event. But the big event turned out to be a dismal flop. Our personalities reacted like oil and water and we hardly spoke two words to each other the whole evening. He danced like an ox and trampled all over my brand new dress. Then to top it off, he finally got bored and left me sitting on the sideline while he went off in a corner with his boy friends. I spent the rest of the evening feeling like a wretched wallflower and listening to the orchestra playing "Nice Work If You Can Get It" until I thought I'd go crazy.

For a long time after that, I couldn't stand to listen to the song, but gradually as the hurt dissolved from memory, I grew to like it. Finally I bought a record of it because it gave me a victorious feeling to be able to laugh at an experience that had once been painful.



George Sanders; seen in "Strange Woman"

George Sanders says:

My favorite musical number has to do with a hunchback, a man whom I think could have become the greatest tenor in the world—Alessandro Valente. I heard him sing in the opera "The Sleep Walker" once in England and I have never heard such a beautiful tenor voice before or since.

He was a sculptor who was discovered and trained by Caruso. But because of his physical deformity, the man developed a morbid mental attitude and within a short time drank himself to death. I always felt a profound sympathy for him and thought it a tragedy that the world should be deprived of such a great voice.

I have one of the few recordings in the world of his aria from "The Sleep Walker" which was his favorite and, of course, it is one of my most precious possessions.

I love to play it when I'm moody because the haunting melody of the aria and the emotional intensity with which he sings it seems to strike a responsive melancholy chord in me.



Jane Russell, of "The Outlaw"

Jane Russell says:

"Deep Purple" is the song I shall always love the best because it's the song Bob Waterfield and I fell in love to. Bob heard me sing it in an assembly in high school and decided he wanted to meet me. I'd seen him and wanted to meet him, too.

One day we spotted each other in the little cafe where all the school kids used to hang out. First he'd go over and play "Deep Purple" on the juke box and then I'd go over and play it. Then he'd go over and play it and I'd go over. Finally we met at the box.

"It's a beautiful song, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes," I said. "It's my favorite."

"Would you like to dance it with me?" he asked.

I was only too glad to, of course. We went out together the next night. It was one of those luscious early spring nights. I wore a purple silk dress, they played that piece all evening and what was there left for us to do but fall in love?



Typical young American, outstanding personality—Tyrone Power of "The Razor's Edge"

RETURN OF

THE MARINE

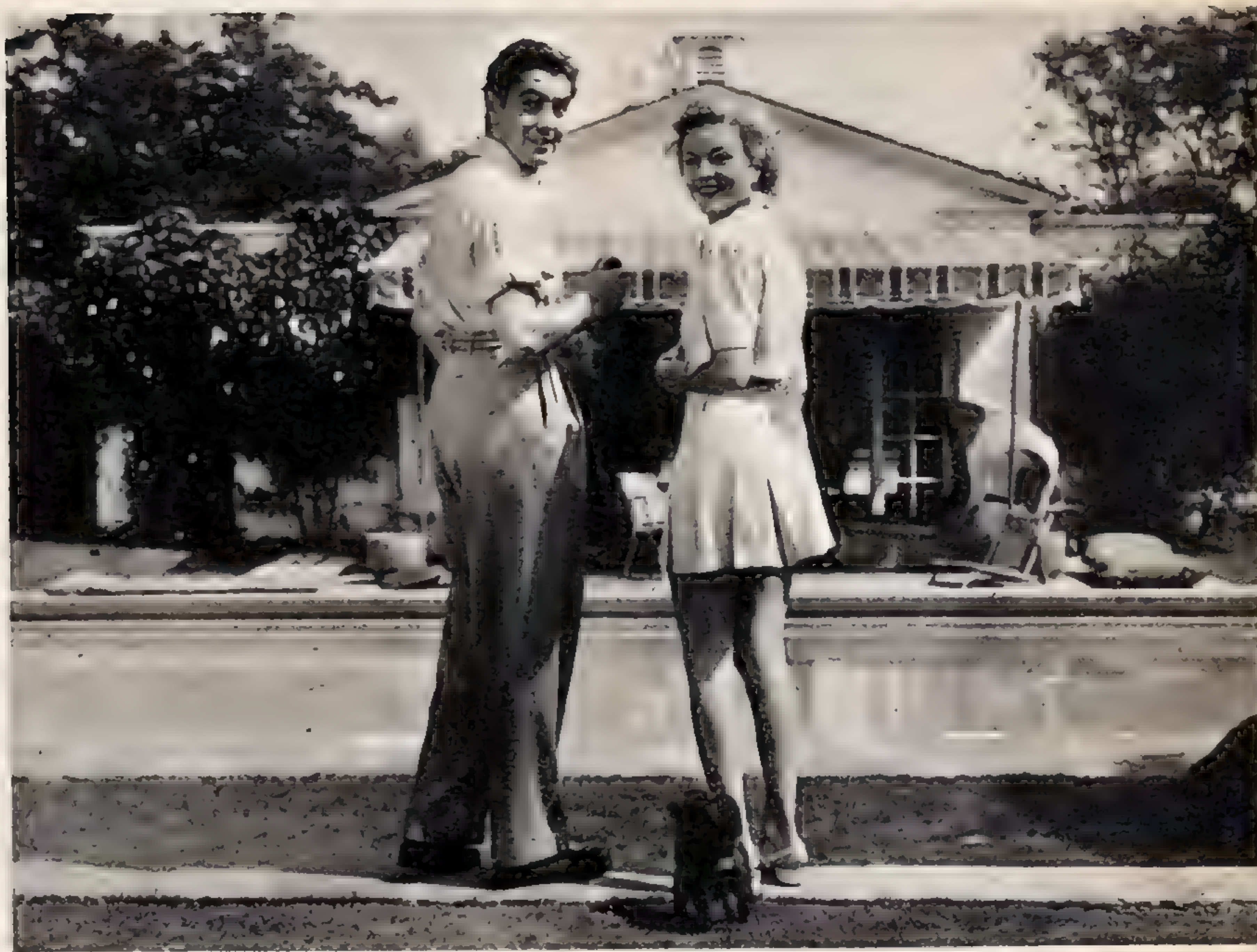
He looks back—at struggle;

ahead—to the ideals that are

Tyrone Power

BY

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



Their house, their pool—planned by Ty and Annabella

I like the place where Tyrone and Annabella Power live better than any other in the motion-picture colony.

Houses and their grounds and gardens are always a matter of taste. The old trees, the pleasantly informal rolling acres, the white clapboard house, the simple colorful gardens which make up the Power homestead have an air of home, of lived-in-ness, of being very, very personal to the Powers that I think no one could resist. You are completely sure that everything within the plain white fences was selected with care and thought by the people who live there, you get a feeling of it having been done a little bit at a time, lovingly and in fulfillment of dreams.

There are a good many gorgeous and expensive estates in Hollywood which you know instantly were done by interior decorators and landscape architects given carte blanche and hurry up and a great deal of money to spend.

But I wasn't at all surprised to find that Ty

himself had laid out and rolled the gravel walks and edged them with bricks. He and Annabella bought the place six months before they were married, in 1939, and have been working on it ever since and will be working on it for another five years at least—maybe more.

It must, to paraphrase a song, have been a nice place to come home to; to the much-used library with its long windows hung in fine, dark brown glazed chintz cheerfully splashed with yellow, the gay, simple restful drawing room, the wide terrace of brick which looks down a long slope to a row of poplars and a small, plain swimming pool.

"The poplars," Annabella said, as we sat on the terrace after lunch, "will be in leaf soon. They remind me of places I knew in France when I was a little girl. I love to have them there because there are not so many trees in Southern California which lose their leaves and then (Continued on page 118)

YIPPEE YVONNE!



Rarin' to go, Yvonne's expert with a horse. Her next picture, Universal's "Fandango"

Hit the trail at a canter with De Carlo and

learn the truth about the exotic

Yvonne who looks like her name—and isn't



THE truth is—the way to know Yvonne De Carlo is to know how to ride horseback.

The early morning mists still clung to the San Fernando Valley's broad fertility and to the low white bungalow set behind a green, tree-studded lawn, fenced off by white pickets. A Pekinese (Jolie) and a gray Angora (Mitzi) were sleeping happily in each other's paws on the front steps.

Yvonne, not shimmering in her famous gauze costume of *Salome*, but wearing a battered looking pair of riding pants, a faded gray wool shirt and boots that looked like refugees from last year's football scrimmage, opened the door of her house—the first home she has ever owned.

"Hi—come on in!" The Valley's newest land owner exhibited a living room that was big and equally bare, its only decoration an enormous painting of Yvonne. Through a door a dining room could be glimpsed with only a few pieces of furniture to clothe it.

"It's so new I haven't had time to furnish these two rooms yet, but I'm doing fine with the rest of the house. Here's the den. I can show this off."

"Leathery and Western," Yvonne describes it. It is. There is a leather bar with three gay stools, and a fireplace, and lamps with shades made of calfskin. "I'm hunting now for calfskin rugs to match the lamps."

The entire De Carlo estate consists of six rooms. After the den comes her mother's bedroom, (*Continued on page 82*)



Just one way to be sure of keeping fit

BY GEORGE FISHER

It's Yvonne's telephoning technique. Is it girl-to-girl chatter or date talk?



A dream must be given life . . . this Hurd Hatfield
knew as he stood at the French window and remembered



The Heritage Of Hurd

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Sister, the cocker spaniel, his cross-country traveler

Hurd is proud of his
artist mother. Hurd's
seen now in "The Diary
of a Chambermaid"



HURD Hatfield had come home. He stood at the French window of the Manhattan co-operative apartment his father bought many years ago, looking out over the city blurred by falling snow. Below Morningside Park lights shone mistily in the buildings and on the cars that moved and halted in traffic.

In the room behind Hurd the dinner candles were being lit. The damask curtains gleamed softly blue and silver. The portrait of his grandfather looked down stern and forbidding but the eyes, characteristically Hatfield, were warm and smiling.

Hurd's spaniel, who had crossed the continent with him because once again a man and a dog are inseparable, barked to be lifted into Hurd's arms. Her registered name is Susie Q. But, as Hurd discovered, you can't go about calling, "Here Susie Q, here Susie Q, here Susie Q." Whereupon her name became Sister.

The winter wind screamed and directly under the window snow swirled about Carl Schultz immortalized in stone there on the esplanade. Hurd, as a child, had woven many a romance about that heroic figure.

For a brief magic spell the years fell away and Hurd was a little boy standing by that window dreaming. Winter nights he always had loved best. With snow outside he had found it doubly cozy and secure within. Besides winter,



For a brief magic spell the years fell away and Hurd was a little boy



He'd like his parents to live in California. But his father wonders just what Hollywood would do with another lawyer

The Heritage Of
Hurd



**Cop Hatfield. Just before the war he
pounded a beat for the Lido Club**



**Hurd can look back to his child-
hood and summer days spent with
loyal camp pals. And even then
his theater dream was taking form**



At Kamp Kill Kare artist Hatfield painted and sold his work for as much as a dollar apiece

to his mind, was infinitely more dramatic. In winter, downtown in the theaters great stars acted in great plays, music swelled through Carnegie Hall, women wore jewels and wonderful scents, like his mother when she bent to kiss him good night before dining out with his father.

The memory evoked was so vivid that Hurd could feel the warmth of the little sleeping suits he had worn. Always crayons had been stuffed into the pocket so he could draw in bed—dwarfs usually.

Hurd says, "When I stood at that window I saw myself grown up, doing things in the theater, surrounded by lights and people. It was a mood more than anything else.

"Which is why probably I haven't been really surprised at what's happened. Consciously and intellectually I find it too good to be true. But emotionally it's as if I had found that towards which I've been traveling ever since I can remember, even since, actually, I was about four and a half years old."

His delight with life which he terms "fantastic," because for him it is quite that exciting and wonderful, colors his voice, and his grin, and his least movement.

"Always, I've seen myself in the theater, not necessarily as a star, rather as someone in a workshop, studying, learning, trying. And that, more or less, is how it has come to be. Naturally! I say 'naturally' because I happen to believe that when we concentrate on a thing without strain, we accomplish it.

"We all determine the kind of a person we are, of course. And little by little, by the things we think and do, (*Continued on page 112*)



The wee Hurd goes Chinese in costume

What should I do?



YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED

BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Claudette Colbert of "Tomorrow Is Forever"

● DEAR MISS COLBERT:

My husband has been dead for six years; I have two lovely daughters, Jeanette, twelve, and Patsy, nine. I am thirty-four.

Through friends I met a wonderful man four years ago. He is well-established in business and is a very pleasant comrade. I'm very, very much in love.

Of course, there always has to be a catch, I suppose. When I told the girls that I was planning to marry this man, Jeanette burst into tears and said she would run away if I did. I was speechless with amazement because Bob and Jeanette had played piano duets by the hour, he had taught her to dance and has repeatedly brought both girls lovely gifts.

Naturally, the happiness of my daughters is vitally important to me, but I do feel that I am still young enough to deserve a life of my own. However, every time I mention marriage Jeanette cries for hours. I've tried to tease her out of it, and I've tried to be sweetly reasonable, but nothing so far has any effect.

Do you think my first duty is to my girls? Or should I marry Bob and then try to reconcile Jeanette?

Elizabeth McD.

Dear Mrs. McD:

I wish that you had told me whether Jeanette has ever given any real reason for her objection to your marriage. After all, she was only six when her father died, so she can't have any very clear remembrance of him. Has she glorified him to the point where she couldn't bear the presence of another man in his stead? Or is she so jealous of you that she can't endure the prospect of sharing you?

I can think of but one possible solution. Why don't you have Bob take her for a drive, alone, some day and question her? Since they appear to be on the best of terms, perhaps he could extract the real reason for her tears.

Once you have learned the cause, there will surely be some cure. I believe that Bob, himself, is the key. If your daughter has idealized her father, he can assure her that he does not seek to take her father's place, but wishes to make a place uniquely his own in your family. If she is jealous, he should explain that your love is ample enough to encompass two daughters and a husband.

I should be very interested in a future letter from you, telling me what happens next.

Claudette Colbert

● DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I'm so fouled up that I had to ask for advice from someone.

I met a girl in February, 1943, on a blind date, and fell deeply in love with her. Two months later I was sent overseas and didn't get back until June of 1945. Two weeks after I got home we were married. Then I found out that she had been writing to an ensign and having dates with him.

As luck would have it, I was stationed at the same base with him. I asked him to meet me for lunch or a drink to talk this thing over and he always agrees to meet me, then doesn't show up. He sends my wife flowers and writes to her. She has offered to let me read the letters, but I don't read other people's mail.

In our family we have twenty-four marriages and never a divorce, so I don't want to break the record, but I don't know what to do about my wife. She sits and thinks about this ensign, and sighs, and says she just can't make up her mind whom she loves.

I love my wife very much, but do you think I ought to get wise to myself and get out?

Olin McR. (Continued on page 70)

Photoplay Fashions In Color Start on Page 86

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so effectively, yet so safely!

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SOME OF THE MANY STARS WHO USE ARRID: Carol Bruce • Gertrude Niesen • Beatrice Lillie • Grace Moore • Jessica Dragonette • Jane Froman

Dear Mr. McR:

I wish you had told me how old your wife is. I strongly suspect that she is extremely young, since the business of her staring into space and sighing over a man other than her husband is the behavior of a moonstruck adolescent.

Also, it seems to me that the behavior of the ensign is strictly from high school. That he should send your wife flowers and letters when he knows that you are at home and that you have sought to talk to him about the situation is proof of extreme immaturity.

Why don't you go to the chaplain at your base and tell him your story as frankly as you have told me? He will keep your confidence, and I imagine that he will get in touch with that ensign and give him something to think about.

Don't get excited and take some step that you would regret. Be patient, but firm. Remind her that you are the head of the household and that you have no intention of divorcing her. She may be just trying to get a reaction from you.

Claudette Colbert

• Dear Miss Colbert:

I met Ken nearly four years ago when I was a sophomore and he was a senior in high school. When he graduated, he joined the Air Corps. He trained in this country for almost two years, then was sent overseas for a little over a year.

While in training, he wrote me, telling me he loved me and asking me to wait for him. I wrote nice friendly letters to him, but I refused to get serious.

Our trouble started when he was at home on a thirty-day furlough. He spent only two out of the thirty with me because he said he had to spend the rest of his time with his mother.

When he went back to base, I wrote him a hot letter telling him that it was interesting for him to think he was old enough to be in love with a girl, but that he wasn't old enough to avoid being led around by his mother. He answered in a nice letter, saying he loved me more than ever for what I had written and that he would forget the tone of my letter.

He has now been discharged and has returned to go to college. He has neither called me nor tried to see me during the month he has been home. I am now certain that I really love him and there could never be anyone else. Should I make him speak to me, or should I leave things alone and hope that he'll come to his senses and renew our romance?

Benita E.

Dear Miss E:

The explanation is simple. Men in service lived for mail call. It was the one break in a sometimes dreadful day; it was the single, warm contact with the civilian world. Men, being cunning characters, soon discovered that a love letter was far more likely to extract a quick and lively response from a girl than a merely newsy and friendly letter. So the boys wrote love letters as a matter of strategy. I have talked to postal officers responsible for censoring outgoing GI mail, and report has it that some men were writing ardently to five or ten girls.

Here is another thing: No matter how sincere a man might have been in his overseas letters, he is likely to reconsider his attitude when he returns to civil life. Many men have written to me saying that an engagement or marriage seemed a fine idea when they were in uniform, but that—having been demobilized and having learned of the housing shortage and other civilian problems—they were convinced that no such

serious step as marriage should be considered now.

So don't be the aggressor. Take an interest in other boys. Just remember that the girls, as well as ex-service men, are having to be rehabilitated.

Claudette Colbert

• Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-four, my husband a year older. We've been married five years and are more deeply in love now than ever.

When we were first married, we lived near my husband's family in another state. My husband's mother seemed to be happy at first to see us married, but she is not the sort of person to take a stranger into the family. In conversations, she always managed to shut me out or to interrupt me and never let me finish a sentence. Finally I stopped going to see her because she made me feel so excess-guestish, but I always agreed with my husband that he should visit her once a week.

My mother-in-law sends my husband Christmas and birthday presents, but she has never even sent me a card. Since I have never quarreled with her, I don't understand her attitude.

My husband has been an angel, understanding my side of it, yet knowing I understand his. He has been overseas for the past year, but he is due home soon.

He has written to say that his mother expects him to spend his entire terminal leave with her, as he will be returning here to his job. His mother is getting old, so I know that it is only right for him to spend as much time with her as possible, but I just can't bear the idea of missing this time with him when we have been apart for so long.

My husband says that his mother wants him back in his old room, as if he had never left, a desire that rather leaves me out. Naturally, he feels terrible about the situation, and I'm heartsick.

Madeleine B.

Dear Mrs. B.:

Upon reading your letter I must admit that I thought at first, "A wife certainly has the prior right in such a situation. After all, the Bible says that a man shall leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife."

Your mother-in-law has been unforgivably rude. But she hasn't hurt your standing with your husband nor your marriage in the least. She is growing older, so you don't want to do anything to jeopardize her health or to make her unduly miserable.

Couldn't you steel yourself to be noble about the situation? Couldn't you write your husband, telling him that you were desperate to see him, that you adored him, that you had planned on a second honeymoon, but that you wanted his homecoming to be joyous and without friction, so you hoped he could visit his mother first, remain as long as he wished, then hurry home to you?

I really believe that self-sacrifice will repay you. I suspect that your husband will make his visit home as brief as kindness and filial affection will permit. No man who has been married for five years is going to find the return to his boyhood room as spellbinding an experience as returning to the wife he adores.

If you can be patient, I'm certain that yours will be a splendid victory.

Claudette Colbert

• Dear Miss Colbert:

During the three years he was overseas, a boy I had known all my life wrote to me regularly and I wrote to him. He returned and asked me to marry him. (Continued on page 72)

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EMPIRE STATE BLDG
NEW YORK

—AS SEEN BY YOUR EARS—
THAT'S A TELEPHONE RECEIVER

**WHAT'S
THIS?**

(see answer
at bottom)

(Continued from page 70) I had known for a long time that I was desperately in love with him, but there was a problem. I am Protestant and Roddie is Catholic.

I explained to him that my father would never consent to our marriage if I had to change my faith, that I loved my family too much to break with them over the issue. Roddie said that his faith didn't mean anything to him, really, and that he would become an excommunicant.

I insisted that he tell his family at once. He said that no matter what anyone said, he would never give me up.

Two days later he called to say he had bad news; his family had talked him out of our marriage. About a week later he came to see me and we were more in love than ever, so he said, once again, that we must be married. We even set the date, and the next day my parents announced our engagement in the newspaper.

I didn't hear from Roddie for a week and when he finally called, he said that he loved me with all his heart, but that family pressure was just too much for him. So that is the way things stand now.

He is a very fine fellow and was always respectful when we were together. What would you do, Miss Colbert?

Clara M.

Dear Miss M:

For me to attempt to discuss religious conviction in this column would not only be presumptuous, but certainly would invite all manner of criticism from my readers—and justly so. I firmly believe that each of us must work out his own salvation in matters of faith.

However, in your case, I might say that, since any married couple living in the same community with their parents is going to see those parents often, you would be facing a situation of constant friction from one or the other pair of in-laws. If the two of you could live at least a thousand miles away from your parents you would probably be able to work out a happy solution.

There is one other fact to consider: Your boy friend appears to me to be the sort of person who is incapable of sticking to a decision. He reminds me of the donkey who starved between two haystacks because he couldn't decide which was the more attractive. Such a man is likely to make a poor husband. Imagine trying to get him to decide upon buying one of four or five lots on which to build a house. Imagine having your destiny reposing in his shaking hand.

Perhaps it would be wise for you to forget this lad and look around for some more forceful life partner.

Claudette Colbert

• **Dear Miss Colbert:**

I have tried for some time to acquaint someone of consequence with the ideas I have for film plays, but so far I haven't even received replies to my letters. No doubt, consideration just isn't given to anyone not already an accredited writer. I do not claim to be a writer; I only have story outlines from which film plays can be written by men who know how.

All I ask is a chance to let my story ideas be read by someone qualified to pass judgment on them. Can you help me?

Emmett W.

Dear Mr. W:

I wish I could help you but I simply can't. Unfortunately, there have been too many law suits filed over alleged plagiarism for anyone in Hollywood to touch the literary efforts of unknown writers. All manuscripts are returned to the writer—unopened. I have talked to a good many writers and each has offered this advice: Don't try to sell ideas. Everyone is filled

with ideas; what is needed is a person who can put ideas into story form.

Don't submit outlines, manuscripts or any other typewritten material to studios. It will be returned.

Do study current magazines and try to sell finished stories to them.

Do write the book you have in mind, then see if you can get it published.

Every studio has a huge staff of writers studying every issue of every magazine and reading every book published.

If you really can write, you will be able to sell your work to some magazine; if your work is published, it will be considered for motion picture purchase.

Claudette Colbert

• **Dear Miss Colbert:**

I am thirty-seven years old and engaged to a wonderful man. Recently I've noticed that I appear to be aging. My neck muscles are sagging and the lines around my mouth are deeply indented.

This realization is causing me to lose my gay spirit and self-confidence, especially since my fiance is a little younger than I, and considerably younger looking.

Tell me, is there a safe method of looking younger?

Helen S.

Dear Miss S:

I don't think you should torment yourself about your appearance. Since you are engaged, it is apparent that "a wonderful man" found you desirable.

It is natural for a woman about to be married to criticize herself; this is known as bride's jitters and indicates nothing except a woman's commendable eagerness to be attractive to her husband.

However, there are some things for you to do which will result in a reassuring glow. For one thing, you should make it a rule to get nine or ten hours of sleep a night as often as possible. Also plan to get daily exercise in the open air.

Go to a good beauty shop and ask them to restyle your hair. Nothing "picks up" a woman's appearance quite so much as a becoming new coiffure.

Finally, if it is at all possible, take a course of body massage. You will arise from the rubbing table with sparkling eyes and a glowing countenance.

But the final word—what difference does age make? We can't stop the clock. And the most wonderful secret of life is that each period of existence holds promise for those eager enough to live to the fullest without backward glance.

Claudette Colbert

**Have you a problem which
seems to have no solution?
Would you like the thoughtful
advice of**

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

Congratulations, Joan

ON WINNING THE ACADEMY AWARD AS THE BEST ACTRESS OF 1945!

Dear Joan Crawford:

We want to add our round of applause to the tremendous ovation that greeted your award.

Your performance in Warner Bros'. "Mildred Pierce" - a difficult role portrayed with honesty, intelligence, and all the skill that comes from years of experience in your profession - certainly deserves recognition.

Through your personality and the wide variety of roles you have played - from the flamboyant flapper of "Our Dancing Daughters" to the mature characterization of "Mildred Pierce" - you have become a vital part of the American scene and screen. And we, along with millions, just want to say, "It couldn't happen to a nicer person."

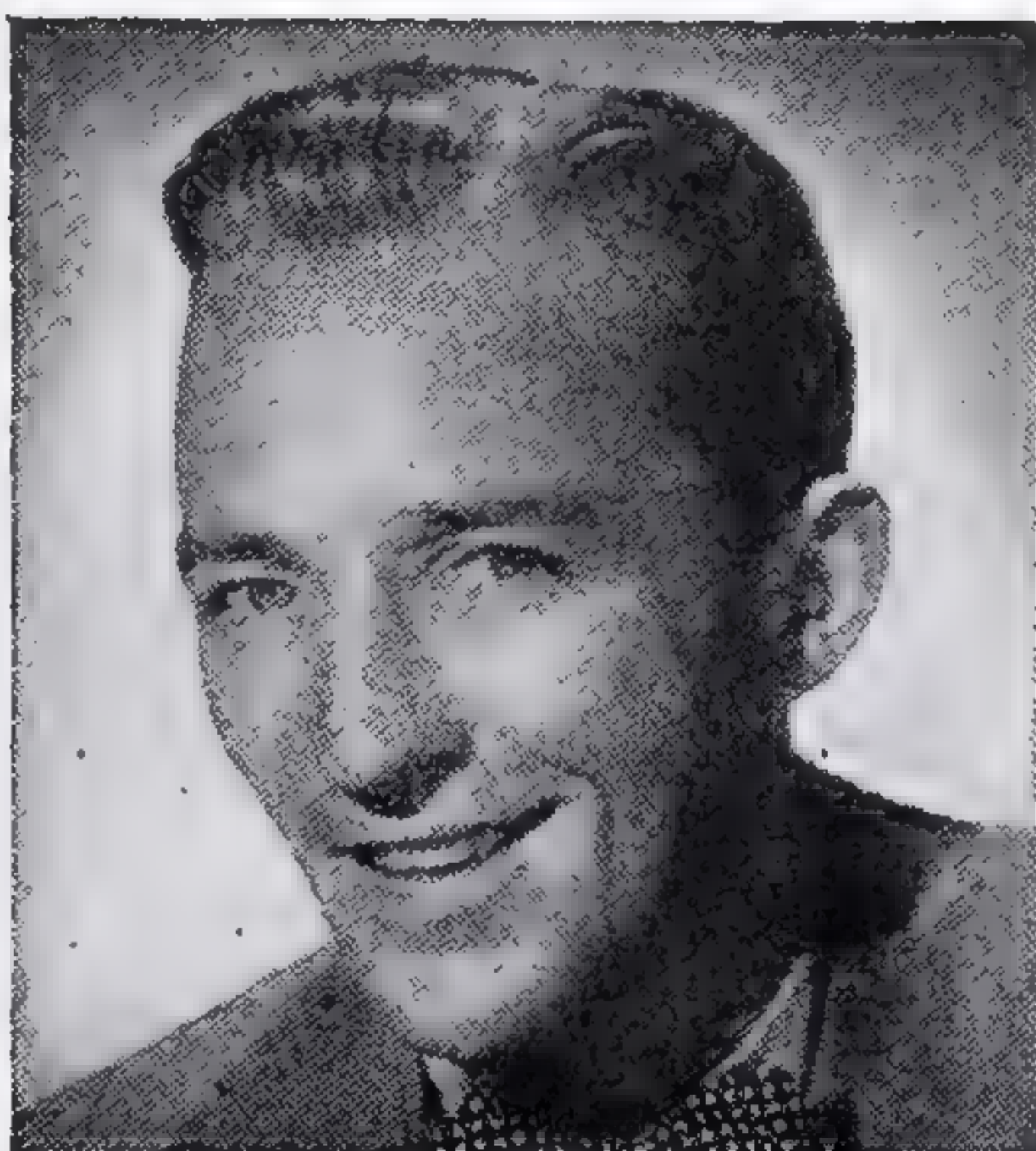
Very sincerely,

The Bottlers of Royal Crown Cola

P.S. Best wishes for a repeat in your forthcoming Warner Bros.' picture, "Humoresque."



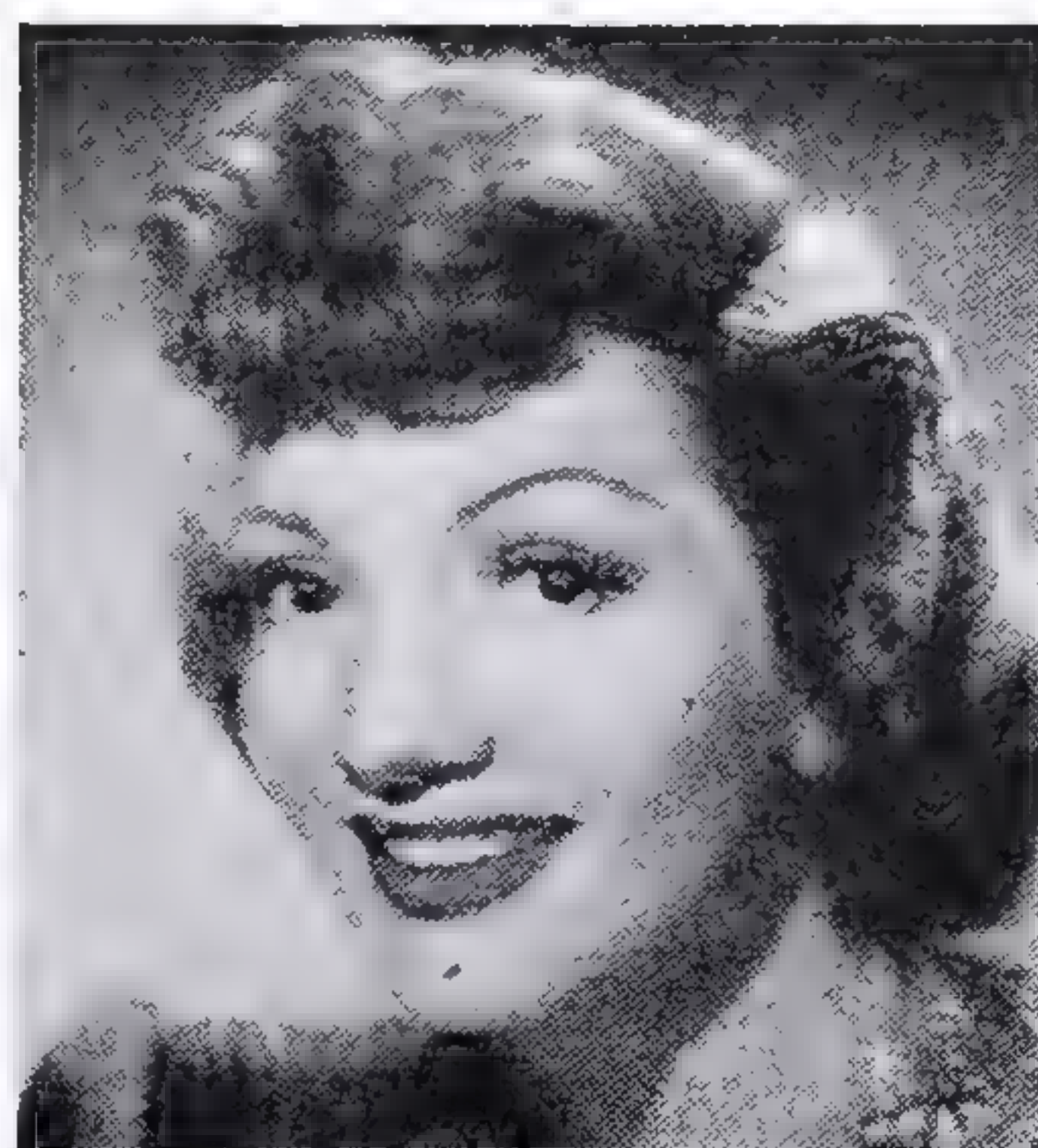
Joan is one of the great stars who have won Academy Awards and who have named Royal Crown Cola their winner in the famous cola taste-test!



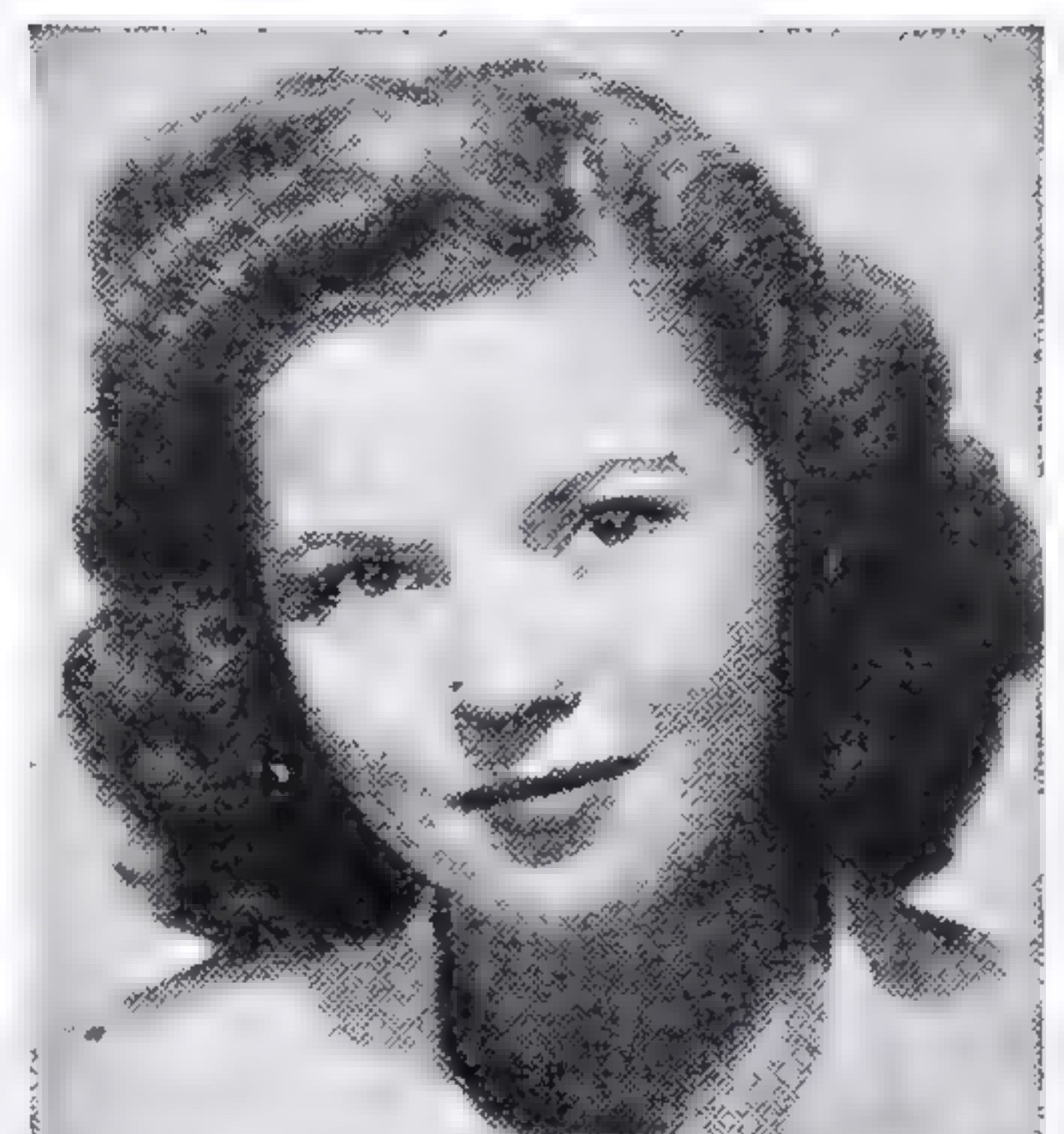
BING CROSBY—1944
Paramount star



GARY COOPER—1941
International star



CLAUDETTE COLBERT—1934
International star



SHIRLEY TEMPLE—1934 Special Award
David O. Selznick star

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The Intimate Story of Ingrid

(Continued from page 36) occupation he was particularly impressed with the loveliness and smart appearance of the girls riding their bicycles. Wondering how they managed to maintain their traditional chic despite their hardships and limited means, he had asked one of the girls how they accomplished this feat. The girl's reply was the answer this hard-bitten war correspondent found to explain Bergman.

"Class," the girl had said, "is not what you wear, but how you feel."

It was during our stay in Canada that the little-known Bergman temper flared.

An important function had been pre-arranged in her honor in Ottawa at the mansion of a social lioness of the capital city. The guests were polyglot bigwigs: Politicians, statesmen, foreign dignitaries. Strictly a white-tie-and-tails affair.

The hostess, an officious, possessive type of the species, took Miss Bergman firmly in hand and presented her to the 200-odd guests. Having met them all, Miss Bergman puzzled over a slight matter of protocol. Clearly remembering having been introduced to various European ministers and consuls, she became imbued with the suspicion that there was a serious diplomatic omission.

Quietly she turned to her hostess and inquired: "Where is the Swedish consul?" To which the hostess coolly replied: "I am sorry. He was not invited."

That smoldering, grim anger which is the heritage of the Norse clouded the Bergman countenance.

"And why not?" she wanted to know. "I am a Swede, and if this party is in my honor, why wasn't the Swedish consul invited?"

The hostess, set back on her heels, forthwith sent for the gentleman in question. Upon his arrival Ingrid concentrated her undivided attentions on the consul and his wife. And then, still rankling at the faux pas, she abruptly decided she'd had enough of the affair. Suggesting to her countryman that she would like to visit his home, she bade her hostess a glacial goodnight, and we spent the rest of the evening at the Swedish Consulate.

Now it can be told.

One afternoon, toward the end of October in 1945, a conference concerning a vital issue took place in a very private dining room at Lucey's restaurant near

the RKO Studios. The group included several studio executives, a couple of lawyers, director Alfred Hitchcock, Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman.

The seven-months-old strike of studio workers had reached an alarming stage of bitterness and violence. Mass picketing was in progress at several major studios, including RKO where Hitchcock, Grant and Bergman were currently engaged in filming "Notorious."

These three principals, like many other directors and actors, had refused to cross the massed picket lines. Their costly production was at a standstill and was daily running into more money.

Soberly the conferees discussed the pros and cons of a very involved situation. One of the lawyers spoke at length, expounding that this was a jurisdictional dispute between opposing unions, that Cary and Ingrid by their refusal to cross the picket lines were unjustly multiplying production expenses, forcing up the studio costs.

He said to Ingrid: "I don't understand, Miss Bergman, why you take this stand now when last spring you didn't object to crossing the picket lines to work on 'The Bells of St. Mary's.' The situation hasn't changed. It's still the same strike."

Ingrid Bergman answered simply:

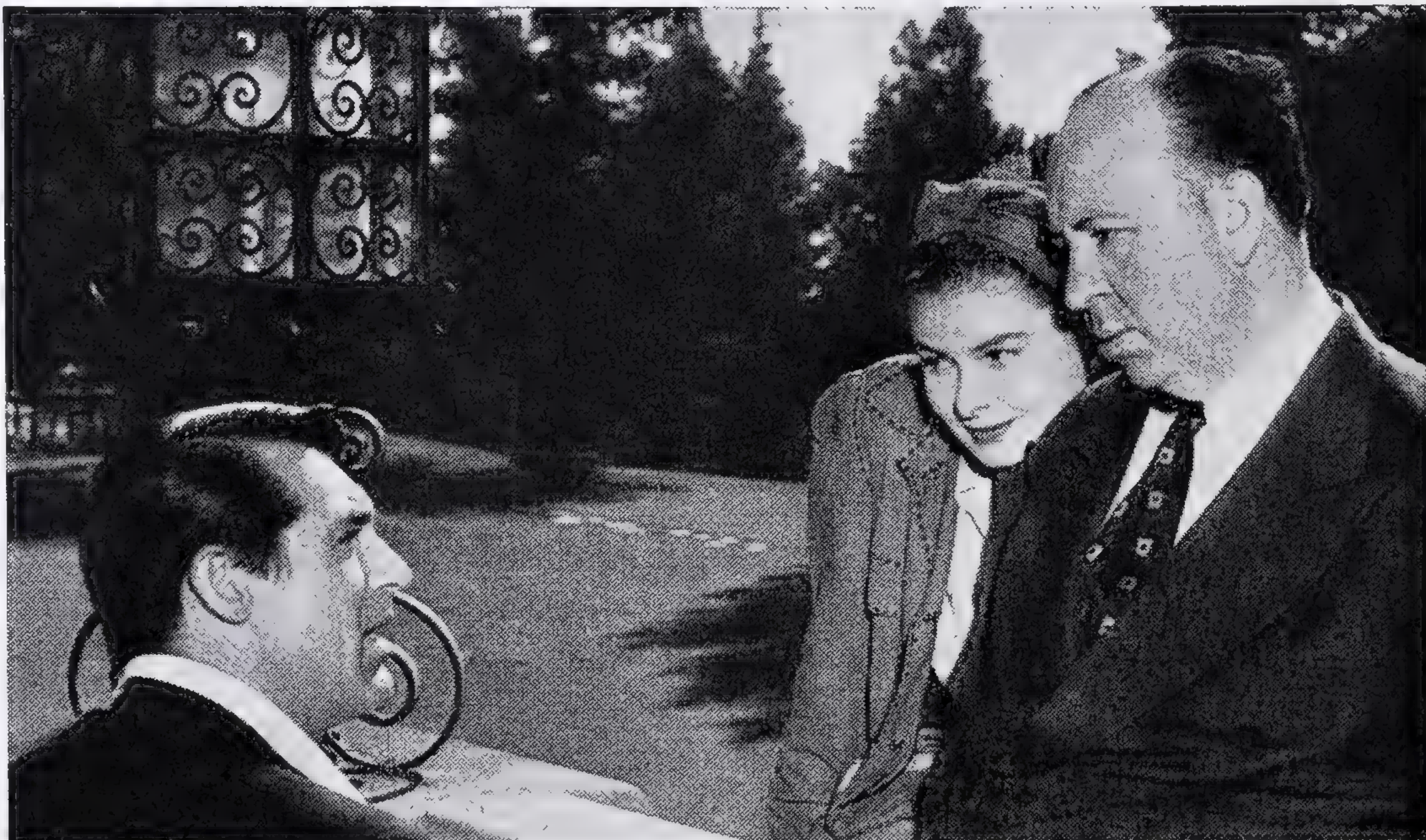
"I didn't know then what the strike was all about. I was confused like many others. I am still confused and I still don't understand exactly what they are fighting for."

"I only know this: Now it is different—people are getting hurt. They are going to jail and going to hospitals. Families are suffering. And something should be done to stop it!"

The meeting broke up shortly thereafter. The strike heads left, realizing that until means had been found to bring striker and studio together in peace and harmony, the humanity of Ingrid would not allow her to go back on the set.

SYMPTOMATIC of the unpredictable Miss Bergman were several incidents that happened on a trip to New York.

After an absence of three years she looked forward expectantly to doing three things: The first two she accomplished within two hours of her arrival—a succulent hamburger (with onions) at Hamburger Heaven and a hot fudge sundae at Schrafft's. The third was to see a play every matinee and (Continued on page 76)



From a wall perch Ingrid Bergman and Director Alfred Hitchcock listen while Cary Grant does the talking—on set of "Notorious," starring Ingrid and Cary

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How thousands who are pale and tired because of this blood deficiency may find renewed energy with Ironized Yeast Tablets

THERE ARE PEOPLE in every "crowd" who seem always weary — who seldom get into the spirit of any gathering. Yes, and so many of these pale, drab people may be able to trace their lack of personality and fun to a blood condition—to a Borderline Anemia, resulting from a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood.

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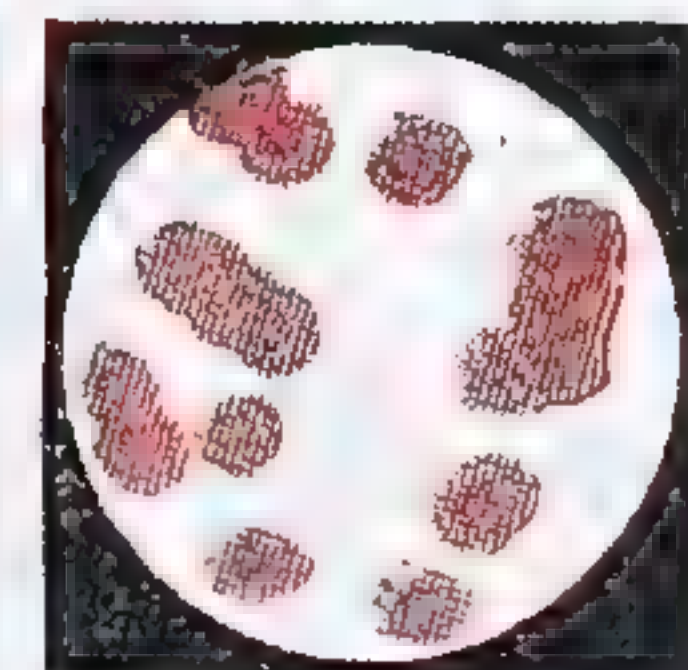
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The Present with a Future

(Continued from page 74) every evening.

The latter ambition embraced a desire to see Mae West in "Catherine Was Great," at which I remonstrated.

"In heaven's name why?" I said, couching my objection in a polite understatement. "Everyone says it has the fragrance of a polecat."

"She's a wonderful personality," said Ingrid. "I want to see if there's anything I can learn from her. It may come in handy sometime."

We saw the bawdy performance—and it lived up to the verdict of its critics. I ventured the hope that she was now satisfied, but Miss Bergman is not so easily trapped. "Let's go see a picture," she said.

Ingrid's low-heeled, slipper-like shoes are by this time as well known as Churchill's stogies. She wears them because of her height—five feet, eight-and-a-half inches—and because she likes to walk.

And when I say walk, I mean locomotion as practiced by Scandinavian giants. Long, sturdy, purposeful strides—a trying ordeal even for tall men whose lives have been spent in pedestrian adjustment to medium-sized women.

Thus, in her beloved Manhattan, Ingrid Bergman gives full expression to stretching her legs. Up and down the avenues, from Central Park to 34th Street, from Park Avenue to Eighth, in rain or shine or blizzard.

Autumn of 1946 will find her in New York, enacting the role of Joan of Arc in Maxwell Anderson's "The Girl from Lorraine." New York will see much of her.

Look for her. When you see the head of a goddess above those rivers of people, if it wears no hat and reaches the end of the block before you can say "Spell-bound," you may rest assured—

That was Ingrid Bergman!

MORE than the story, more than her leading men, paramount importance is placed by Ingrid Bergman on the selection of a director. With this professional attitude she looks forward eagerly to making pictures with the top directors.

Her anticipation reached a high pitch at the prospect of doing a picture with Leo McCarey, maker of "Going My Way," one of the directorial immortals. After long and (to her) exasperating negotiations between McCarey and David O. Selznick, who was her boss at the time, she finally was set to play *Sister Benedict* opposite Bing Crosby's *Father O'Malley* in "The Bells of St. Mary's."

The business details (with which Miss Bergman has not the slightest interest) having been consummated, she waited impatiently for the initial conference with McCarey. Then came the call and a luncheon date, one o'clock at Lucey's.

At twelve o'clock the star, whose contract is worth fifty million dollars to any studio, was like Seabiscuit at the starting gate. Striding up and down the huge lodge-like living room of her Beverly Hills home she was anxious to get going. Presently she decided to get going—she'd drive slowly, and that

would get her there at the right time.

But once she got into her car—an inconspicuous coupe—she couldn't drive slowly, so great was her excitement over this launching of a new cinematic ship. She stepped on the accelerator and arrived fifteen minutes early. Now, what to do with fifteen interminable minutes?

She thought: "I'll take a walk around the block. It would not be good for me to arrive first and sit by myself. I could use a cocktail but it wouldn't look good to be seen drinking by myself."

She parked the car and then caught sight of Leo McCarey, himself nervously pacing the sidewalk, oblivious to all.

"Leo!" she said. "What are you doing?"

"Ah," he said, flushing crimson, "I just couldn't wait. I've been walking up and down here since twelve o'clock!"

Thus, a crazy Swede and a screwy Irishman kept a rendezvous to give the world and his wife and children a magnum opus entitled "The Bells of St. Mary's."

It is symptomatic of Bergman that when she beheld the similarly zealous McCarey she called him only by his given name.

Synonyms of endearment, usually associated with and reserved for lovers, are as commonplace in the Hollywood wilderness as the personal pronoun I. Even men whose psyches could not be suspected of neuroses employ these terms in ordinary conversation with each other.

Greetings and exclamations are punctuated by darling, dear, sweetheart, and even such latter-day poesy as lambie-pie!

But Ingrid Bergman has never been heard to utter one of them.

And no one, despite her natural, easy fraternity, her crackling, spontaneous laughter, has been brash enough to address this inwardly regal lady with the rising inflection of—"Ba . . . by!"

Ingrid Bergman borders on the improbable, and everything she does or says is improbable in a community where vanity, surface and pose are keynotes.

Some of the improbabilities stem from her strangely contrasting qualities: She is at once stubborn and adaptable, elusive yet simple, proud and humble, innately peaceful yet ready to fight tooth-and-nail. From her crisply fresh beauty, unadorned by artifice; her almost startling lack of affectation; her passionate devotion to her work, a profession that is the very core of her existence, without regard for its lavish monetary or glamorous rewards; her magnificent lack of doubt or fear, born of a good, decent faith; her honesty; her sensitive intelligence, insatiable for knowledge. . . .

Her generosity and warmth; a gay and sparkling spirit which makes her the adored of every co-worker; her pride as a person and as an artist; her humility as a human being.

Ingrid Bergman is both Earth and Olympus.

Many factors go to make Bergman the great human being she is. Only a close friend could know them. Mr. Steele will be back next month with more fascinating observations on this distinguished woman.

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People Will Say They're in Love

(Continued from page 33) Sonja still laughs as she tells about it. "Not a soul knew he was in town," she says, "but when he emerged from that telephone booth, in spite of the early hour, he was completely surrounded."

The next morning they breakfasted in Sonja's suite, together with her mother. Van, oblivious of the fact that the thirty-odd reporters and cameramen waiting in the hall even knew he was there, sat back and relaxed over a second cup of coffee.

"He really thought," says Sonja incredulously, "that the press was waiting to see me although I'd been in town for days and days. At last, unable to endure the pounding on the door for another minute, I invited the boys in. 'Here he is,' I told them, 'Come and get him!' The sheer astonishment on Van's face was so funny."

Finally, when the last reporter and photographer had departed, Van suggested a shopping trip to Marshall Field's. "I need to get a few things," he explained.

"You make it all sound very casual," Sonja protested. "Don't you know you'll be mobbed?"

"I doubt it," said Van, who hadn't been out of Hollywood very much since becoming famous. "Come on!"

It was Sonja's turn to grin later when, back in her suite, she and her mother were putting together the bits and pieces. "Maybe now," she told him, "you'll know how popular you are and realize you just cannot go about like a private citizen."

SIX days they had together. Every night during those days Van watched her show from the seat she had put aside for him at the Chicago Stadium. Afterwards they went to supper and talked and talked.

Sonja certainly is very much the girl Van always has described as his ideal. She's older than he is; thirty-three to his thirty. And he has always liked girls who were his senior.

Van also has said, "The girl I marry doesn't have to be pretty in the accepted sense. I'd rather she'd just be attractive. I'd like her to be intelligent, too. Interested in the things I'm interested in. Successful and with a sense of humor."

Sonja, with her wide face and turned-up nose, is not pretty. However, her blonde Scandinavian looks are decidedly attractive. And she's gay and vital, intelligent and successful. Singlehanded, equipped with some advice from her mother and a pair of skates, she has turned ice skating into big business, each of her tours grossing about two and a half million dollars.

She also has a sense of humor. Otherwise she couldn't laugh, as she does, at several statements Van was quoted as making to the New York press. Such as "Sonja who?" And, when asked whether he and Sonja planned to marry, "Drivel!"

"He has told me he didn't say those things," Sonja smiled with quiet confidence. "So I know he didn't."

"Tell me," she said "what is 'drivel'?" American slang still puzzles her at times. "Is it something nice or is it—nasty?"

"It's not nice," we explained.

She smiled. "Then Van didn't say that either. Not because it concerns me. But because he's not unkind. For the people he likes he will do anything—and he likes just about everybody."

"And loves you?" It was a question.

Sonja laughed. "That you'll have to ask him," she told us.

It would do no good, for this is one question the usually talkative Van doesn't answer—except, it may be, behind closed doors for his Metro bosses.

His Metro bosses, you see, are rumored as wishing he would forget Sonja. Which is understandable, as Van is the most valuable "property" on the Metro lot. And who knows how marriage might affect his popularity. Sonja points out that marriage didn't hurt Frank Sinatra's career. In Van's fan mail are letters from women old enough to be his grandmother. He has an ingenuous quality which causes women, young and old, to become excitingly and tenderly protective about him.

Until now, of course, he has been pretty much the same character off screen that he has been on screen which has accentuated his appeal no doubt. A marriage to Sonja, who is older and well known for her business ability, might spoil the public's image of him. Whereupon the great for-



Fink scoop: Van Johnson rushed to his friend Joan Crawford (at home ill) to congratulate her on winning the Academy Award

tune his popularity represents would be jeopardized, together with all his studio has invested in him.

Motion-picture circles, understanding Metro's position in this romance, were amused this spring when, just as Sonja was returning to Hollywood with her Ice Revue, Van was rushed out of town on his first real vacation in five years.

To the best of his ability Van cooperated.

He gave the three publicity men who accompanied him every possible break. Aware of the job they had to do he gave no romance stories to the reporters who interviewed him in Florida and New York. And he acquiesced when asked to pose with Jacqueline Dayla, with whom he's been linked romantically, when he and Jacqueline chanced to be in Miami and in New York at the same time.

At the same time, however, he protected Sonja. He called her frequently long distance. He put in a special telephone call to explain the pictures taken of him with Jacqueline. He telegraphed her orchids. As soon as he and his publicity entourage had reservations back to California he wired for a date the night of his return.

As Sonja says: "Van is too grateful for what his studio has done for him to annoy them too much—if he can help it."

But sometimes, it is plain to see, he can't help it. . . .

HE was an unofficial guest of honor at the sumptuous dinner party Sonja gave for Prince Bernadotte. He's taking tennis lessons so he can give Sonja, an excellent player, a more interesting game. He's accepted her promise to teach him to skate. They swim together in her long, blue-tiled swimming pool. And they go to movies.

Sonja enjoys movies as much as Van. She's seen every picture he ever made. "Weekend at the Waldorf" she caught in New York between ice shows.

"If two people are companionable and share each other's likes and dislikes it must help make an ideally happy marriage." That's what Van has said. And Sonja says it too.

Obviously, they like the same things, Sonja even takes the crowds who push her away from Van with good grace. And a girl who has been limelighted nearly all her life—for she was little more than a child when she became ice-skating champion of the world—might very well not like being pushed out of the way.

When asked about this she was a little bewildered herself for a moment. Then she said, "I don't mind, somehow. I enjoy his glory in a way, I guess. After all I've had it all my life. Now it's his turn."

She's changed since she has known Van.

And Van has changed too. He openly loves Sonja's lovely, gracious house. "You're lucky to have all this," he told her the first time he visited her and she was showing him her "trophy room" in which the panelling on all four walls is hidden by the trophies she has won.

He's impressed by the smoothness with which her house is run, her gay and lavish parties, and her lovely clothes.

He's always wanted a home, you see, but has been quick to admit he wouldn't know the first thing about running it.

Now Van is looking for land. When he finds it he'll build a home. Whether he has asked Sonja to share it or whether she would say yes if he did no one knows. It's possible neither is entirely certain of the strong attraction they have for each other. However, those who know them best believe they would do all right together, and they have many reasons—all of which make sense to me—to sing in chorus the lilting song—"People Will Say We're in Love."

Well, aren't they?

THE END



We could be wrong!

A great many women agree that Fels-Naptha is an extra fine laundry soap. They tell us it makes washing easier. That it turns out whiter, sweeter-smelling clothes. That it's the best laundry soap they ever used.

Naturally, we think Fels-Naptha Soap should be used in every home—but we *could* be wrong.

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Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Sunrise Serenade

(Continued from page 31) daughter of Consul Saenz from one of the smaller Latin American republics, was accustomed to luxury. Duke, honored that she had chosen him from among all her suitors, was delighted that his screen career permitted him to indulge her in the surroundings and gaiety she loved so well. So their life went along in a very chic manner. Prolifically also, a year after young Michael was born, small, brunette Toni arrived. Duke loved his kids—but he also loved his work and that began to be the rub.

"I think I've had more bad pictures than anybody who has survived in Hollywood," he explains it now, wrinkling up his forehead in that worried way he has, "but all my pictures have been hard-work pictures. Don't forget I got my real start in Western quickies. You not only try to act in those and try to keep your dialogue from sounding as phony as it really is, but you take a real physical beating in them—and you do it all in twelve days or so. Then maybe you get a half a week's layoff, and you're back in another.

"Now a guy in pictures has got to look wide eyed. I used to be so sleepy I could die. I loved having my friends around but the routine of getting in at one A. M. and then up again at five to be on a horse in front of a camera at six—well I began to curl up, that's all."

WHEN Mike and Toni were five and four, Patrick was born. When Pat was a bit more than a year, along came Melinda.

It was at the time of Melinda's arrival that the basic rift, which had always existed between Josie's and Duke's interests, came to the surface. Duke, having met Director John Ford and made "Stagecoach," knew, even though he couldn't bring himself to talk about it, that now he wanted to be an artist at acting. With Jack Ford's friendship and guidance, he aspired to something much more than riding away from or into a camera. By this time the rift, brought on by John's moods and a difference of interests, had grown. John grew more and more silent. Weeks went by when they barely saw one another, even though they shared the same house. For Duke, who was at work by dawn, now went to bed in the early evening.

Finally Duke left home. It was a big wrench for him because it meant leaving the children. Of his children he says, "I think my kids are the most wonderful, handsomest kids on earth. Pat and Mike are terrific, and as for my two girls—well, I think they are the most beautiful girls in the whole United States." He didn't dare expect a divorce. Josie is a Catholic.

Between pictures one day he went down to Mexico City to get away from it all. He wanted to be with people who were simple and uninvolved. However, the Mexican film industry took him up in a big way, and one night he even put on a dinner jacket and his company smile to be an honored guest at a dancing party at the glossiest night club. Next to him sat Esperanza Baur, a Mexican film star. Her eyes were dark eyes, like Josie's, and she was tall and slim, like Josie, but there the resemblance stopped. For she was bored by the party, as bored as he was.

"I would much rather be on a horse riding in the moonlight," she said, "than sitting in this stuffy old room being too polite."

That did it. Duke acknowledged as how he had to stay at the party, being the guest of honor. She acknowledged that she had to stick around, since she was leading lady with the company that was throwing the affair.

"But we could ride tomorrow morning

and see the sunrise," said Duke.

"I would like that," said Chotta.

"Chotta isn't a nickname for Esperanza, which really means Hope," the new Mrs. Wayne explains; "It is just a name Mexicans give children when they get big enough not to be any longer called Chotachita."

They found out a lot about one another on that first ride. Duke found out Chotta was half French, half Mexican. He discovered her favorite sports were riding and swimming. She genuinely hated night clubs and a social existence and she loved acting.

Chotta didn't ask Duke about himself. She already knew.

I asked her, "How did you feel about him on that first real date?"

Somehow or other the camera loses Chotta's beauty, her exquisite length of limb, her slim, flat waist, her large generous mouth and her laughing eyes. A warmth of personality emanates from her, heady as a powerful perfume. She studied English as a child in school, but it is still mighty mixed-up English. She says, in answer to questions, things like, "I a little cook," and "These house I like most of what we saw because the terrain is such pretty—" meaning she admires the garden as well as the house. She moves constantly, not restlessly but from an abundance of energy and she says, "Ooooh, I forgot a cigarette lit." When Photoplay's photographer was posing her, looking into Duke's eyes, she smiled her melting smile and murmured, "This you no need to hurry."

So, when I asked her about her feelings at meeting Duke, she said, "I feel like any other girl would—but surely you tease me. You know how I would feel."

"When I first see Duke in Mexico, where most of the men they are so short, I know it is good for me. I know that when I, who am so long, dance with him his head will be above me which never happened to me before."

WHEN Duke came back to Hollywood, he didn't forget Chotta, but he was afraid to fall in love again. He threw himself into his work and his career went ahead faster than it ever had before. He got his first chance at comedy with Jean Arthur in "A Lady Takes a Chance," and that pleased him very much. He lived very simply and quietly. The only trouble with it was that he was lonely. He found he missed a home more than he realized he could. He hated apartment living. Between pictures, he took a flying trip to Mexico and saw Chotta again. He asked Chotta if she'd consider giving up her career ever. She said, yes, she would if she married.

Late in 1944, Jo Wayne filed her divorce action. She got the custody of the children but she gave John the right to visit them whenever he wished.

Immediately a lot of correspondence began to cross the border, Duke's letters to Chotta, Chotta's letters to Duke. They wrote about horses and swimming and little houses and acting and, of course, one another.

"I don't wish ever for acting again," Chotta says now, "but I am glad for the Duke that I did act for a while for it makes me know, without his having to explain anything at all, when he is tired or cross. Then I either baby him or I just go away and let him gloom by himself."

There is no denying the fact that the Duke does gloom sometimes, for he has all the temperament of the creative person. The blessed thing about Chotta is that she accepts such temperament with a gay serenity. Her amused face says, very clearly,

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this is my husband. This is his home. His is the law and I abide by it—but my eyes can dance just the same.

It works out for relaxation. For the first time in his career, Duke is being his own producer, and also, for the first time since he became a star, he's at the studio from early morning till late at night, whether or not he's needed there. He's there just because he loves it. His pictures will release through Republic and his first own production will be called "The Gun." He's up to his handsome eyes in details on it right now.

Everything Duke and Chotta have done together has been uninvolved but fundamentally Duke's original, small-town-boy pattern. They were married at the Long Beach, California, Presbyterian Church because that's Duke's mother's church and her pastor, the Rev. Johnson Calhoun, who is an old friend of the Morrison family, performed the ceremony. Chotta wanted an old-fashioned gold wedding ring, so Duke got it for her, but he wanted to design a special diamond ring for her engagement gift, so she hasn't received that yet, or the 1946 automobile he ordered for her.

Chotta doesn't fuss. She knows they will be there presently—*mañana*, as the Mexicans say.

FOR their honeymoon, they flew to Honolulu. They went on the first plane on which civilians were allowed to travel without priorities, and since it was the first vacation Duke had had in five years, they looked forward to long, lazy days in the sun. So they were in the Islands for three weeks and it rained every day of them.

The test of their compatability was that they didn't mind at all. They went sight-seeing in the downpours. They sailed to the small, off-the-beaten-track islands. They climbed up to the craters of volcanoes. They went mullet fishing and swimming. They had fun, doing everything and doing nothing.

They still do. With Duke back at work again—he had one day off between "They Were Expendable" and "Without Reservations"—they are not going out evenings at all. "Mostly Chotta reads and I sleep," Duke says.

"Sometimes I teach him Spanish," Chotta beamed.

"How's he doing?"

"Bad, bad," Chotta said. "Ver' bad."

"Because I have a problem," said the Duke. "You see, I can't keep my mind off the teacher."

THE END



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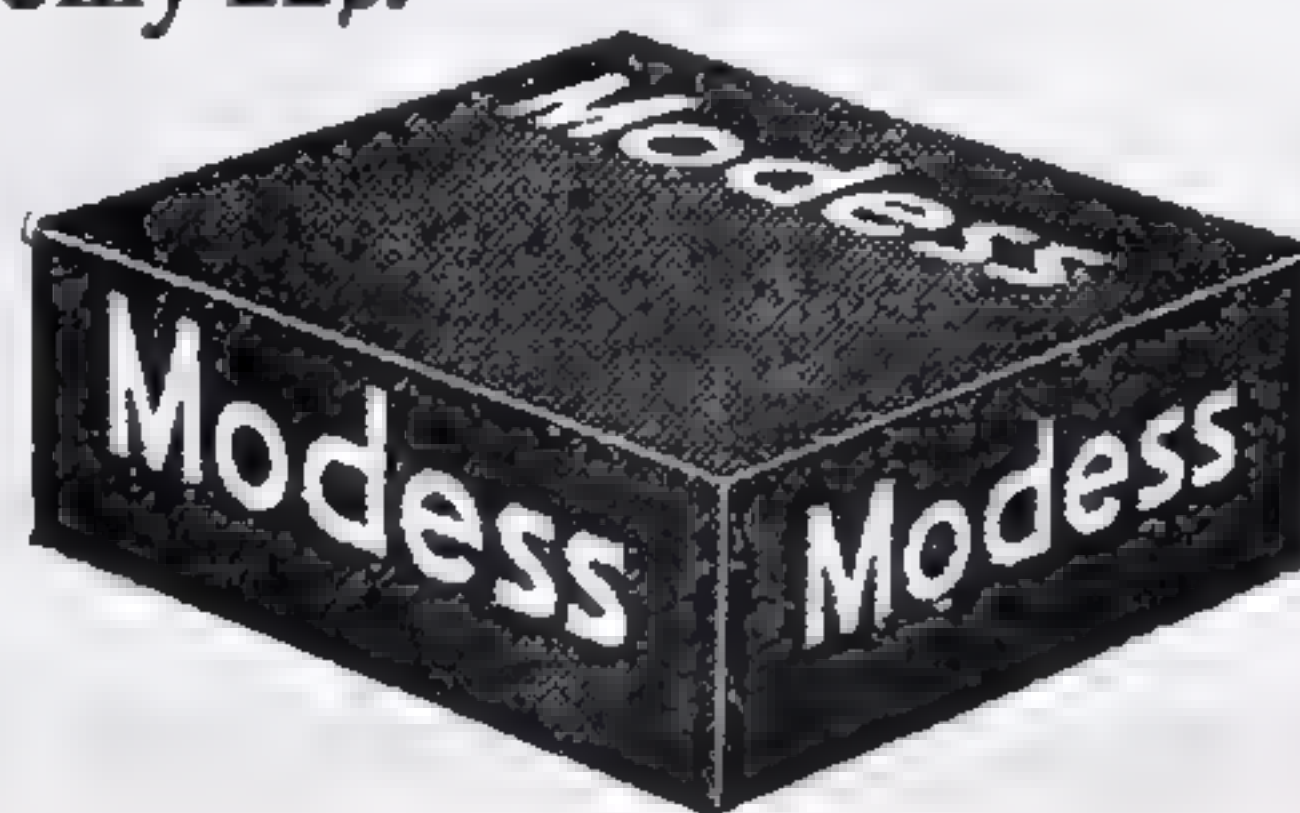
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Modess gives them to you. *And does it first!* No wonder more and more girls are saying, "I'll take Modess!" Box of 12, full-size or Junior size, only 22¢.

First for softness
MODESS



Yippee Yvonne

(Continued from page 63) then Yvonne's, feminine with four-poster bed and huge canopy, burgundy-colored drapes at the windows and a dressing table with white and burgundy ruffles trailing off it. All this is set on a snow-white carpet and framed by walls of light blue.

"Isn't it dreamy?" Yvonne dreams. "When I get into that big bed at night I feel like a princess. It's everything I ever wanted, this house—and as soon as I get the three mortgages paid off, it'll be all mine!"

The stables where Yvonne boards her horse is—with Yvonne at the wheel of her car—a breeze away from the white house. The horse was bought long before the house—with her first star's pay check. His name is Little King and he is bigger than the law should allow. Fortunately, the stables provide more normal-sized horses for guests of the non-De Carlo temperament.

A typical De Carlo canter consists of a rough workout in the corral and then setting out on a long, long ride on a Valley trail. How else is a gal who has won eleven prizes in rodeos as a champion horsewoman going to keep in condition?

"I usually ride alone on the mornings I'm not working," Yvonne screams chattily through locks of her hair as she races ahead. "Riding is great for serious thinking. Or for singing practice—I've sung my pet song, 'Laura,' over miles of these trails. Or else I memorize my lines aloud while I ride."

SHE rides with the grace movie-goers are struck by when they see her on the screen. Now, miles away from pavements, carbon monoxide and make-up, the whiteness of her skin against the almost-black hair and the blue-gray eyes produce a sense of magic, a dream of nature's come into being with this blend of girl and horse racing across the earth.

"Want something to eat?" she calls breathlessly. "There's a barbecue stand over the hill." And on the way the trail leads past the motel where Yvonne lived while she was playing her first starring role in "Salome." This tiny cabin she had shared with her mother (they hadn't been able to find anything else in the housing shortage) was occupied again. Laughing, Yvonne points out where the owner of the auto camp had once hung a sign, "A Movie Star Lives Here," and which had, of course, kept the De Carlo cabin ambushed by autograph hounds.

But now Yvonne is reining in her steed at a barbecue stand. Inside, she perches on a stool at a gleaming counter. The attendant knows Miss De Carlo of old. "Hi, Yvonne!" he grins. "What'll it be—the usual prime ribs and a strawberry milkshake?"

"Sure," she grins back. "And make it two of both. My riding partner should try your specialties."

"Riding makes you hungry," Yvonne says briskly. She then adds that, except when she is dieting for a picture, she always eats excessively. "And even when I'm in a picture, the studio can set its watches by my afternoon trip to the commissary for a strawberry milkshake—the waitress starts the shaker going at a regular hour every day." She chews happily on her prime ribs, and adds, "When I'm not eating ribs, I'm eating fried chicken. Can't make up my mind which I like best."

As she leaves the barbecue stand, she suddenly gives a shriek of triumph and points at the candy shelf behind the counter. "Licorice candy! I want all you'll sell me!" It seems that she has found licorice candy very hard to buy during the war

years; so she limited herself to three luscious pieces a day.

On the ride back to the stables, the inevitable question is asked (in a loud yell from horse to horse); What are her romantic tendencies these days? Who's top man? Howard Hughes, Turhan Bey, Philip Reed, or Rod Cameron? Or a dark horse?

"Is that a pun about my riding?" she giggled, and it is obvious that her love life is going to remain her own. But she chatters glibly about her women friends. "I certainly am glad that Universal brought me and Marjorie Rambeau together—there's a fine woman," she yells. "We go out to her ranch a lot and go riding. And Helen Walker's a fine girl, too."

The strawberry milkshake seems to have really started her talking, and all the way back to the stable and then to her home she goes on—about the vacuum cleaner she longs to buy; the airplane she wants to own some day (with her as pilot, natch!); her favorite possession, a little white Bible given her by her mother when she was confirmed. And about her big business ambition: Soon she wants to own a string of beauty parlors with the name Yvonne De Carlo over them. She wants to build them, specially designed, and to supply them with her own ideas on hair styles—and her own cosmetics.

SHE heartily agrees with Wordsworth's famous line, "The world is too much with us, late and soon,"—and lives up to her belief. As much of the time as possible, she is alone—and contentedly, busily alone. She likes to paint, write, listen to her collection of symphonic records, and read—books on Greek mythology and the theater, and Shakespeare's plays.

Back at her quiet little French house, she had one last surprise. Yvonne doesn't drink or smoke, yet pulled a gold cigarette case out of her riding pants' pocket and offered a cigarette. "Oh, I carry 'em for my smoking friends," she says.

But then Yvonne isn't ordinary. The Mystery Siren, the girl who "has a way of unwearing clothes," sets heads spinning. What with her honesty about mortgages; her love of licorice, strawberry milkshakes and horses, what with everything about De Carlo, it's bewildering.

But maybe we've forgotten something. Maybe we've forgotten that exotic Yvonne De Carlo's real name is Peggy Middleton. Perhaps that explains everything!

THE END

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Hearthside Pirate

(Continued from page 52) Baron von Henreid by right—an Austrian citizen by birth—educated in France, Austria and Germany—a stage and screen sensation in England—he is currently an American citizen by choice, and perfectly content to forget all the rest of it.

His father, Baron Carl Alphonse, adviser to Emperor Franz Joseph, was the only banker in a family whose other sons had followed their inclinations toward adventurous or artistic careers. Paul was just ten when his father died, but he remembers his stopping to talk before going to his office in the morning. "Promise me," he would say, "that you will never work for money."

It was not until his first season on Broadway that Paul felt he was apt to be keeping that promise. For a long nine months in New York, he and Lisl had practically no money at all—but they still considered it a rich experience.

"America is the most wonderful country in the world, even to be poor in. We found that out," he says with a sincerity beyond that of any native-born citizen's. "Even if we had never found success, we would want to stay here always."

LITERALLY, "at home" for the Henreids means Brentwood, California, in a sparkling white house every wall of which reflects their current complete happiness in being there. Outside, its green yards are livened with spreading fruit trees, bright flower beds and a blue-watered swimming pool. Inside, it is evident that the man of the house has, among his other accomplishments, a talent for turning comfort into charm. It was his idea to arrange the chairs, couches and cocktail tables all in one large, chummy circle around the open fireplace.

"I have a friend who has fourteen heavy chairs in his living room—and all he does is wear himself out moving them around so that people can face each other. I've got things fixed so that when guests come, I don't have to move one single thing."

A bar in the study is made out of barrels, with smaller, copper-banded barrels for the stools—his own idea for preserving the containers in which their household belongings came from New York to Hollywood. Lisl has followed through with copper and pewter on open shelves and with warm-colored fabrics throughout.

The place was formerly owned by the Henry Fondas, who sold it to Paul for half its cost because they wanted him to have it—he couldn't pay any more at the time—and because, when he showed up with a bouquet of roses in his hand, Frances Fonda just simply tore up all the better offers. Hank, who now lives up on Tiger Tail Road, sometimes comes back, looks around and says, "If you'd done all this before you bought it, darned if I'd ever sold it to you!"

The bowls on every table, filled with what seems like thousands of matches, have no special significance except that the occupants use up a lot of 'em. The photos on the study wall are all of Paul's leading ladies and favorite actors, including one canine beauty named Flopsie—a Sealyham who played opposite him in a couple of European pictures.

Most fascinating spot in the house, to its owner at least, is his workshop, wherein he really works "—on anything they throw at me," with vacuum cleaners and alarm clocks a specialty. Motors, or rather anything about an automobile, intrigue him. "Please, only gas and water—I have to say every time we stop at a service station," says Lisl; "else he will be sure to make friends with someone who

can tell him something new about an automobile and probably sell him something new, too."

The real stars of the household, however, are Monica and Mimi Henreid, aged three years and one year, respectively. On the subject of his daughters, Paul knows no restraint. Monica is very fair—"as I was"—and will probably darken slightly as she grows older. Mimi will be black haired like Lisl.

"Monica is a sensitive child—tender and vivacious and really brilliant. I want her to dance and sing—and it will be very important to have the right teacher. Mimi is a little too young to make plans for as yet—currently her greatest talent is for eating and sleeping."

One room of the house is entirely filled with an electric train and tracks belonging to Monica—but demonstrated for you by Paul who bought it for her on a recent trip to New York.

"We went into a store to find 'a teeny church,' which was the only thing she asked us to bring her," explains his wife. "Paul kept looking at the trains, playing with the switches. 'They're for girls, too, don't you think?' he'd ask. 'You could put the teeny church alongside the track,' he said finally—and that's where it is now. I cleared out the laundry room to give them plenty of space to play in, and he actually has taught Monica to run it."

UNIQUE among nursemaids is Lucie (pronounced Lootzi), who was in the service of Lisl's mother's family for some forty-five years and is now the final arbiter in affairs pertaining to Monica and Mimi. At seventy she considers herself too old to learn to speak English—which is all right, since it is the custom of colored servants in the Henreid household to learn German, the better to enjoy her. Lucie is the most constant Henreid fan in existence, seeing all his pictures four and five times—after which she comes home and explains the entire story to Paul. "It sometimes helps, too," he says. "A couple of times I really didn't know what they were all about."

Lucie recently came home with news of "the one house I've seen that's prettier than ours." The little boy and girl who lived there had a playhouse, with tiny washbowls and other furniture, just their size. The parents were nice people, said Lucie, but she didn't know their name. One Sunday Lisl demanded that Paul stop washing his car and stroll over to meet the male parent. The other dad turned out to be another guy in denims, also washing his car, name of Fred MacMurray. The Henreids and the MacMurrays now spend a lot of time together discussing their gardening, Lucie and the fast-growing romance between Monica and two-year-old Robert MacMurray.

Paul's most recent fan letter came from his mother in Europe. Years ago she had begged Lisl to use her influence to change his mind about becoming an actor. Lisl agreed with his family that he was pretty bad but felt that his major lack was experience.

The letter was a complete exoneration. A few weeks previous the Baroness von Henreid had been picked up by a couple of American GI's in a jeep and escorted to a showing of "Of Human Bondage" and "The Conspirators." "You were always right, and I have been very wrong," she wrote Lisl afterwards. "You are wonderful—" she wrote Paul.

His favorite fault is "being critical—I'm one of those fellows who can always manage world affairs better than someone else—I keep tell- (Continued on page 86)

"there's a man"—



There's a man coming into your life
if he's not present already...and you'll be very wise to let him find you
in one of these enchanting new Jantzens. The lines definitely indicate that...
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For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 96.

(Continued from page 84) ing myself." He doesn't leave tops off bottles nor squeeze the toothpaste from the wrong end of the tube—"he's too orderly," complains his wife who is thus robbed of anything else to complain about. For fun he "would rather do nothing," and for relaxation he likes to read in bed. For good luck he carries a tattered Sunday school picture of the Virgin with a prayer on its back from an elderly British fan whose scrawl is illiterate but sincere.

A group of women sitting around a restaurant luncheon table remind him of "circus ponies" because of the bobbing of their flowered and feathered hats—no objection to the hats, except that they "don't let him see enough of the women." Hairdos of the elaborate sort intrigue him not at all, but long bobs do. He prefers Lisl in simply cut clothes—likes her to surprise him with a new ensemble, rather than help her pick it out. Lingerie is something else again, he'll come home with boxes of it, the fancier and more extravagant the better.

A tango and rhumba expert, he nourishes a secret yen to learn to jitterbug. Favorite leading lady, "Bette—Bette—and Bette, because she is truly a great actress," but someday he would also like to do a picture with Garbo. "Now, Voyager" was the film he felt did him the most good, but "Spanish Main" was a lot of fun because what man doesn't like to swashbuckle?

And what woman doesn't like to watch him—and dream of being the romantic loot on his next pirating excursion?

THE END

Pretty Penny Edwards, Conover cover-girl,
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Were Growing up"

Heart is Growing Up

gay . . . and a little flirtatious

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For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 96.



e Smart...Keep Cool!



BELITA was christened Belita Gladys Lyne Jepson-Turner about twenty-two years ago at Garlogs, her ancestral home in Hampshire, England. You'll next see Belita, who models these Photoplay selected fashions in Monogram Pictures' psychological murder mystery, "Suspense"

Opposite: A Carole King dress of white shantung—cool as a mint julep—with flower sprays embroidered upon it to give it color and make you look slimmer. Sizes 9-15. \$14.95 at The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C. and Harvey's, Nashville, Tenn.

LEFT: A Sacony-Palm Beach bolero suit. Crisply tailored. In brown, black, navy or pastels. 10-20. \$22.50. Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.; Hutzler's Baltimore, Md. Cotton accessories by Town and Country available in cocoa brown, black or white. (Hat \$3.95—bag \$5.95 and shoes \$5.95.) Filene's, Boston, Mass., and Frederick and Nelson, Seattle, Wash.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 96.





Aztec Watergod

WIKIES . . fresh from the temple pools of Ancient Mexico! Brief, boyish shorts are water-repellent . . have shirred elastic waist and bow bra! Aztec Watergod WIKIES for your sweetheart, too! At America's finer stores.

Made by **GANTNER & MATTERN CO.**
San Francisco • Chicago • New York



Cinemodes

By Photoplay's Fashion Scout

It didn't take Adrian's spring fashion parade to tell the Hollywood girls it's the thing to "float" this season. At parties and night spots they have been wearing the longest, fullest, floatiest skirts imaginable. Skirts are fuller and more rounded at the hips, too. Joan Fontaine even has a skirt with pads at the hip bones!



At the Beverly Hills Club the other night Alice Faye was lovely to look at in a plaid taffeta dinner dress of navy blue and pink. The skirt was short and enormously full. The basque type jacket had crisp puffed sleeves that were on the very short side. Alice's hat was a tiny navy blue sailor and her bag and shoes were navy too.



Navy is more of a favorite than ever this springtime, especially when accented by white, citron yellow or cinnamon. Ann Sheridan, lunching at La Rue with Steve Hannagan, wore a suit of navy blue satin. It had dolman sleeves and a tiny tailored peplum. Cinnamon was her accent. A scarf of cinnamon wrapped about the neck is wonderful for your skin tones.



Speaking of navy blue reminds us of Anne Baxter's wool jersey dress, the skirt of which drapes up into a gold kid belt. Anne tops this dress with a short white bolero and with it wears, of all things, a blue straw bonnet type hat adorned with old-fashioned field flowers. The result is sheer enchantment.



At Basil Rathbone's party Greer Garson wore a romantic dress of green and white satin. The skirt was long and full. The neckline was very low and filled in with large sprays of white lilacs!



At the Los Angeles premiere of "The Voice of the Turtle," Joan Bennett wore a strapless evening gown that featured a crisp black lace bodice, a

ruffled peplum and a full skirt of black net over pale pink taffeta. Close to the hemline several large roses, fastened to the slip, showed through as Joan floated along. Over her hair she wore a lace snood. And over her dress, she wore a light gray fox stole.



June Haver went Mocamboing in a confection of a dancing dress. The tiered skirt of pink net shaded down almost to a flamingo red. The bodice, of pink satin, was cut low with a neckline ruffled in pink net. June wore pale pink net mittens, little red velvet wrist bows and red velvet slippers. Ingenuish and bewitching.



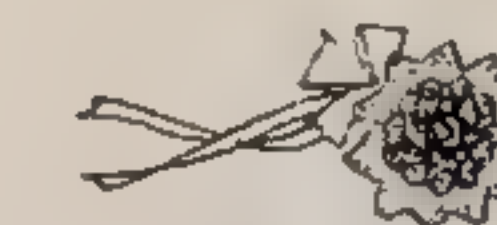
At the Brown Derby the other day Gail Russell caught every eye. Her griegie (gray and beige) suit-dress with high rolling reverses and a swing skirt looked knitted but wasn't. It was the buttons, really, that were the pièce de résistance. They were huge topaz-colored stones trimmed with "diamonds." Gail, whose sense of chic increases all the time, complemented this costume with long gauntlet gloves of brown suede, brown bag and shoes.



Dorothy Lamour's white chiffon gown at Atwater Kent's party had a black velvet halter neckline, a tight simple bodice and a full, billowy skirt. Dotty wore an enormous white chiffon scarf banded with black velvet both as a stole and a sari.



Speaking of saris—Ida Lupino has a Persian-inspired draped dinner gown of striped silk. It's striped in every color imaginable but in subdued tones. With this she wears a chiffon sari that is the color of her hair—a soft reddish blonde.



Sonja Henie, back from her nationwide tour with her ice show, has the whole town talking about her new clothes and her new figure. (Her waistline is (Continued on page 96))



DRESS FOR THE MEN IN YOUR LIFE

Carole King
DRESSES FOR JUNIORS

"HEART INVADER"... A tempting tubbable Carole King Original of cool, crisp cotton chambray
... dreamy 'n winsome with dainty, fairy-like embroidery caressing the shoulders and
skirt. Junior sizes 9 to 15. About \$15.00. Exclusively at one fine store in your city.



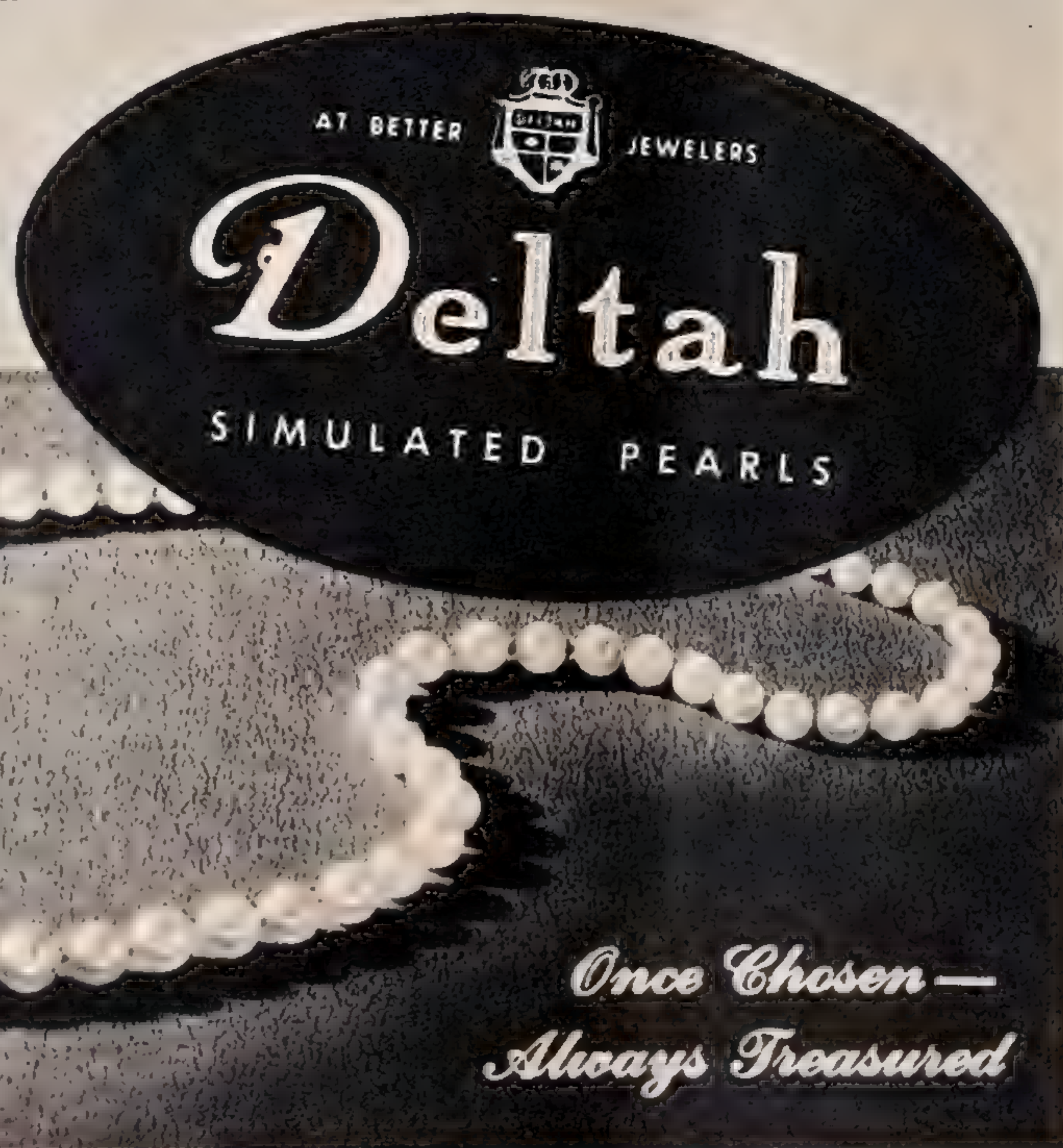
Signe Hasso

starring in Arnold Pressburger's
"A SCANDAL IN PARIS"
released thru United Artists

PAY YOUR NEW FROCK A COMPLIMENT!

Wear pearls—and see how they add a classic touch to your new clothes . . . especially when they're DELTAH simulated pearls, so closely resembling precious Orientals. Their rich creme-rose color harmonizes beautifully with every costume, daytime or evening. Necklaces and earrings, perfectly matched.

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*Once Chosen—
Always Treasured*

Fashion is Fun

and makes you lovelier

When you go to the beach this summer take along a gaily striped towel and wear it serape fashion over one shoulder. Good not only for drying purposes after a swim but, worn this way, it is very fashion wise.

Necklines are lower this year. To look your most romantic, edge your low neckline with white. This definitely lends a glow.

Give your suit a new look by wearing different types of dickies . . . Striped satin or sheers with lace trim for "dress up" occasions . . . Crisp white pique or linen, both wonderfully fresh looking, for everyday.

The perfect hat for bangs is the little girl off-the-face Breton. It's good in all fabrics and colors and can be worn the year 'round.

Knit a cardigan. A wonderful all-purpose sweater, the cardigan, and you'll be amazed how much better it will wear and wash when it's hand knit.

Do you have a fitted coat in your wardrobe? Cut it off at the new knuckle length, add an important-looking belt and even your best friends won't recognize it.

Sew white ruffles on your basic dress so they cross at the back of your waist. This way the ruffles lend a crisp and frilly apron effect—and give your dress the new look.

Paint your pearl button earrings with your nail polish, match the color carefully in your lipstick and be a symphony.

Make a full ballet type skirt, calf length, for summertime dancing and team it with your frillest blouses.

Vicki Lynn

June hit of the month

ABOUT \$3 AT BETTER STORES.

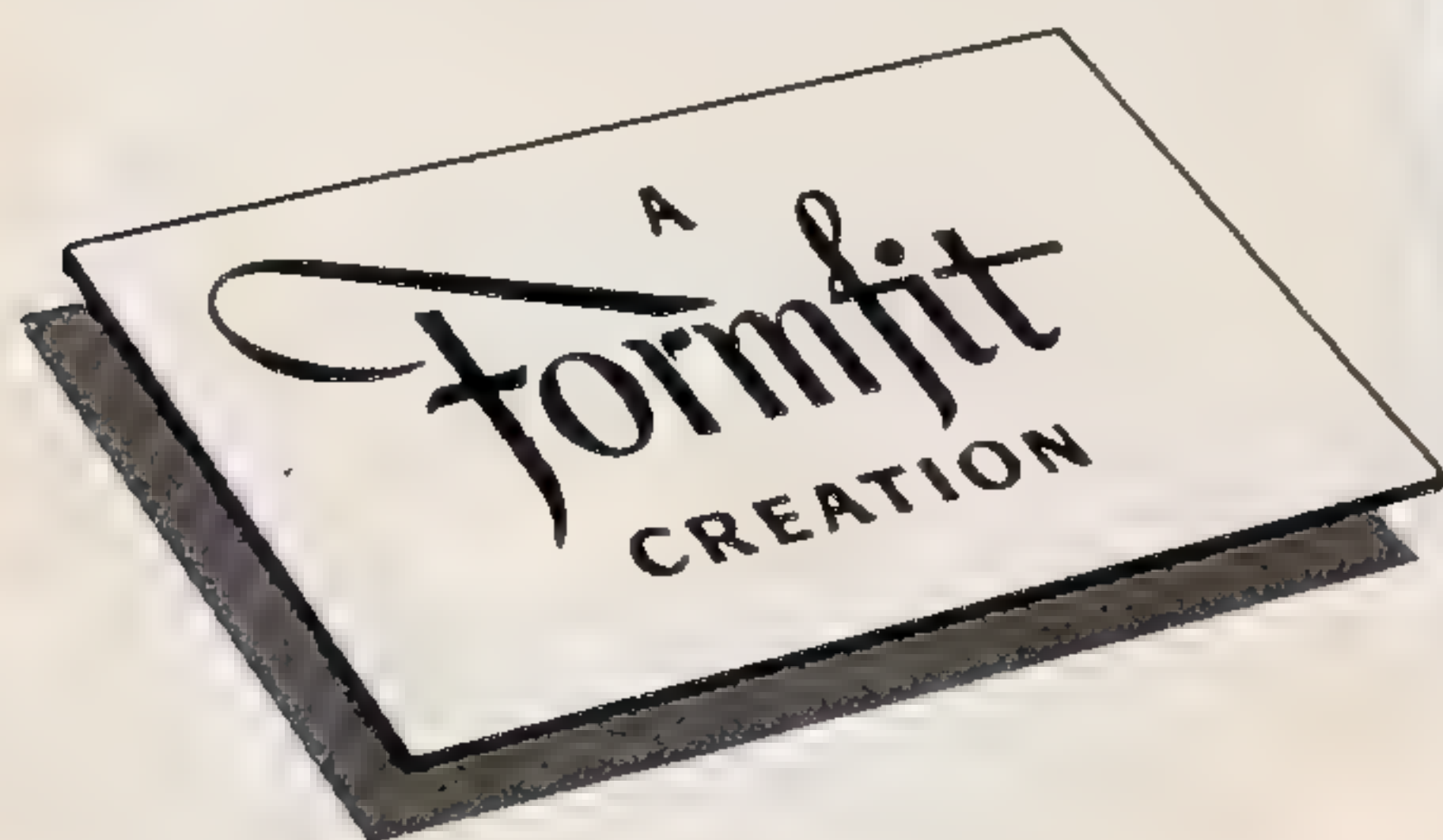
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You'll look and feel exciting, in these superb Formfit creations. For they work together to GLAMORIZE every curve . . . CORRECT every sag and bulge . . . and BLEND your figure into one continuous Lifeline of supple, fluid movement! Today be fitted and see.

At all the better stores and shops.

THE FORMFIT CO., CHICAGO, NEW YORK

CINEMODES

(Continued from page 92) about twenty inches around now!). One evening dress, a favorite, of pale lemon crepe is moulded so tightly it seems a miracle she can breathe. The skirt is slim, long and severely plain with a deep slit at the side. There's nothing over one shoulder and the other is adorned by the narrowest possible band of tightly draped crepe. The bodice of this dress which is very low, back and front, is held up by "wiring." But wait, that's not all—the entire dress is covered with magnificent beading of crystal, sequins and paillettes in a beautiful design. Sonja wears no jewelry. Her sun tan is adornment enough.



Gene Tierney loves those new flat ballet shoes. She's been wearing them even with cocktail clothes.



Maureen O'Hara dotes upon the new gold hook-and-eye clips her husband, Director Will Price, had designed and made for her. One is a hook and one is an eye. She wears them as earrings, pinned on opposite coat lapels and attached to the cuffs of her sleeves. They'd be beautiful in gold and diamonds, or just diamonds!

FOR THE SHOP in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions shown on the preceding pages are sold write the manufacturers listed below:

Two-piece Paisley playsuit

Jonathan Logan
1375 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Striped dress

McKettrick
1350 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Slack suit

Sun Surf
1410 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Bolero suit

S. Augstein & Co.
1384 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Matching hat, bag and shoes

Town and Country
St. Louis
Missouri

White shantung with flowers

Forest City Mfg. Co.
1120 Washington Avenue
St. Louis, Mo.

From the Golden Coast... Koret of California creates sun'n'fun sportswear you'll vacation in at home or abroad. Frances Ramsden in crisp Polo Shorts with Trik-Tie*, shown as a midriff... to retie as a blouse. Polo Shorts with zipper back closing and multi-color tie trim, sizes 24-30; about \$4. Trik-Tie*, sizes 32-38; about \$5. Also available in plain fabric. At better stores everywhere.

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"THE SIN OF
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The Chic Look Of Checks

Two-piece summertime smoothie . . .
of small-checked
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tucked-shoulder
cardigan jacket over slim gored skirt . . .
crisp, cool and detachable
is the
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Rite-Fit dress plan
of special sizing and styling
to streamline and heighten
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Sizes 18½ to 24½.
Featured at fine stores everywhere
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Write us for the store
in your vicinity that carries
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Max Wiesen & Sons Co., Inc.

463 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

In Defense of My Wife

(Continued from page 39) things. Betty did. Then overnight she had a success which put her right in the big league. Betty went from what was practically oblivion to the spotlight of world attention without a chance to learn values, without any past experience to go by. It was enough to turn any girl's head.

Then from one extreme to another, before she had time to catch her breath, she took a panning that would have staggered even a seasoned star. The plain fact of the matter is that Betty was lauded for one picture out of all proportion to her desserts and panned for another that wasn't by any means her entire fault. Mind you I am not alibiing Betty for what the critics said about her in "Confidential Agent." Betty would kill me if I did because she doesn't go in for that sort of thing. What I think is unfair is that Betty was the target for what the critics admitted was a poor picture. She didn't write it, she didn't direct it, she didn't play all the parts. Yet the critics acted as if the whole thing were her fault. They went out of their way to knock her just as they had to build her up.

We were down on the boat at Balboa when the picture opened and the notices began coming in. I watched Betty's reactions, not knowing at first how to help her. She was badly hurt, there was no doubt of that. Then I decided that the only way to handle the thing was to kid her, and pretty soon we got to the point where she was kidding about it too. She has a sense of humor, you see. She has a sense of values, too, and she has guts.

STRANGELY enough all this happened at just about the time when Betty was thinking seriously of giving up the screen. Long before we ever met she had determined that some day she would put marriage and a home above any ambitions for a career. She had got her success with her first picture. She had two others coming up, "The Big Sleep" and "Confidential Agent." We were happily married, and she decided the time had come to be a homemaker for me.

I didn't want to influence her one way or another. I didn't feel I had the right to make an important decision of this kind for her. So I told her that either way was okay with me but it was entirely up to her. I kept thinking of her youth, her eagerness to be successful, her love of acting. What right had I to change her course?

For weeks this hesitancy and indecision kept up. One day Betty would make up her mind to quit, and then Warners would come along and offer her a new deal with a big boost in salary. She was going through hell trying to make up her mind. My heart went out to her, but I kept my mouth shut.

Then, when that "Confidential Agent" blast hit her everything was changed. She couldn't quit. It would look as if she were running away. Since she was getting the rap there was nothing for her to do but take it and then go on to prove that her first success was no fluke, that she could really act if she got the right opportunity.

My own feeling about "Confidential Agent" is that Betty shouldn't have been in it. It was wrong casting right from the start. She didn't want to do the part but Herman Shumlin, the director, insisted on having her and the top men at the studio went along with him. They had plenty of opportunity to judge her performance as the picture was being filmed. They saw the rushes every night. If they weren't satisfied with her they could have put someone else in the role. No doubt they figured that her terrific popularity from

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They're carefree and casual, they're the footwear that steps out of the crowd. You'll Play in 'em, you'll Loaf in 'em, you'll Pack 'em for Travel. Cunningly and deftly crafted like Navajo moccasins, they're made of soft durable leather with concealed platform and ankle tie for perfect fit. Wear 'em with the collar up or down. Order your regular shoe size in Dovegrey, Desert Gold, Beige, or Midnight Black. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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YOUR EYES CAN WHISPER

Romance

Bring out the teasing lights in your eyes with KURLASH, the easy-to-use eyelash curler. Curls lashes upwards—makes eyes appear larger, more alluring and lashes longer, darker. Absolutely safe—lashes are gently curled against protective cushion. At drug and dept. stores. KURLASH . . . \$1.00



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TWISSORS—scissor-handle tweezers. Easy grip—clear vision and precision plucking of eyebrows and unwanted hair. TWISSORS . . . 50¢
*PLUS TAX

KURLASH

THE KURLASH COMPANY, INC.

Rochester, N. Y. • New York City

"To Have and Have Not" would insure a big box-office success for this picture too. Anyway, she was kept in the picture and was made the goat when it was shown. No one panned Charles Boyer, for he was an established star with many fine performances to his credit, but she had to stand or fall on only one previous effort.

Betty is the most honest person I have ever known. She admitted freely that she wasn't good in the picture and that's a pretty hard thing for a kid to do after she has been shot right up to the top. Now she's out to show them. She won't quit until she does that, and I'm backing her up all the way.

RIGHT on the heels of the "Confidential Agent" blow the Hollywood Women's Press Club held its annual meeting to vote on the most cooperative and the most uncooperative players of the year. I got wind of the fact that Betty was in line for the booby prize. She was running neck and neck for this socko with Greer Garson. I began phoning my newspaper friends asking them to vote for Betty. I put on a regular campaign to boost her into the cellar for her so-called non-cooperative attitude. I told my newspaper friends that we really ought to have an award of some kind in our family and I begged them to vote for Betty instead of Garson.

Betty was very much amused, of course, by my frantic efforts to get her a slap in the face and that, of course, is why I did it. I was afraid she really might get that booby prize and if she did it would go hard with her unless I could find some way of kidding her about it. Actually, she didn't win, but it was a close call.

And why this attitude on the part of the members of the Women's Press Club? Betty had fourteen magazine interviews in that past year. Out of the fourteen she had been able to keep her appointments with twelve of the interviewers. One of these wanted a life story which she felt she wasn't ready for, the other was on a deadline and couldn't wait. Some thirty or forty members voted her as being uncooperative. How come? Most of the members had never met her at all.

I get a big kick from the way Betty takes things in her stride. Before we got married she had lived all her life in small apartments in New York and Hollywood. After we were married we bought a house up in the hills, a nice, comfortable house with plenty of room, and Betty pitched right in and learned how to run it.

It's the same with the boat. She had never been sailing in her life and knew nothing about boats. She didn't know whether she would be any good at it or not, but when we planned to marry she told me she was going to learn to love the seafaring life—or else! She said that since she loved me it was up to her to love the things that interested me. In a few months she could handle a sailboat as well as anyone with limited experience.

I think that ability of hers to learn and to conform to the rules in all kinds of activities shows in her acting. She's a good actress, not the greatest, not the most inspired maybe, but she's got the stuff in her. There are very few really great actresses on the screen. There are great personalities and I think Betty is one of these. She has a simple, direct way of delivering her lines which gives her a distinct individuality. Furthermore, we work well together. We have fun on the set and we both get a kick out of going over our lines and studying our parts at night. I think "The Big Sleep" will show some of Betty's real qualities as an actress. I'm not going to stick my neck out with any prediction.

Let's all wait and see.

THE END

Paris Fashion Casuals



Merrily, merrily round you go, in a whirl of fun on heels so low... They're
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A sore that won't heal

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*Any progressive change in the
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These things do not necessarily mean
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Fear is Cancer's ally—fear gives cancer
time to spread beyond the reach
of medical aid. At least 30% to 50%
of cancer cases CAN BE CURED if
detected and treated in time.

So that you, your loved ones, can be
free of the dread of cancer, money is
needed—for research, educational
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These creamy colored wonderfully soft pelts
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We have a size for every foot. Small, medium,
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WITH NYLONS—

Perfect with Nylons because Pedees absorb bothersome
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Here's longer life for your hose. Worn over or
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Sheer and invisible under your shoes,
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the outstanding padded bra—bewitchingly
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Washable water-repellent,
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Nature's Rival



Fabric of Earlon—
a Bur-Mil* rayon
satin

NATURE'S RIVAL AT FINER STORES FROM COAST TO COAST MERCHANDISE MART CHICAGO

(Continued from page 46) froth. You'll see this trick in "Claudia and David." It was not invented for the story. It just happens to be how Miss McGuire dresses.

She can't keep a budget but is not proud of this, like so many persons who think they are special because they can't add. "I ought to keep a budget; I ought to know where the money goes," she keeps saying.

She reads constantly and rapidly. At the moment she is reading a new book by Henry Miller, "Sunday after War," in which she says Miller writes "with the slashing quality of modern painting."

At the end of one of her recent pictures, she gave a champagne party—just like a motion-picture star. As a rule, she doesn't like parties. That requires explanation.

"Hollywood parties usually frighten me, or bore me, or both. I freeze up. Too many people are making entrances. There is too much sarcasm. They are all playing parts. Sometimes these parties suddenly turn into something. A little group gets together and the people behave like themselves, not like what they think they are supposed to be. They get good and rowdy, in a nice way. I like that. Also arguments."

Her closest friends are in the profession, "because we like to talk about our work." Many a star will tell you solemnly that "my best friends have nothing to do with pictures," as if that were something to be proud of.

MOST players are upset by "big scenes." Not Dorothy. She relapses into normalcy right after completing the most emotional sequence. She regards emotion as part of her work and is no more upset by it than the writer who wrote it.

She won't be fussed over. Make-up experts are expected to promise on the first day a picture starts that they will fix her right the first time and let her alone.

She is a semi-fatalist.

"Certainly I believe in luck. I've had it. You have to have it. But you have to be ready for it; you have to work for it, and you have to work hard after you get it."

She is an only child, daughter of a successful attorney. She never wanted for food and shelter at any time. But she is convinced that none of the good things that have happened to her would have happened if her purpose had not been clear and if she had not, in the first place, tried to make them happen.

This trying began on the stage of Omaha Little Theater where Dorothy—aged thirteen—was acting to beat the band. Luck entered the picture when the famous actress Violet Heming caught her in the act, so to speak, and heralded her as something bright and shining and new.

"It was play, at first," says Dorothy now, looking back on a period she regards as a hundred years ago. "I don't know just when it became serious, but it did, suddenly, and from then on, I knew there was utterly nothing else for me."

It was never entirely a matter of sheer, bright talent and inner glow of beauty triumphing over all obstacles as easily as sunshine melts snowmen. New York was not as easy to stampede as Omaha. Parts were hard to get, hard to study, hard to act. She took understudy work in plays that failed, was one of the children in that international escapade of John Barrymore's, "My Dear Children," wanted the lead in "Liberty Jones" and lost it.

"Claudia" did the trick, as everyone knows, not only for her theater career but in opening the door of Hollywood as well. However, it took the nurturing from "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" topped by the heart wallop of "The Enchanted Cot-



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Active, poised and free—
Safe with Meds' protection,
Meds' security!**

Have a grand and carefree summer! Enjoy convenience and comfort, extra-security and an easy mind—with Meds internal protection. Meds can be changed in a moment, disposed of easily and a day's supply carried in your handbag.

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tage" to send her really soaring. From then on everything was easy.

Wait a minute.

Nebraskans are industrious and raise incredible quantities of corn, oats, wheat, barley, sugar beets, as well as tending three million cattle and two million pigs. But it is doubtful if any other daughter a tenth as famous works a fourth as hard as she.

She recently completed two pictures without pausing for breath and immediately started a third. This is a rigorous schedule for anybody, but for some time now Dorothy has had a hand in the script, as well as in the acting.

It was startling, and producers like Dore Schary admit it, to discover that Dorothy not only had a sound and acute mind for story values, but could take typewriter in hand and turn out lines that stacked up against the best efforts of professional screen writers. It's a fact that some of the best contributions to "Spiral Staircase" and "Till the End of Time" were made by her. In this latter picture you may be surprised to find her jitterbugging. She thinks she achieved more integrity and adult honesty in this film than in anything she has done yet. She also thinks that Guy Madison, who plays opposite her, is destined for high stardom.

SHE is making "Claudia and David" now at Twentieth Century-Fox, showing a grown-up Claudia with a baby. She doesn't climb in windows any more. She does wear a horse blanket.

This came about because they tried to put mink on her. "I loved it," Dorothy says. "But I recoiled. Claudia wouldn't wear mink. We settled for a little stole made of red, green and blue horse blanket material. It really looks wonderful."

That fetched up a question.

"You, ah, of course, have your own mink, Dorothy?"

"Me? Mink? I should say not. My fur is a skunk."

But she says she "adores" good fur and maybe she'll get around to something like that one of these days.

Now that husband John Swope is out of the Navy and home all is rosy. Especially since she's going to have a baby—and then take that long vacation. Where? "It doesn't matter. Travel is the main thing."

"Actually, we haven't a home. We like to move around. We want to travel more than anything else. I need some time off to refurbish myself. You can't make too many pictures, one after the other."

She isn't domestic, except for frills. She confesses to frills, likes to arrange flowers, fuss with pretties for parties. But the tedium of housework bores a girl who likes to fly planes, who's interested in playing mutes on screen and whose current excitement is Chinese education.

Both she and John Swope are backing the program outlined by the famous Dr. Yen for mass education of the Chinese. This is their post-war project. Dorothy is modest about the matter, but the fact is she has spent an enormous amount of time studying and reading about the Chinese. It's *one world*, and a small one, after all, when a potential leader in Chinese education turns out to be a girl from Omaha.

What new horizons are in store for Dorothy is difficult to sight. She is ahead of schedule in picture-making, will certainly take a long vacation, will certainly fly enough and fast enough to vanquish those despised highway trucks, would like to do a play, would like to visit China, would like to go on a carefree shopping spree. There will be new horizons, both dramatic and personal. Dorothy can see them. She is taller than you think.

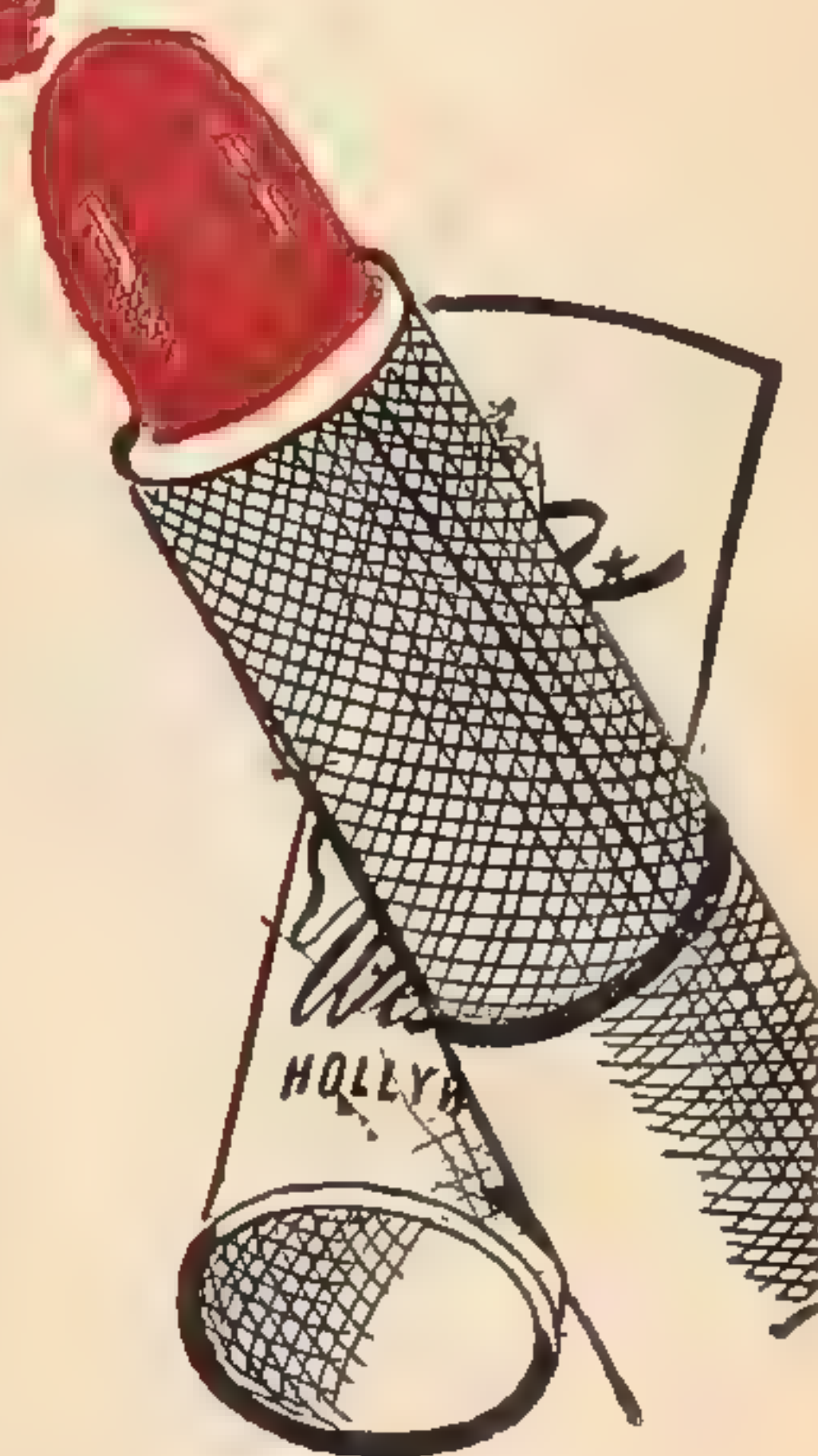
THE END

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A 20th Century-Fox Picture



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Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

Nostalgically noted—the songs you want
to hear again—from your favorite films

BLUE SKIES



Paramount's forthcoming mammoth filmusical tribute to Irving Berlin promises to spawn a record cabinet full of wonderful songs, old and new, by this great American music master. Anticipating this disc deluge is Dick Haymes (Decca), who has beat the bands with a recording of "How Deep Is the Ocean?" a tune that will figure prominently in the movie. On the reverse, Dick digs up an obscure but lovely Richard Rodgers melody, "You Are Too Beautiful."

CENTENNIAL SUMMER



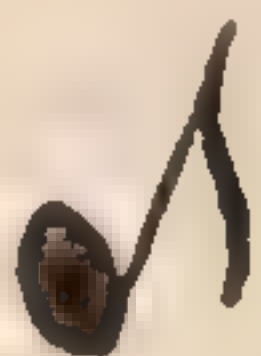
The last music Jerome Kern wrote was for this picture and Margaret Whiting (Capitol) and Perry Como (Victor) are the first singers to record the potential hit, "All through the Day." For extra good measure, Margaret pairs it with another Kern melody, "In Love in Vain." Kern's "Showboat" has just been recorded by Tommy Dorsey (Victor) in a colorful album.

THE OUTLAW



The much-censored and therefore much-delayed super-Western featuring Jane Russell has a theme melody, "Now and Forever," and if you're curious to know why it is so beautiful let it be stated that it's an adaptation from Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony Pathetique. Freddy Martin (Victor), an old hand at reviving the classics, treats this one with proper musical respect.

CINDERELLA JONES



Warner Brothers' newest vehicle for Joan Leslie features a bright new tune by prolific tunesters Styne and Cahn. It's called "When the One You Love Simply Won't Love Back." Tommy Tucker (Columbia) dishes it out for disc addicts.

SAN ANTONIO



Errol Flynn, Alexis Smith and a cute little tune, "Put Your Little Foot Right out," are the major ingredients of this Texas horse opera, but the only one available for home consumption is the song, ably plattered by Sammy Kaye (Victor).

BING CROSBY . . . FRANK SINATRA



Both boys do well for themselves in their latest recordings. Harry Lillis favors two numbers from his mirthful Paramount hit, "Road to Utopia," doing "Personality" assisted by Eddie Condon's hepcats and "Would You" (Decca), while Frank presents a Columbia album of nostalgic melodies of yesterday.

DO YOU LOVE ME?



The score for this new Twentieth Century-Fox hit runs the gamut of record interpretations and all of them are good. The juke box's melancholy balladeer, Jo Stafford (Capitol), croons "I Didn't Mean a Word I Said" while the novelty trio, The Three Suns (Majestic) and the promising close harmonists, The Dinning Sisters (Capitol), spin the tricky title tune.



Rita Hayworth in the new Columbia Picture "GILDA" with GLENN FORD



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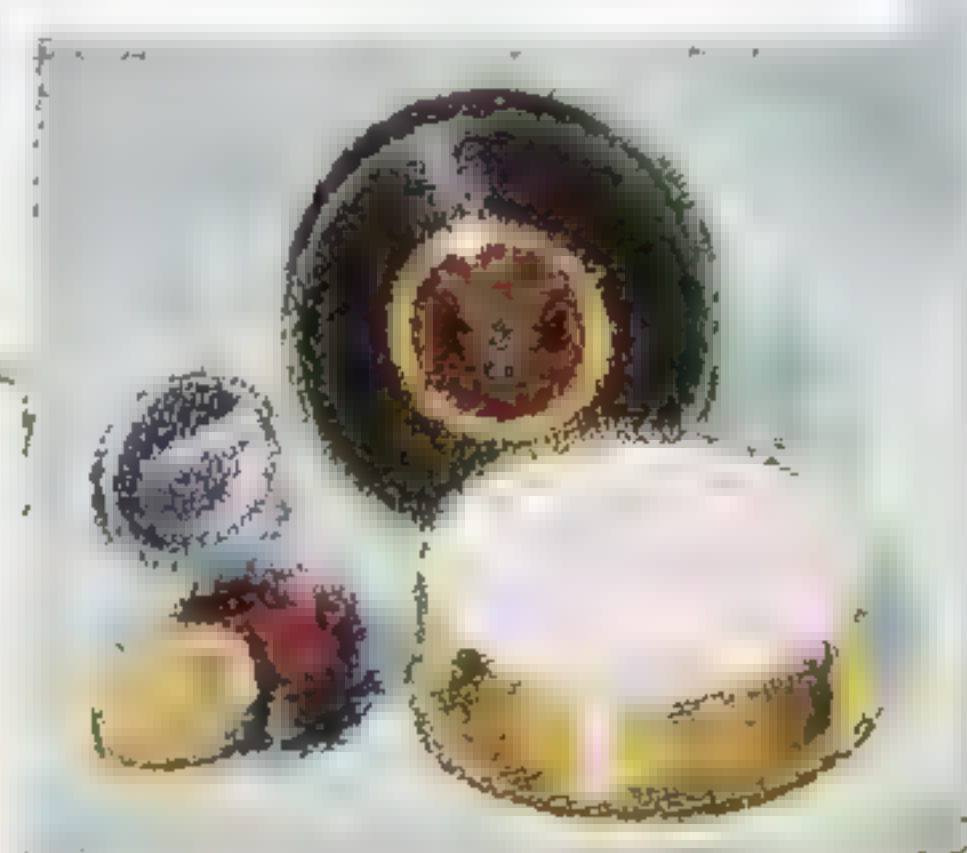


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Gypsy Cavalier

(Continued from page 41) eyes, Cornel Wilde typifies romance to his many thousands of fans today. Which fact is responsible, no doubt, for his heading the fan mail list at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, being greeted with ovations at premieres, and so mobbed by fans in general that on one occasion recently when he went over to the Brown Derby for coffee following a radio broadcast, crowds of them followed him into the building, cornered him up against a wall, and in the furore all but rocked the Derby's massive metallic hat off outside.

To all of them he's the knight on the white horse who duels his way up and down stairs, slays dragons and swims vast moats to rescue his lady-love.

Just call him a gypsy cavalier.

The analytical mind that would have made him a fine doctor, and which has him diagnosing everything from a faulty script to a slight whine on the part of his beloved king-sized black poodle dog, "Punch," makes him excel in his two favorite pastimes—fencing and writing.

Called the "best fencer in pictures" by Ralph Faulkner, Olympic champion and studio technical fencing adviser, his flashy graceful fencing calls for fast coordination between mind and muscle. You've seen evidence of it in "The Bandit of Sherwood Forest," and you'll see it again when, as *Lord Carlton*, he duels *Captain Rex Morgan* to the death in "Forever Amber." Such fencing calls for expert analyzing of the opponent's next move. Making the pieces fit—and fast. Cornel does it the hard way, fencing with either hand, a very uncommon feat.

ANALYZING motion pictures would make a permanent psycho out of most anyone—have them plucking buttercups right off the pavement. And it's been a pretty unhappy Cornel who's been trying for part of the last five years to make the little pieces fit in Hollywood.

It couldn't add up to him that he was told that his olive complexion wouldn't photograph in color and yet has just made five technicolor films, a record on his own.

To be cast as a heavy and villain and be told by talent scouts and casting directors that "you aren't the romantic type," and then to hit film fame as one of the most romantic actors of the time. As well as being given the romantic lead in one of the most romantic sizzlers ever filmed—the part of loving *Amber*, more than a full-time job. It doesn't add up to be allowed to starve to death one minute and be tossed cinematic caviar the next.

This is probably why, though he's looking at the world through technicolored glasses now, that his sudden fame and popularity haven't gone to his head. In twelve tough years, half of them in Hollywood, too much has happened to take the edge off success now. All the kick is gone. It's just been too hard.

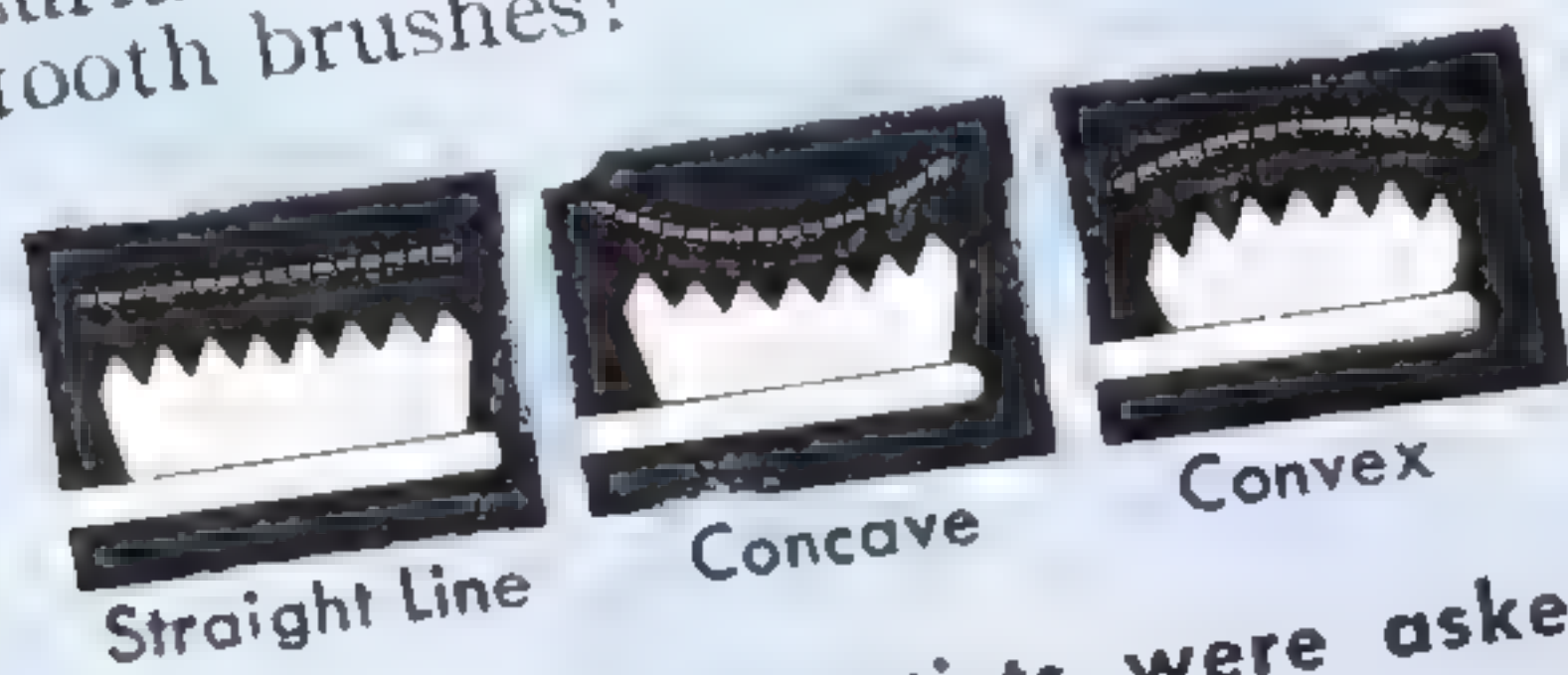
He can look back and laugh a little about the time he was dropped at Warner Brothers Studio on Good Friday. On some of their last money, Cornel and Pat headed for Palm Springs. It was raining in the desert. And the eggnog they ordered when they got to the hotel had a fly in it.

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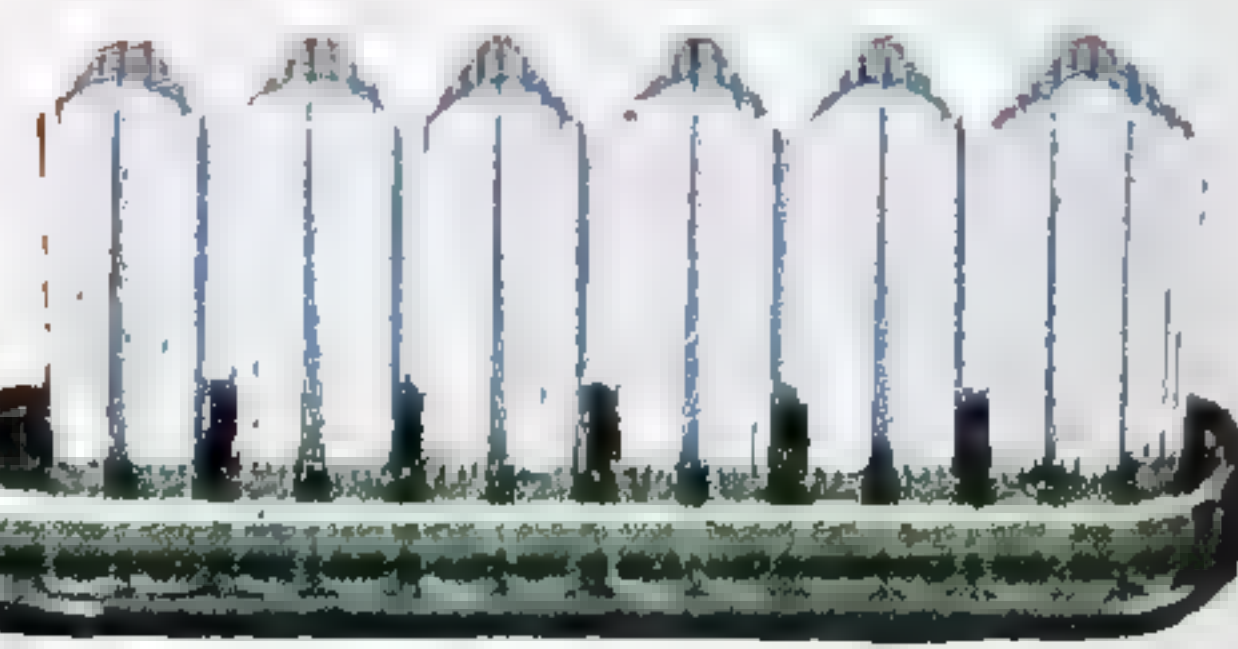


When 30,000 dentists were asked
which of these designs cleaned
teeth best—by overwhelming odds,
by more than 2 to 1—the answers
were: "Straight Line Design!"

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STRAIGHT LINE DESIGN



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Pepsodent Brush*

**has the Straight Line Design
most dentists recommend**

Celebrating the bad breaks has been a habit, when at all possible, of Cornel's and the impulsive Pat's, who would feel heart-broken at seeing Cornel in one of his low moods and say suddenly, "If you don't have any fun, there's no use in anything. Let's get a loan on the car and go to Palm Springs." They often would.

"If it hadn't been for Pat, I'd never have made it," he says now. "She had more faith in me than I did."

Bad breaks piled up in succession. Each time they consoled themselves that "nothing worse can happen," something worse would. It was a constant war of nerves for the ambitious Cornel back in B.C.—before Chopin.

When he took the four tests for "A Song to Remember" he expected nothing. Then two days before the picture started he got the part, and had to be fitted for a wardrobe and spend some fifteen hours learning to "play" Chopin's "Minute Waltz" in the two days. Not knowing how to play a note, he put in 400 hours on the piano before the picture was finished, usually practicing at night at home. He actually could play the "Polonaise," not the Iturbi version, but he knew where all the notes were. And could be photographed using them.

THERE'S no relaxing on his laurels today. Cornel is known as a very hard worker on the set. He takes his work, if anything, too seriously. A worrier by nature, he worries about everything to the tiniest detail, his wardrobe, the script, his dialogue. Every detail must be just so. With the crew he's very cooperative, a "good fellow," and quips and banters with them. On locations he even loans them his electric razor—greater love hath no man.

Even when disagreeing on something with higher-ups, Cornel has the ability to say blunt things with a smile that takes the sting out of them. But when he believes them, he says them. As in the case of taking a suspension for refusing the role in "Margie." Cornel felt that the role was wrong for him, and was willing to pay for his convictions. He's getting so used to the unexpected now, that he didn't even lift a Wilde eyebrow when he was given the lead role in "Forever Amber" while on suspension for not accepting the other role.

He was surprised, however, at being nominated for the Academy Award. When his agent, Charles Goldstone, wired congratulations to Cornel at the Biltmore in Phoenix, where he was resting and writing on a screenplay, the star couldn't believe it. He called him back long distance to be sure. Then sat down and wrote his good friend James Metcalf a post card headed "Suspension Retreat." "Thanks for your vote!" he wrote. "Nat and Charles sent us a wire about it and we were bowled over." To which his friend replied, "Well, you know me. When I vote—I vote often."

He has a great sense of gratitude for his agents, Charlie and Nat, who signed him when Warners dropped him, and had faith enough in him to give him \$50 a week to live on until he made good, with no obligation to pay it back if he failed. His first stop when he goes to New York is the St. James theatrical hotel to see his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Frank, owners of the hotel where Pat and Cornel lived in the tough New York days—usually on credit. He tells you, with much appreciation, how more than once, when he was slipping around the desk trying to get into the elevator without Frank seeing him, the owner would say casually, "If you kids aren't doing anything tonight, we'd like to have you join us for dinner and a show." And when Cornel got the chance to come to Hollywood and still



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A lovely big box of Pond's Dreamflower Powder, with *matching* Pond's "Lips" and Pond's "Cheeks." It's a \$1 value for only 79¢, plus tax. Wonderful for prizes . . . for gifts . . . and for you!

Lovely hair deserves fine care

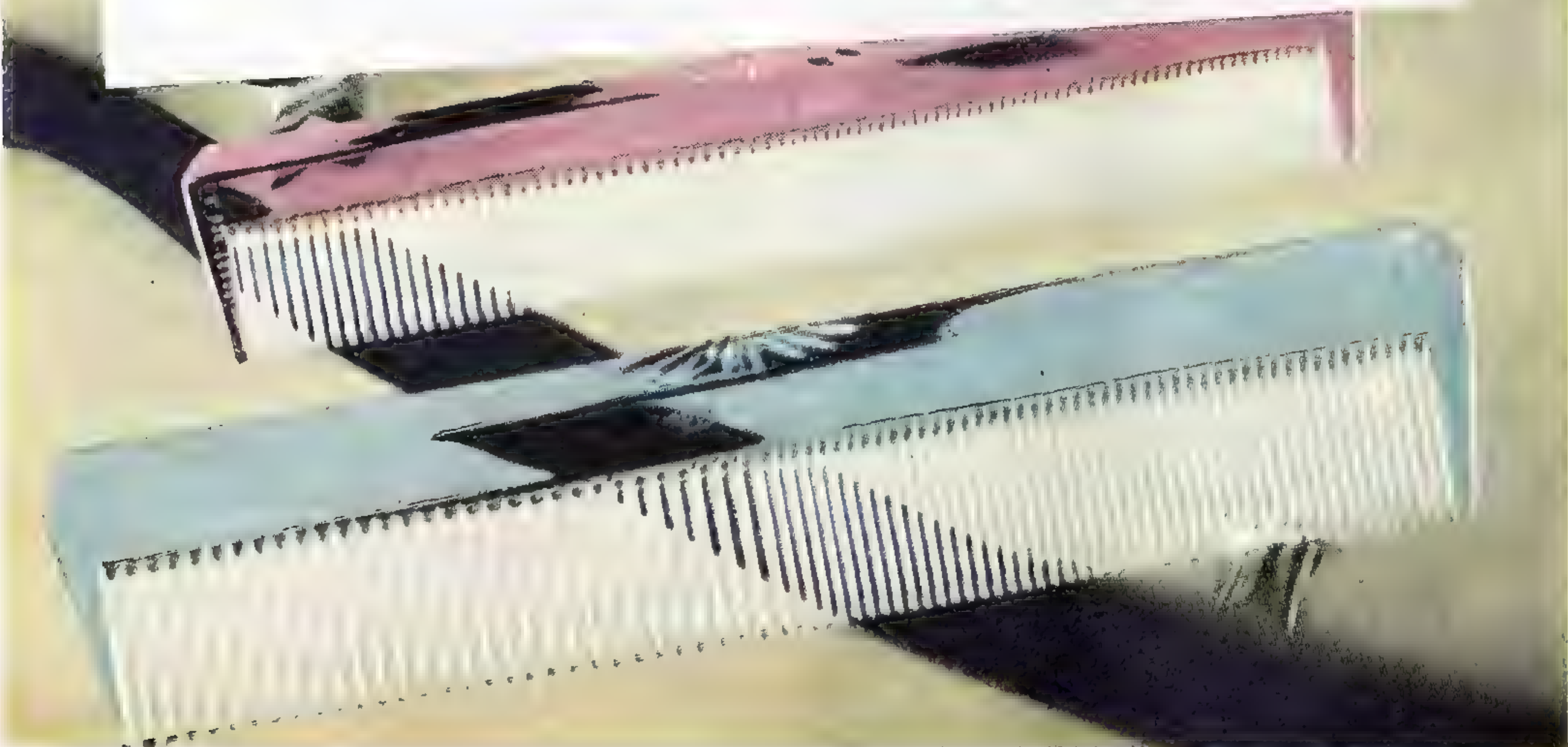
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FOR HAIR THAT GOES STRAIGHT TO HIS HEART . . . be fussy, lovely lady, about little things! About combs . . . for instance. You want a comb with rounded edges that never rip your scalp. A comb with smooth teeth that never split or bite. A comb so plastic-clean with smooth teeth that never split or bite. A comb in gay colors, to match your mood. And, look! You get exclusive Du Pont design, unbeatable Du Pont quality, for 10 to 50 cents, at good dealers everywhere. Look for the Du Pont Oval . . . it's your guide, your protection, in combs!



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owed them a \$220 hotel bill they said, "Go on. Don't worry about it. We know you'll pay it someday."

Far from forgetting any past favors, Cornel keeps a little black book in his head, filled with the memories of all those who've befriended him in the past. He's ever on the look-out for jobs for old friends he knew then. He tells you, with feeling, about the loyalty of the boys whose dramatics and fencing he supervised as boys' counselor one time. How some thirty of them would attend the matinees en masse and applaud noisily from the gallery when Cornel made his entrance, perhaps for just a bit. Many of the same boys wrote him from the battle zones during the war, saying they'd just seen him in a picture, or had seen a photo in a magazine. "Say, Cornel, that's all right!"

Loyalty in any respect touches Cornel's sentimental nature. He has had the same stand-in since "A Song to Remember," Paul Stathes, who thinks so much of him, and with a sort of ancient Greek courtesy addresses Cornel as "my noble friend." Cornel, in turn, calls him *his* "noble friend," and it has become a friendly joke between them.

He's deeply devoted to his dog "Punch," short for "Punchinello, because he's one of the finest 'people' I know." The big black dog, described by one of Cornel's pals as "one of the most masculine poodles I've ever met," follows Cornel and Pat around worshipfully wherever they go . . . in a manly sort of way. And when the Wildes were in New York for Cornel's first important personal appearance as a motion-picture star, he wouldn't leave the hotel to appear anywhere until they were sure "Punch" was being well taken care of by somebody for the day.

IT seems that the more successful Cornel becomes, the more closely he relies on old friends in whom he has confidence, and who, in past years, have always "added up" to him. He cares nothing for the reserved seats offered him in the important loge section of Hollywood now. They seldom accept invitations to big Hollywood parties offered him. "We enjoy going to some but like most of all being together or with our few good friends."

For the most part, the Wildes mingle with old friends like James Metcalf, a New York actor whom they have known for ten years, and his actress wife. When Cornel was playing the hero, Patricia the heroine and Metcalf the villain in "Moon over Mulberry Street" on the stage, they used to drink coffee together down in Times Square, discussing what had gone wrong with the day's rehearsal, the timing on this or that line. Likewise today Pat and Cornel can be found sitting in front of the big fireplace at the Metcalfs', "reasoning" over the problems and incongruities of stardom in his new life.

Other than going out to dinner, and occasional visits with such friends, Pat and Cornel Wilde seldom go out at all. They're the most married couple in Hollywood and usually prefer to stay at home in their picturesque English style country house three miles up in the hills above Beverly Hills, in a canyon retreat that looks out over mountains and eucalyptus trees. The back of the house walks right up to the mountain in the rear. The five acres are bound by a six-foot steel fence with a door yard fenced off for Wendy and Punch. There's a wishing well at the back of the house. The flagstone terrace overlooks a blue swimming pool, with a sun dial beside it. Ivy hangs heavily on the brown shingle roof.

The artistic interior of the home along with out-of-doors-vastness of its surroundings, suits the owners perfectly. After

some fifteen homes, this one seems to answer the call of the Wildes.

They stay close to home with their manly looking poodle and their pretty baby "ingenue," their dainty three-year-old daughter, Wendy, who is Cornel's most ardent fan, and hesitates to tell no one that "my daddy is a star." Wendy handles the publicity department very well. When Cornel's mother took her to the show in New York to see him in "A Thousand and One Nights," she kept shouting out at intervals, "That's my Daddy!" until they finally had to leave. Whenever Cornel takes her with him into a Beverly Hills drugstore, she always draws attention to him by going over to the magazine rack and interrupting anyone who happens to be looking through a movie magazine, saying, "That's my Daddy!" until the eyes of everyone in the store turn, as if at a tennis match, to an embarrassed Cornel making a purchase at the prescription counter in the back.

THE dark, dashing Cornel and his lovely blonde actress-wife, Patricia Knight, are Hollywood's story-book marriage. They cut a romantic figure wherever they go. Their obvious devotion is a beautiful thing to see. Cornel won't attend any premieres, any social functions at all, without Pat. He won't be photographed in a club or restaurant with anyone from another party, even though Pat is sitting beside him at the time. On the other hand, he doesn't like writers to intrude too much on her time on interviews for him, saying, "She has a career of her own now. I don't want her giving her time to mine."

He's most enthusiastic about her career, telling you readily, "Pat is one of the most talented people I know in the theater. She can play both comedy and tragedy extremely well and few actresses can do that."

They played together on the legitimate stage and are looking forward eagerly to making pictures together too. "We've always wanted to become a team someday like Lunt and Fontanne or Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier. We hope to still be making a career of it together when we're eighty," laughs Cornel.

Concerning his own future, Cornel says he would like to do roles "that present real acting problems. Making a lot of money isn't as important as being happy in the things you do."

He's very happy when he's writing. And it's only natural, in line with Cornel's own constant analytical approach, that most of his writings would be along psychological lines. Right now he's working earnestly on a screen treatment of the life of Lord Byron, whom Cornel would like more than anything to portray on the screen. He's reading books and doing vast research on everything ever written on Byron's life.

Certainly, Cornel with his romantic dark good looks, puts the spell on this generation of feminine fans that Byron did on the ladies of the Eighteenth Century drawing rooms. There's the same warring faction within him between things revolutionary and the accepted classic arts. The same sentimental qualities. Similar dark gloomy moods. The resemblance ceases when one comes to the objectionable Byronic tendencies, but it's a role that would be a great challenge to Cornel to play.

"I think it's a very exciting story, both romantically and psychologically," he says.

And there—by his own admission—you have Cornel Wilde. The romanticist. The analyst. And by ours—the man with the many minstrel moods that he's now successfully weaving into a song. A song that will be remembered.

THE END



**"I like to
curl up with a
good book"**

**"You're kidding!
You'd like a full
date book and
here's how:"**

KEEP FRESH! Shower your body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Like a cooling caress it sweetens your skin and leaves you fresh all over.

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For the luxury size
with velour puff ask for
Cashmere Bouquet
Dusting Powder 65¢

The Heritage of Hurd

(Continued from page 67) by the direction our study and effort takes, by our very attitude; in other words, we become that kind of a person."

The room in which Hurd looked out over the city has changed little in the years during which he has grown to manhood and fulfilled his dream. It's still furnished with the same family treasures; mahogany worn to a satin smoothness by the generations of Hatfields who have used it and loved it, silver polished until at last here and there copper gleams through, the ladder-back chair from Hatfield House in Hatfield, England, now the residence of the Duke of Sutherland and the Savonarola chair known in the family as "The Ten O'Clock."

"We inherited it from Uncle Hurd," Hurd explains the Savonarola chair. "It's a wonderful example of cabinet-making, no doubt. But it's darn uncomfortable—so uncomfortable, in fact, that we offer it only to a boring guest. You can't relax in it. If you try, the head of Savonarola, carved so beautifully in the back, will prod you up and towards the door."

It also was from Uncle Hurd that William Hurd Hatfield, whom we know as Hurd, inherited his name. About a month before he was born his parents received a bond from this uncle. "For the future Hurd Hatfield," the card said.

"We kept the bond, of course," Hurd says. "Whoever heard of returning one! So, unless I happened to be a girl, Hurd I had to be. Families who survive, so my Aunt Kate used to tell me, must be both practically and ethically aware.

"It's because of Aunt Kate, incidentally, that I hated cards for so long. We used to play cards together when I was a

youngster and she came to visit—and she always cheated. . . ."

At the end of the Hatfield living room, opposite the window, the same carved Victorian chair, upholstered with a fabric loomed by the nuns of Nuremberg, stands beside the fireplace.

AND there's still Amy. Hurd met Amy first when he came home from Morris-town School for a holiday. The story of how she came to be there is typical of the colorful and romantic things that are always happening to the Hatfields.

Amy saw Hurd's mother on the street and because she looked just like the English ladies Amy had served at the British Embassy in the West Indies Amy followed her. Thereafter, mornings when Adele Hatfield went out to market, Amy, who would be waiting, would follow, three steps behind, West Indian fashion.

It was, of course, only a matter of time before Amy was installed, and her devotion for Adele Hatfield automatically increased to include the husband and son. Still Amy calls Mr. Hatfield "Judge." When she first came he was Assistant District Attorney under LaGuardia and, for a time, while LaGuardia went to Congress, acting District Attorney. However, as he says, he was not suited to politics so, gladly, returned to his private practice.

On a table near the window stands a water color. It came into the room when Hurd was about ten years old, representing his idea of Marseilles. He sent it to his mother and father from "Kamp Kill Kare" in a gesture of generosity. "They seem to like my paintings here," he wrote. "I'm selling them at one dollar apiece."

The summer at Kamp Kill Kare was one

of those never-to-be-forgotten experiences. Hurd won the Espy cup "presented to the camp in recognition of the boy who best exemplifies the spirit of cooperative helpfulness, loyalty to the welfare of the camp, initiative in undertaking its various activities, and unselfishness in his relations with others." He also wrote the camp song and, scorning his baptismal name, signed it with his adopted name, "Bud."

"It always was my difficulty," Hurd says, "that I liked doing too many things. I liked to write. I liked to paint. I liked to act. Most of all I liked to act. But even when I was majoring in drama at college, to make up extra points, I found myself missing classes in order to design sets. It worried me. I was frightened I would be a dilettante. My parents were too.

"Looking back on those years, I know that any time I turned my back on acting, even for a split second, I was being defensive. I had been warned that I must not think seriously of the theater, that it was hard work, very uncertain and the people were terrible. I was too young and inexperienced to know this was utter nonsense."

HE isn't a conventional thinker. He never was and never will be. His best friends are the parents of a young man his age. Another friend is a Hindu. He likes people because of what they offer as individuals. Such matters as the color or race or class in which they happen to come to this earth he finds completely unimportant.

It's largely from his mother that he inherits his devotion to beauty. From the time he was a little boy Adele Hatfield taught him that beauty alone is indestructible; educated him to this, too, by everyday living. Even when the Hat-

ADVERTISEMENT



"Hey, Joe! Hide that Pepsi-Cola. She's supposed to act sad in this scene."

fields' financial security fluctuated and they gave up their country house and "dug in" in the cooperative apartment William Henry Hatfield had bought when Hurd was a little boy, their surroundings were gracious. There were fires, flowers and candlelight. There were good books, music and pictures. There was hospitality.

It is in this tradition that Hurd, in Hollywood, carries on. However small his houses may have been they have been picturesque. His parties too. The party which pleased him most was one he gave in his hilltop house when the living room was lit only by candles and the firelight and everywhere crystal bowls overflowed with white roses and green leaves.

"When I return to California this time," he says, "I plan to get my life in order. I have a wonderful secretary—the wife of the man at the bank who handles my affairs. She keeps her end of things in precise and wonderful order. But I want to find a Chinese houseboy. Personally, I'm disorganized. I borrow a suit case or a book and forget completely to return it. I know though that without order you can't have true beauty in your life—ever.

"I'd like it," he added, "if the family would come to California and get a ranch. Dad could practice law there just as well as in New York. But I doubt he'll leave his established practice. And, of course, now that mother is an artist. . . ."

One of the more recent additions to the living room is an Adele Hatfield flower painting. It's done in white and gold.

"I started painting about three years ago," she says, "to occupy myself. So I wouldn't hang on to Hurd. You know how women are when they have one child—especially a male child. Pretty dreadful. I vowed I wouldn't be. Until this year I gave everything I did to my friends and was so pleased when they would take them. I couldn't believe it when a gallery asked to show my paintings. And when a check comes in because one has been sold—well, it just seems incredible!"

ON an old table lies a slab of green stone, shell-like and cruciform. It's been there since the summer before the war; the summer Hurd worked as special policeman, badged, peak-capped and blue-uniformed, for the Lido Club. He was the youngest officer the Club had ever employed, but they admitted when he left them that no one ever had been more capable or satisfactory. He left when his scholarship to study drama with Chekov came through—and sailed to England promptly.

He hadn't been there long when Mr. Hatfield said to his wife, "How would you like to go abroad for the summer, take a little villa in Brittany, make trips to Paris, visit the boy in England and have him with us for weekends and holidays?"

"We'll have two wonderful months," he went on. "What will happen to my practice, I can't say. You may have to take in washing when we return."

"Let's cable Hurd the instant we have our passage," was her answer.

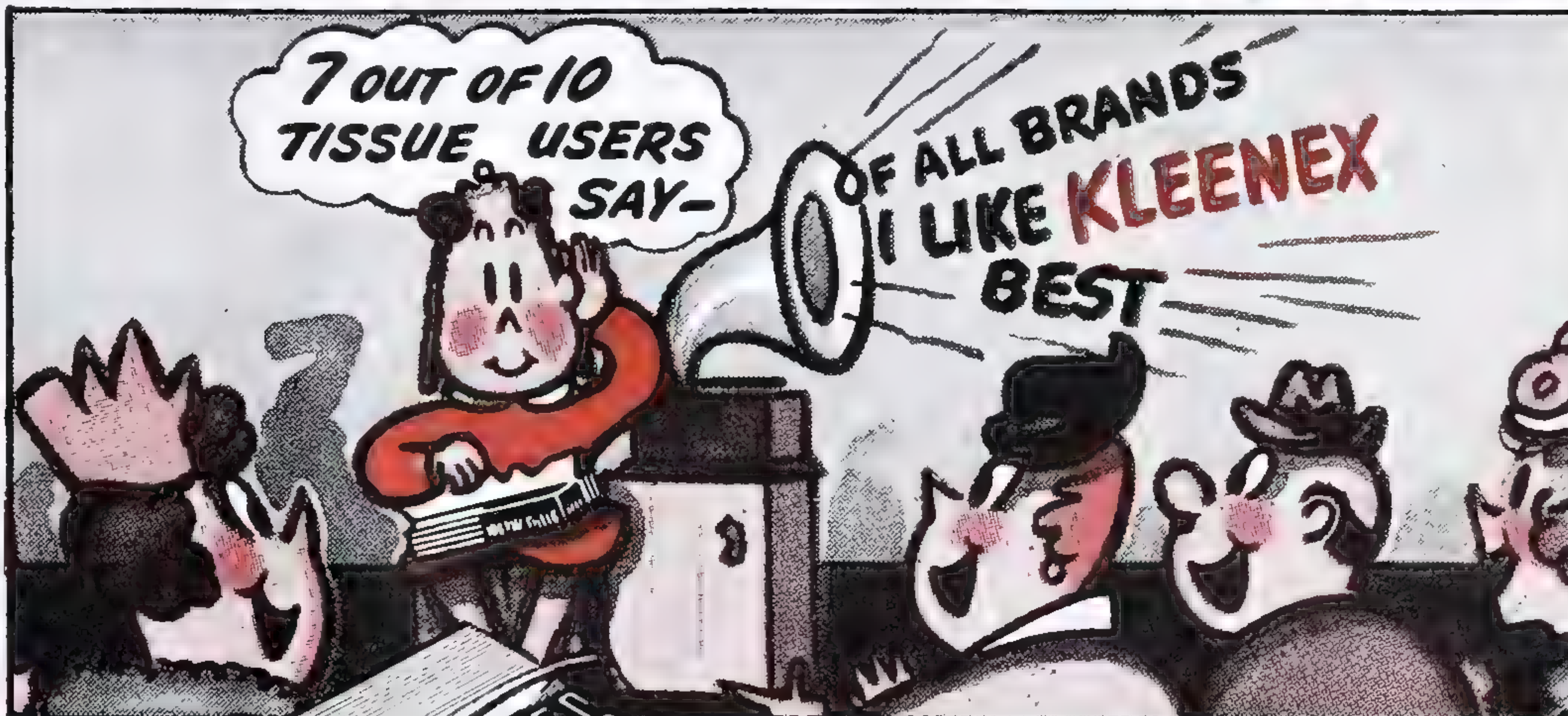
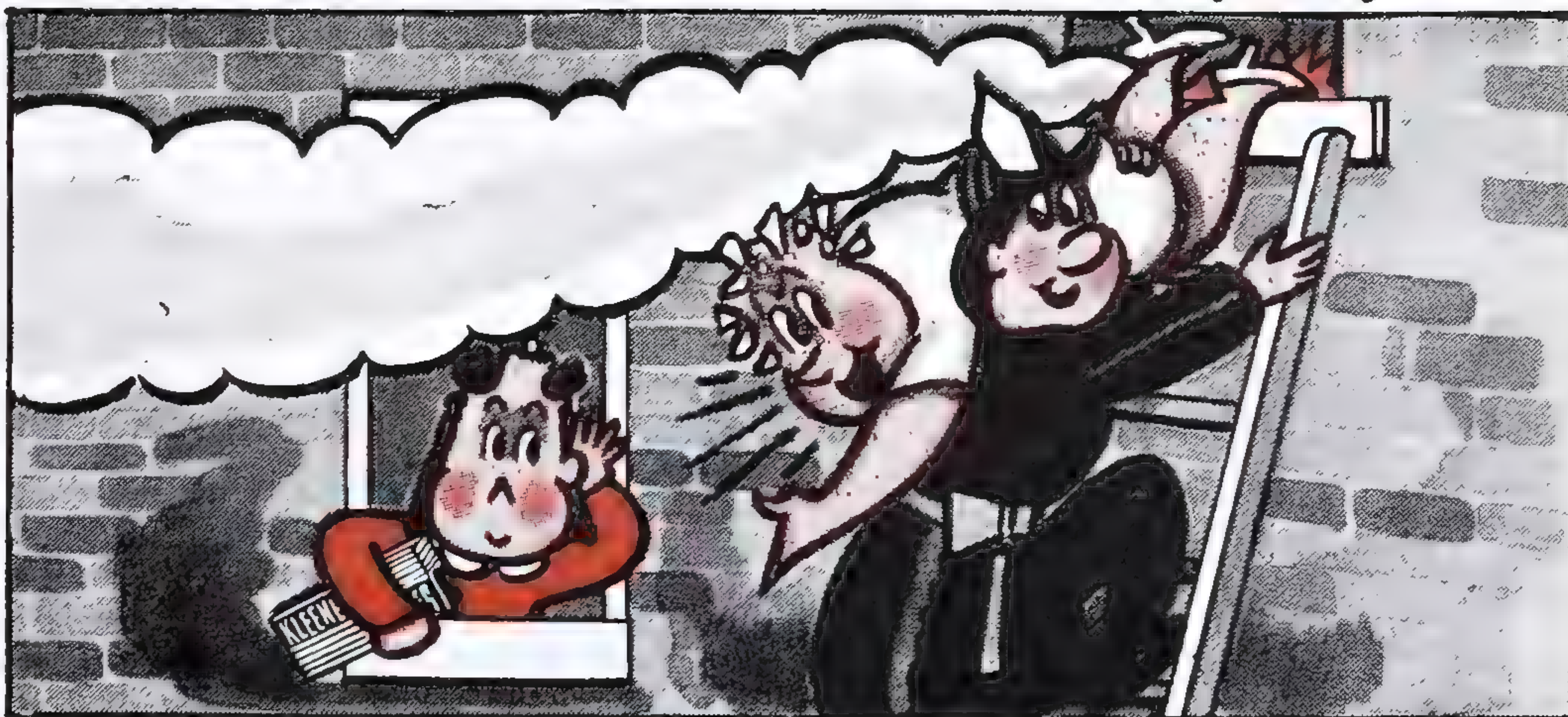
Those summer months before the world fell apart were altogether beautiful for all of them. "And so they are indestructible," Hurd points out, "because not one of the three of us ever will forget them.

"Dad and I found that stone cross, which lies on an old table, in the old Cimetière Père-la-Chaise. We went there one summer afternoon and quite by accident came to the grave of Heloise and Abelard, those immortal lovers. The outer casing of the cross on their tombstone had fallen off in decay. I picked it up and put it under my coat to tease Dad. He's so legal and upright, always for law and order.

"Before I could put it down again, however, a gendarme appeared. I was convinced he had seen me. Sweat began to

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by Marge



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pour down my forehead. He walked with us for the longest time. He pointed out different graves. But I was convinced—Dad too—that he knew I had the stone and was merely waiting for me to make a false move to arrest me. The moment he left us Dad whispered frantically, 'Drop it!' But I didn't dare. Even after we got into a taxi and started for our hotel I was afraid we were being followed. My joke turned out to be a horrible experience. . . ."

"And," his father broke in with a smile, "convinced you quite thoroughly, I believe, that it's safer to be stuffy and stay with law and order."

On the wall beside the fireplace there's a striking portrait of Hurd as *Dorian Gray*. It is the only change his spectacular stardom has made upon the charming room even though it has turned all their lives topsy-turvy to their great excitement and delight. Laughing, they answer the telephone at all hours of the day and night. Grinning, they're photographed with Hurd at the Stork Club and "21" and the Iridium Room of the St. Regis. Wonderingly, they're mobbed by fans. At previews—like that of "The Diary of a Chambermaid"—they try to be professionally critical but instead prove completely enthusiastic.

Like Hurd, William and Adele Hatfield, too, delightedly find life "fantastic." For, unlike many who enjoy old wealth and family, the Hatfields remain as vital and imaginative and enthusiastic as their ancestors who founded the family name and fortune in the first place.

This goes for Hurd too. Had he lacked these qualities, in spite of his young dream, we might never have had his *Dorian Gray*, his Georges in "The Diary of a Chambermaid" or the romantic characters which he will continue to bring to the screen, now that the movie producers accept these as his forte. For a dream that isn't given life will die. But when we concentrate on a dream, without strain, we accomplish it.

If you don't believe this, ask Hurd.

THE END

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NETWORK STATIONS

The P. Q. of Pete

(Continued from page 48) station at Camp Maxey in Texas. Before that he practised in Germany and Switzerland.

Peter was intrigued. His interest in such things, like that of all of us, has been whetted by all the psychological novels and movies like "Spellbound" and "Lady in the Dark."

Peter arrived at Doctor Sonnemann's in fine spirits. Noting the various tests arranged in a neat row of boxes his eyebrows raised quizzically.

"What's this all about?" he asked throwing the suit coat he wore over a sleeveless sweater on a chair.

Doctor Sonnemann said there were two series of tests. "The first, the Wechsler Bellevue, will rate your I.Q.," he explained, "your intelligence quotient. The second, the Rorschach, will be instrumental in bringing out the basic trends of your ego and unconscious; will reach into your underlying personality."

"ACTUALLY," Doctor Sonnemann went on, "psychology cannot measure personality in the way it can measure intelligence. However, it is intriguing because it definitely helps us to *understand* personality better, develops methods of approach to your strengths and weaknesses, hopes and fears."

"All of us have all of those things."

Peter grinned. "Let's go!" he said.

The Wechsler Bellevue test has two parts. The first, purely verbal, is based on vocabulary and information. The second part, a matter of performance, is divided into several sections. Three of the main ones are as follows:

- Red and white blocks which must be put together to duplicate a picture.
- Drawings must be arranged to form a story.
- Drawings, with missing parts which must be recognized.

Peter excelled in the verbal part of this test. His background and education have developed his potentialities for intelligence to a superior degree.

Then the performance test got under way. Peter, preparing to assemble the red and white blocks to form a picture, saw the doctor looking at his watch. "Hey," he protested half humorously, "No fair! Wait until we start!"

There's a time limit of course on every performance. This was of no concern to Peter, however. One of the most outstanding things about him, as every test proved, is his ability to work rapidly on whatever job he sets out to do.

He put the blocks together so quickly that his rating for orientation in the field of visual concepts (a vital function of intelligence) was high. He arranged the drawings to tell a story so well that he achieved the second highest available score; thus corroborating his first score for intelligence and observation and, in addition, taking a high score for humor. He was quick, also, to detect the missing parts in the third series of drawings; until one showed a man without a tie.

"Don't see a thing missing," he said.

Doctor Sonnemann made a cross in his notebook. "The man in that picture, perfectly groomed in every other respect, wears no tie," he pointed out.

Peter burst into hearty laughter. "Mark Hollywood wrong on that—not me," he said. "Ties out there are unusual."

However, even with the Hollywood influence, Peter's intelligence rating was superior. He came through the Wechsler Bellevue test with an I.Q. of 122. An I.Q. of 110 is average, from 110 to 120 is high average and from 120 up is superior.

The Rorschach test, which followed, re-

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P



quires complete privacy. After all, this test, which consists of ten ink blots, requires the test person to describe anything the blots suggest to him. A third person might very well inhibit any answer that tended towards the personal or erotic.

Reactions to the blot test are rated thus:

1. The way the blot material is approached. Whether the impressions are taken from the whole of the blot or certain parts of it and parts of what average size.
2. Whether the impression is based upon the general outline form or involves color, texture, movement and if so whether the movement is human or animal.
3. On what contents the responses are based.
4. How well organized the different impressions are, how many are original and how many of those that are original are of good quality.

In the first part of the Rorschach session Doctor Sonnemann reports that Peter disclosed a rare degree of creative intuition. He was both brilliant and straightforward in describing what the blots suggested to him. When he came to blot No. 3, for instance, he instantly saw two dancers swinging a girl between them. His impression involved the entire blot, had human movement and was not vague in any respect.

HOWEVER, as this test went on Peter's cooperation flagged. The first blots are largely gray and white with small red splashes. The last blots consist of bright color. They disturbed Peter, whereupon he withdrew by losing interest. This, with other test results, indicates he inclines to be oversensitive and to avoid exerting emotional experiences.

Graphology now enjoys sound scientific backing when supplemented by other tests. Doctors agree that the personality expresses itself in everything an individual does; in gestures, speech, gait, writing—and so on. Just as the form of one leaf implies the whole structure of a tree.

Analyzing Peter's handwriting, Doctor Sonnemann found very towering letters to denote self-assurance. Self-assurance in the artist, according to psychologists, is neither self-centeredness nor conceit. It is more a sensitive armor against emotional disturbances which would upset him more than they would most people.

Another thing, the general movement of Peter's writing is not to the right, which represents the outside world, but to the left, towards himself, in other words.

Sometimes additional tests are needed to resolve questions which are raised. In Peter's case they were not necessary.

Now then, what does all this add up to?

Psychologically speaking, there are three personality types; the extrovert, the introvert and the ambivert. The extrovert's personality turns out towards the world. The introvert's personality turns away from the world, inward. The ambivert does both. Peter, according to Doctor Sonnemann's analysis, is an ambivert. This was exemplified most clearly in the true intention he showed to be cooperative in these tests until the other side of his nature exerted itself, whereupon he withdrew and became less cooperative.

In Peter's private life, because he is this type, he is both social and withdrawn. As he says himself:

"I enjoy people. I like to do the town. But I also like to stay home."

His individual strengths, virtues and successes add up like this:

High degree of intelligence.

An impressive degree of creative imagination.

Self-assurance.

Well developed sense of humor.

The debit side of his ledger—everybody

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has one—reads like this:

Oversensitive.

Slightly immature emotionally.

Peter's high degree of intelligence was manifested by the Wechsler Bellevue test, you'll remember. So was his humor. His interpretation of the Rorschach blots indicated his creative imagination. And the towering letters of his handwriting denoted self-assurance.

It was the Rorschach blots which proved his oversensitiveness and, in collaboration with graphology, his slight emotional immaturity. This was indicated by his reaction to the blots of bright color, his withdrawal from them, in fact. In his handwriting, again by the letters which stood up straight without any slant. And again and again by his restlessness, his tendency to lose interest quickly.

Doctor Sonnemann feels that the less stereotyped Peter's roles, the better.

Now emotional immaturity, if not controlled, works no good. It can cause a person to go off on tangents, run away from reality by living in a dream-world, be far too self-absorbed, and lack concentration to a serious extent. However, Peter's high I.Q.—his good mind, in other words—can control such tendencies. And his emotional immaturity, controlled, can contribute to his charm. It endows him with shyness. (Even though his social education has given him a smooth and charming manner he has great shyness underneath.) It makes him good company too; causing him to take life lightly, have enthusiasms and be amusing.

Another thing, in Peter's work, playing gallant, witty, amusing gents who always get the girl and come to a happy ending, he escapes reality just as surely as a child does in play. However, because this is a constructive form of escape it is good and serves him well. Also because he applies himself to it ardently he becomes more and more successful.

Doctor Sonnemann predicts because of emotional immaturity Peter will fall in love with a girl who has a good mind and understanding. He says his wife must, in a way, be his mother, since he will be more *intrinsically* dependent upon her than his self-assured manner suggests.

Doctor Sonnemann also had interesting things to say about Peter's humor and about humor generally. "Humor," he explained, "almost always is defensive. In a sensitive person, especially an oversensitive person like Peter Lawford, it's a necessary armor. Peter, through his humor, you see, can mock and minimize anything which promises to be too disturbing.

"However," he added, "the fact that Peter's humor is good proves he doesn't use it too protectively. Humor used so becomes defensive—not good at all."

We asked the doctor in what fields Peter might have found success had he not found his way to Hollywood. He smiled. "But he did find his way to Hollywood, you see. Because with his excellent mind he knows his own capabilities. Always I'm sure he would be happier and more successful working with his imagination, his sensitivity and his humor."

When the tests were completed the doctor promised Peter a complete analysis.

Peter grinned. "Think I'll want it?"

The doctor's smile was reassuring.

"Thanks," Peter said reaching for his suit coat. It was a lot of fun.

With a grin he was off.

"It is seldom," said the doctor, "that an analyst finds qualities on the credit and debit side of the human ledger which balance so happily."

As the doctor talked it became evident that in revealing his "inner life" Peter had lost no ground but gained another fan.

THE END



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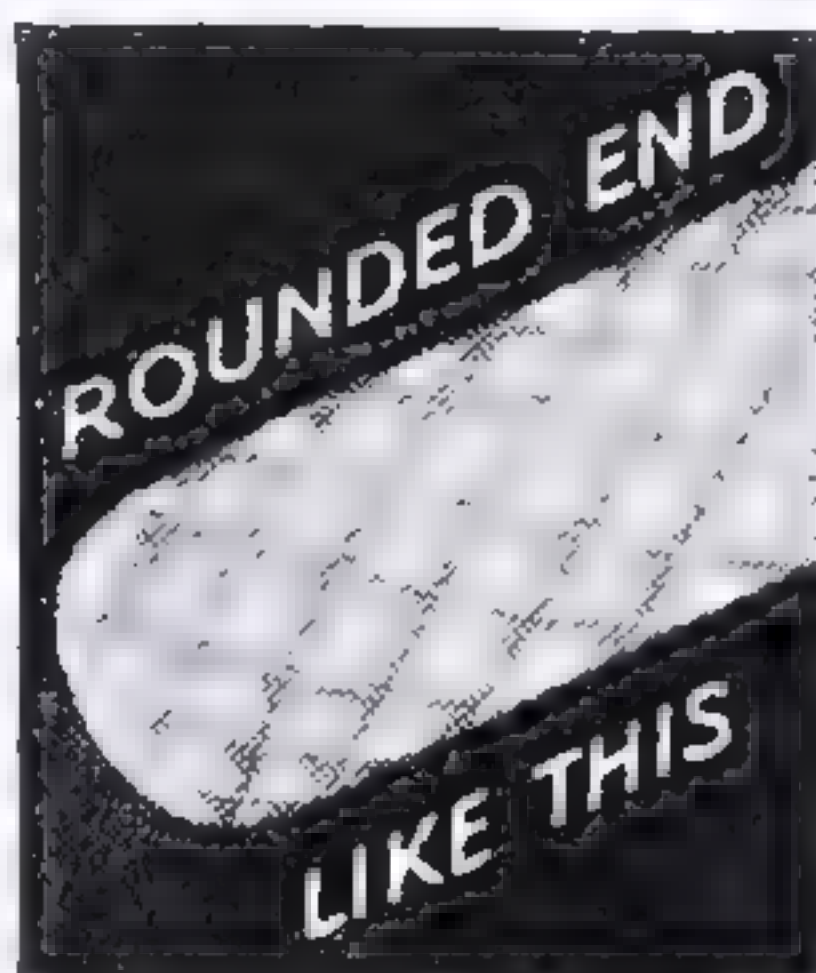
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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Return of the Marine

(Continued from page 61) come out bravely again in the spring." Her fine dark eyes were fixed on the bare shape of the trees against a winter-blue sky. "It always encourages me—we all have to begin again every so often, don't we?"

I said, "Thomas Burke once wrote that worthwhile people are always beginning again."

"Yes," she said, "that's it. I like to look at them the way they are now and then see them put out all new green leaves."

Ty's small niece came up with her ball and Annabella threw it down the sloping lawn and Pixie chased away shrieking with glee.

There is not a great deal of peace in the world even yet, but for a time there was peace on that terrace and I thought of it as a hard-won, strong peace made possible by stamina and decency and unselfish service. I thought of Annabella's deep love for the land of her birth, her perilous trips back there during the war to find her father and mother and to see her brother's grave. I thought of Ty flying into bombed Hiroshima, seeing its destruction. But they had come back together, and they were beginning again, as worthwhile people must, with faith and courage and a high heart for life's adventures.

THE whole place, I realized, had an air of permanence that was almost old-fashioned. Over in a far corner was an old red barn, with a small corral, where Annabella kept a couple of riding horses for herself and her small daughter by her former marriage. A vegetable garden was showing little green edges along the top of rich black furrows and the fruit trees were already lacy pink and white.

There was, I felt, nothing easy about Ty Power and Annabella and this place into which they had put love and hard work and care. They had fought for it; they owned a piece of the United States of America, they had defended it and would continue to defend it always.

Ty came in, and I realized that he was thinner than I had ever seen him. He said that was because he had just been to the dentist's which made anybody feel thin, and that he had also been to look at a new plane for himself.

"I don't want to be earth-bound," he said, and went over to kiss the top of his wife's shining head.

They are charming young people to talk to, those two. We didn't talk much about Hollywood. We talked about a new book called "The Anatomy of Peace," about civilian clothes, about how to keep color in your garden all the year around, about the American Veterans' Committee, which Ty has joined, about America's international policy and foreign policy.

Then I got up my courage and said to Annabella, "Could I ask you a very personal question?"

They looked startled, but Mrs. Power said, "Of course," politely.

I said, "Who cuts your hair? I've wanted mine cut like that for a year but yours is so right—"

I stopped because Annabella looked peculiar, and Ty had begun to laugh.

I said, rather stiffly, "Of course if you'd rather not say—I suppose it's like some recipes, you don't want anyone else—"

Ty guffawed and said, "Now you're in for it, my girl," to Annabella.

She made a lovely French gesture with her hands, and said, "But of course I will tell you only—it is me—myself. I do it with my fingernail scissors—"

"In the dark," Ty said.

"Not in the dark," his wife said reprovingly, "but I do not look in the mirror if



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that is what you mean. I just sit still and pull it out and then cut where it feels to be needed—"

"You'd better not try it," Ty said; "it scares me just to watch her, but it always comes out right."

Eventually we came back to Hollywood, and to Tyrone Power's return to the screen after four years' absence. I asked him if he was nervous about it and he thought a moment and then said, "Oh sure. But then—I'm always nervous—always scared. My mother says the only time I wasn't scared was when I played the boy *Pablo* in the mission play—she was playing the leading role, you know, and I guess Mr. McGroarty thought I might as well be in it as just hanging around and I thought so, too. In fact, that's the only time I've ever been sure I was good. Even when I was seven and had quite a big part in the next mission play—'La Golondrina'—I wasn't altogether sure, though I can still remember my mother telling me that Ed Schallert of the Times said Master Tyrone Power gave a masterful performance. Still, I was pretty well satisfied with myself in those early days. They kicked it out of me later and I've never quite gotten it back."

"Did you always keep on acting?" I said.

"Almost always," Ty said. "Everybody in my family did. One summer—when I was fifteen—I worked in a drugstore. And when I was sixteen, I ushered. But you see my mother was a beautiful actress—she still is. And my father—everybody knows he was a great actor. I wish I'd been a little older; I wish I'd realized a little more how lucky I was—that summer—"

It was the summer of 1931, that summer. Tyrone had been graduated from Purcell High School and there had been quite a family conference as to whether or not he would go to college. Young Tyrone said he didn't want to go to college; he wanted to learn to be a good actor. And so his father, who was to do a Shakespearean repertoire in the Chicago Civic Auditorium that fall and winter, decided to give his son and namesake the desire of his heart.

THEY went away together, just the two of them, to a quiet retreat in Quebec and there Tyrone the elder, known as one of the greatest actors the American theater has ever produced, gave the boy a long summer of lessons in the art—a long, lazy, happy summer, with fishing trips and mountain walks and endless talks to vary the study of great plays and great parts and small parts.

That winter Tyrone Power made his professional debut in "The Merchant of Venice" with the illustrious Franz Lieber in the title role.

"I played an old man," Ty said reminiscently, "and nearly got killed when Mr. Lieber, who was waving around a huge knife, let it slip and it whizzed past my head and scared my lines right out of me. I decided playing Shakespeare was more dangerous than I'd been warned it was."

When the engagement closed, Tyrone Power and his son came back to Hollywood and within a few weeks the elder Power died suddenly in the midst of the "Miracle Man" motion-picture production and the tough times had begun for young Ty and his mother and sister.

Hollywood would have nothing whatsoever to do with Tyrone Power. They made it flat; they made it final, for two long, lean and hungry years.

"I never knew why they were so set about it," Ty Power says thoughtfully. "I mean I was only a kid but I had had some stage experience; my father and mother were both well known in the theater; I had two eyes and two legs and arms—but they didn't seem to like me. In fact, it got

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so they opened the window, glared at the very sight of me and shut it before I could open my mouth. Two years was a long time then. I got leaner and hungrier and blacker, I suppose, until finally I probably looked like part of the mob scenes out of a picture about the French Revolution. Finally, I got sore. I said, all right, I'll show them; I'll make them sorry; I'll give up pictures."

He started for New York and Broadway and got as far as Chicago. There his money ran out and he got his first break—though radio wasn't considered so much of a break in those days. There on a radio show he met Don Ameche, which began a friendship that endured even when both later went out hammer and tongs for the lead in "Lloyd's of London"—with Ty winning in a photo finish.

New York didn't yield any more easily than Hollywood—but in the end, through the friendly help of Helen Mencken and the great Katharine Cornell, it did yield.

Tyrone Power opened on Broadway with Miss Cornell in "Romeo and Juliet," as *Benolio*, and his mother sat in a box to watch her son fulfill the family tradition.

"As his mother and his teacher, I was proud of him," Patia Power says today. "But afterwards I told him how much work he still had to do and that he must never let down that high standard. I still tell him that."

His success in "Romeo and Juliet" and in the following Cornell production of "St. Joan" had been noted. Who, asked the powers that be, is this young man? The critics say he is a fine young actor. He is extremely good looking; we hear from New York that he's already a matinee idol; why don't we get hold of some young actors like that for motion pictures?

So the scouts started out to get him—and he ended up with a seven-year con-

tract with Twentieth Century-Fox.

Life went along pretty smoothly after that—for a while. His success in pictures was swift and sensational. Two years later, he met Annabella.

When I asked Tyrone if there had been any serious love affairs before that, he said with a perfectly straight face that if there had been, he didn't remember.

"Was it love at first sight?" I said and Ty replied it most certainly was so far as he was concerned, but that it took him some months to persuade Annabella that it had been love at first sight on her side, too. They played together in "Suez" and were married the following April, at Annabella's home in Bel-Air. That was in 1939.

In December, 1941, the United States declared war on Japan and in 1942 Tyrone Power enlisted in the Marine Corps.

NOW Tyrone Power has come back. He isn't the same. No man can be the same who has landed with those terribly needed supplies on Iwo Jima. Four minutes. It's a hideously short, nerve-racking time in which to put a big ship down on an airport—and two seconds delay would blow you and your supplies to hell.

But in Ty's case the change is all to the good. He has learned a great deal. He has learned to fly an airplane, to fight in the skies, to take care of himself and his men and his cargo in danger.

He is glad to be back; he is excited about making "The Razor's Edge" because he believes it has something to say. He believes now that the search for what is right, the seeking for better things is all we need to know—perhaps all we can know here.

But above all, this young Marine—because so long as he lives Tyrone Power will be in his heart a United States Marine before he is a movie star or an actor or

anything else—has learned to love the things for which his country stands.

Ty isn't, by nature, a serious young man. He loves fun and laughter and good times.

But there is no getting away from it, and he doesn't want to; he is very serious about world peace and he intends to play an active part in helping himself and his fellow fighting men to get it. If the professional politicians and the professional leaders don't get on with it, clean cut and definite, Tyrone Power believes the men who fought the war will take a hand at that job, with the same strength and intention they used against the enemy.

When Ty was a kid in high school, he always went out for the football team. He never made it because he was too skinny. But he kept right on going out every fall, doggedly, determinedly, playing on the third team or the second team. It took him quite a while to crack Hollywood, but he kept right on trying all the time. It wasn't easy for him to become a pilot; he had a lot of training and boot camp was just twice as tough for him as it was for most men—but he took boot camp and went to Quantico and finally to the South Pacific.

Tyrone Power is back all right. I have a strong hunch that you'll be hearing a lot about him, a lot about him and not just in the movies.

It wouldn't surprise me at all if Ty Power, typical young American and a Marine, turned out to be one of the leaders the men back from overseas are looking for. He's got an Irish tongue, a big name, a great personality, pilot brains, Marine Corps training and a heart that is doggedly, violently determined to see that he and the other men who fought and some of whom died get what they fought and died for—peace among nations.

THE END

The Youngsters Take over

(Continued from page 55) accepted invitations from the wives of executives and producers and directors for the sake of their career Van repeatedly refuses such invitations for the same reason. Parties and the late hours they entail do nothing to help you in the studio in the morning. With the hardheadedness that is typical of his generation, Van realizes no one ever got a good part because of social contacts, that good parts are your lot when—and only when—the public likes you.

"What do you think of your enormous success?" I asked him.

He shook his head. "I can't explain it—but I love it! Sometimes I look at my puss and wonder, honest! I'd love to be good looking if I knew how to manage it."

Laughing, I suggested plastic surgery. "Not for me," he said quickly. "Suppose they make me a good nose on one side and forget the other. . . ."

SPEAKING of presents reminds me of Bob Walker. Bob seldom if ever gives flowers or nuts or candy. When he says, "I thought maybe you could use these," to his hostess or his date, he thrusts three boxes of cleansing tissue at her, or empties his pockets of chewing gum—anything which is hard to get at the moment.

June Allyson is another clear-eyed youngster who has helped change the film colony's idea of what is and what isn't. June, long a dear friend of mine, remains completely unspoiled. I'll always remember the Charles Feldman party when she came running across the room to show me the engagement ring Dick Powell had just given her.

"Look at this!" she said, turning the little star sapphire she shyly had been wearing.

"Soon," she whispered, "I'll have another ring, very plain, the best of all."

They were married, she and Dick, almost immediately. In fact the next week when they lunched with me at Mike Romanoff's they were bride and groom. June, however, was not as dressed up and self-conscious as you expect a bride to be. She had come from the studio and was wearing blue slacks that were not very new and a little sweater. Her hair was brushed back and she was without make-up. Except for her natural good looks there was nothing striking about her.

I well remember when a star wouldn't have dreamed of appearing at Romanoff's unless she had spent real time upon her toilette and was utterly confident that her hat and dress and shoes and bag and gloves and hair and nails were perfection.

I told June I had expected her, as a bride, to look otherwise.

"In the movies," she said laughing, "they expect me to be all dressed up. But I don't have to dress up for Dick. He didn't marry me for my clothes."

"I married you," Dick informed her, "for your bad disposition and your total lack of charm, because you are the worst girl I have ever met."

She snuggled up to him contentedly.

"That's the way, kids," I said. "Go to it."

There are some in Hollywood who insist June must give her appearance more care. I wonder. She's as popular as she is, of course, because her naturalness registers on the screen. Therefore, it may be producers and directors and agents—all the moguls—will not interfere; will not, to put it bluntly, quarrel with their luck.

I suspect the same consideration influences the managerial gentlemen who

otherwise might lecture Gail Russell about her disregard for appearances. Gail's idea of a good evening is an evening at the beach or on the Venice pier—preferably with Guy Madison. Invariably she, too, wears a sweater and slacks and looks the way no movie star would have been caught dead looking before this modern age.

Certainly Guy never had any objections to Gail's unpretentious ways. There never was a nicer, simpler guy. He likes informal gatherings where he can remove his coat and loosen his tie; even take off his shoes. He likes girls to be immaculately clean and wear little make-up. When he takes a girl out he never goes A.W.O.L. and then objects if she flirts with anyone else. He's a great fire-sitter. He and Gail spend many evenings, when they could dress up and go out, on the floor before her fireplace, shoes off, playing records, Glenn Miller's recording of "Sunrise Serenade" over and over, drinking pop, eating endless sandwiches. And when Guy and Gail have a day off they get into really old duds and drive to the beach to collect firewood.

Last Christmas Eve, I happen to know, Guy was invited to at least a dozen top-drawer parties. He declined them all; explained he was driving to Bakersfield to spend the holiday with his family. And he did, too. First, however, he went over to the house of Diana Lynn's secretary where his group—Gail, Diana, Loren Tindall, Henry Willson—helped trim the tree and fill the stocking for Diana's secretary's six-year-old son.

An extraordinarily handsome young man and fit as a fiddle, Guy's an expert swimmer, lopes miles along the beach in his bare feet, dives for abalone, sails like a

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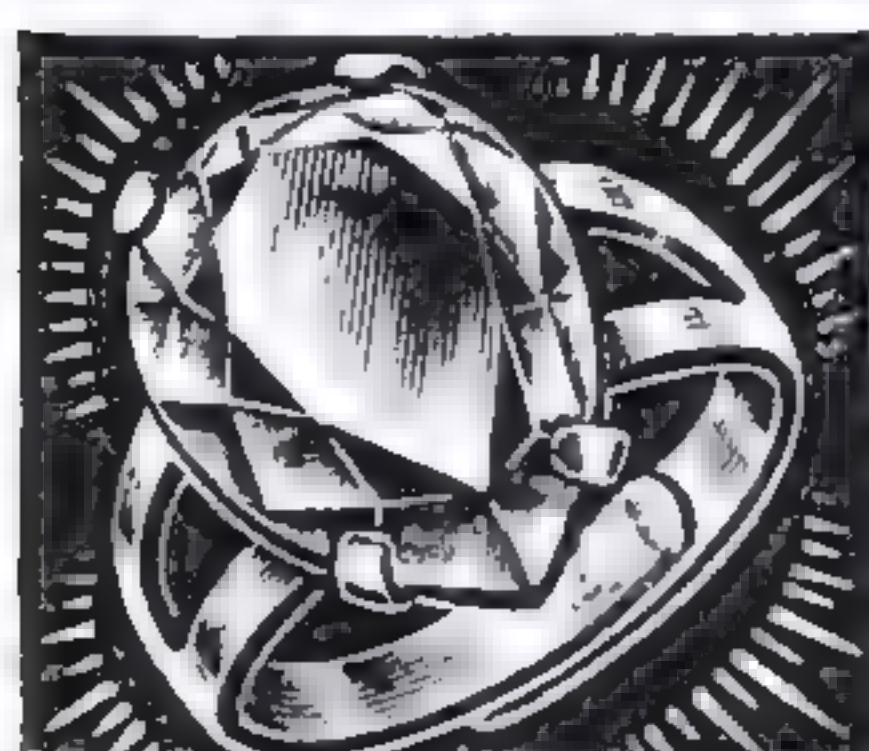
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champion, hunts wild boar on Catalina. . . . You shudder to think of how eagerly Hollywood's social leaders once would have made him a cavalier.

Dane Clark's different from many of this generation but at once the same. The same because, like the rest, away from his work he does the things *he* wants to do the way *he* wants to do them. Different because he's more interested and informed about politics, more hep about art and music and world affairs, more aggressively liberal perhaps.

He makes no effort in behalf of small talk. At a chi-chi party he sits silently, irrespective of whose party it is. But when he is interested, he talks brilliantly. He and his wife read madly until two and three o'clock in the morning. He abhors, both verbally and actively, class distinction. His reaction to you depends solely upon you as an individual, whether you police the studio grounds of the Warner Bros. Studio or preside in a walnut-paneled Front Office.

ACTUALLY, as this new generation of stars has discovered, it doesn't matter what you do or don't do socially. The things that ruin careers are lack of hard work and cooperation in the studios.

For the most part, however, it is incredible how quickly almost all of the youngsters realize how much a good picture and also their personal success depends upon every last member of their company, every last member of the cast, every last member of the technical crew, the writers, producer, cameramen and director. And, realizing this, get in and pitch, making good team mates.

June Haver is outstanding in this respect. I predict great things for June, mistily golden, with her beautiful little legs, her sweet nature and the gaiety of a lark most of the time.

Recently a man much older than June who is an influence in motion pictures and also a wolf pursued her. There was not a split second in which she didn't know what went on. But she was as sweet to this man as she would be to an uncle. And when he finally pinned her down to a

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date she took her mother along with the bland assumption that he naturally had meant to invite her too.

No longer does this man pursue June as a wolf. Instead he champions her like an uncle, goes around telling everyone how sweet and innocent and gifted she is.

June looks like a lovely bisque doll but she's really a little smarty-pants with an extraordinary set of values, as she proved at a dinner given at the Ambassador for the late General Patton. Sitting with her at Zanuck's table, I found the excitement she knew over the many celebrities contagious. "Look at Clark Gable," she said. "There's Roland Young." "Oh, Miss Maxwell, General Patton!" But who do you think caused her the greatest excitement? Sidney Greenstreet! (The first time he will know this, incidentally, is when he reads it here). "To me," she said breathlessly, "he's one of the greatest actors. Did you ever see him on the stage . . . oh, I wish I had . . ." Sidney Greenstreet really bowled her over—because she's keenly aware of his great technique.

JEANNE CRAIN is another hard worker. Sometimes, however, I wonder if Jeanne isn't too sweet and self-deprecating. It may be her marriage will help in this respect. Certainly it is a step in the right direction. I don't mean it will be a good marriage. I don't know. But when Jeanne married Paul against her mother's wishes and everyone's advice, she asserted herself, proved she knows how to be other than docile. That, in spirit, is promising.

These young stars have a healthy respect, I find, for their elders. They realize people who have been around a long time have learned things. And some, Peter Lawford, for instance, show great deference towards their parents.

Always, if Peter is going on with his

crowd after dining out or attending a movie with his parents, he walks them to their car and sees them safely inside. One night, leaving a premiere, he and his parents were torn apart by autograph hounds. "Mothah," he called over the heads of hundreds of fans "Mothah, can you make it to the car? I'm so sorry . . . but . . ." Then another mob closed in.

When Lady Lawford got home, she said, "Peter didn't walk us to the car."

"Yes," said the General, "but I think we should overlook it this time. He was in rather an awkward spot. . . ."

Shortly Peter "belled" them. "Mothah . . . I'm so sorry I couldn't walk you to the car." He had telephoned from a big party to apologize for not being able to get through the mob. Obviously he felt frightfully about it.

Peter fits in any group, has a gift for making other guests comfortable and is especially courteous to "wall flowers" and older women. He likes to dress formally, considering it very complimenting to women in long dresses. He's meticulous about sending his hostess flowers and a note after a party. Many of Peter's best friends, however, are girls and boys still at school and college; not important at all. His attitude towards them is the same; courteous and considerate to a degree. For instance, at dinner at a restaurant with him and several business friends I have seen him look at his watch at promptly eight o'clock and say, "I think I have a date. I'm supposed to call and see," and, discovering he did, depart to take a U.C.L.A. college girl to the movies.

Lon McCallister is another young man whose charming manners and ability to get on with all kinds of people will carry him far. Lon doesn't always think along conventional or orthodox lines but, unlike many of his age, he is tolerant of those

who do not agree with him and he doesn't foist his opinions on people, merely stands by what he thinks when this is necessary.

Another exciting young top-notch is Esther Williams. When Esther feels she needs help she goes directly to the person she thinks best can help her and follows his advice carefully.

At fourteen, a tomboy, Esther frequently was untidy and badly groomed. One day Esther's best friend in school told her she wasn't going to see her any more because she always looked so terrible. Afraid Esther would hurt her social career with boys, she had decided to choose a more glamorous friend.

Esther went home, told her mother what had happened and asked what she should do. Her mother, who had been trying to tidy her up for years, told her how to groom herself. Esther followed her suggestions implicitly and has been careful about her appearance ever since.

They know what miraculous good fortune their careers represent, these young stars. And they work and study assiduously. But one and all they refuse to play a part away from the studios. Outside of their actual work they live as they please and think as they please, dress as they please and see whom they please. They turn their backs upon any and all of the pretension that Hollywood once considered vital to a star's survival. And older stars, who throughout their careers have given up doing those things they wanted to do in order to do those things they thought they must do, look on with stark unbelief.

The kids have taken Hollywood over, just as their contemporaries are taking over other towns and villages and cities everywhere. And Hollywood, revitalized and rejuvenated as a result, promises to be a better place than it ever was before.

THE END



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Flynn Versus Flynn

(Continued from page 56) lated to emphasize the burlesque.

"It's the result of being a heaven-sent sucker," he continues. "I realize it but I don't seem to be able to do anything about it. I keep on trying to out-shrewd all the wrong people."

"There was a time when I used to think I was wise in the ways of men, although not too wise in the ways of women," he shakes his head sadly. "But it took Hollywood to teach me I was much too optimistic on both counts."

Withal, Errol is sentimental about a number of things. Beauty, dogs, animals (he invariably distinguishes in conversation between dogs and animals), trees and boats. When you ask him, "What about people?" he looks at you too innocently, inquires: "Oh, did I mention people?"

DESPITE his vaunted disillusionment in humankind, he has a great capacity for friendship and, what's more, he puts it to work. Two men in particular testify to this. They are not producers or directors or actors. They're not important people, according to Hollywood standards. One is Jim Fleming, his stand-in; the other, Buster Wiles, stunt man on all his pictures. You rarely see Errol around town without Jim or Buster somewhere in the offing. It's not the usual "star and satellite" Hollywood arrangement, either. Definitely not. They're just three guys who happen to like and understand each other. And when trouble comes to one of them—or all three of them, as has happened in the past—they see it through together. Errol likes loyalty in his friends and pays them back in the same coin, whether it's a traffic ticket, an ill-advised blow at someone's butler during a party or a court trial. There's never any question of "Don't ring me in on this." They consider trouble for one is trouble for all.

Another pal is Raoul Walsh. Their friendship started when Errol's usual director, Michael Curtiz, was busy on another assignment and couldn't take over when one of Flynn's pictures was ready to start. Errol took a chance on Walsh, then liked his work so well he's asked for him on most of his pictures since. It was by way of being a comeback for Walsh.

John Decker, the artist, is another close crony. Their mutual interest in art and the late John Barrymore was the basis for their friendship. Decker painted a portrait of Barrymore, and Flynn went over to see it. They've been buddies ever since.

In fact, they opened an art gallery together in Beverly Hills. Errol's own collection is magnificent, though very small because at the moment he hasn't enough money to increase it. Boats are expensive, too. But more of that anon.

The Flynn generosity is something you hear very little about. Few people know that he did his Cockney song-and-dance number in "Thank Your Lucky Stars" without salary. What he earned he turned over to the Hollywood Canteen.

The idea for the number about the colossal Cockney liar, which turned out to be one of the high spots of the picture, was his own. He thought of it while sitting around the set with Judith Anderson one day, telling her Cockney stories.

It seemed like a wonderful idea, until the time came to do it. Then he realized that the cost to him would be more than mere money. It was probably the only time in his life that he was really afraid of anything. Never before had he done a song-and-dance number, and on the day they started shooting he was scared stiff. If he weren't the kind of guy who likes to finish what he starts he would have given



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up. Besides—there was the Hollywood Canteen.

Contrary to the popular impression, Errol spends a great deal of time alone. He likes being by himself in his charming home set high on the ridge of Mulholland Drive.

This undoubtedly is the reason for the strange pattern of his off-again-on-again marriage to Nora Eddington—this intermittent need for being a one-man unit unto himself. It began in typical “it’s my own business” Flynn style.

The Hollywood gossips had had a field day discussing the romance, but not even the most imaginative of them had guessed a secret marriage. Then one day, Jimmy Fidler in a broadcast announced that a few days previous the birth of a baby, Deirdre Flynn Eddington, had been duly recorded in Mexico City. The baby had been born on January 10, 1945.

The wire services picked up the flash, and their representatives besieged Errol, who was in Mexico City at the time.

The “Deirdre Flynn Eddington” had thrown them off the track until inquiry revealed that in Mexico when the birth of a baby is registered, the father’s surname is given first, then the mother’s.

When the press finally got to Flynn he flatly denied the marriage. He went back to the United States, still denying it. But when Nora and the baby arrived in Hollywood by plane a month or so later, she confirmed the marriage. She had become Mrs. Flynn, she told reporters, in Acapulco, Mexico, in August of 1943.

Errol stopped denying the marriage.

BUT the gossips had another juicy bone to chew on because Nora and the baby, it turned out, had gone directly from the airport to the home of her family.

Once again, Errol had “nothing to say.”

It’s been anyone’s guess ever since as to the status of Errol’s marriage. Sometimes Nora has lived in the Flynn house, sometimes with her family. There have been divorce rumors, apparently refuted by Errol and Nora’s appearing in public together directly afterwards. And there have been reconciliation rumors, also apparently refuted by the separate appearance of each in public with other dates.

Last New Year’s Eve was a notable example. Errol was “doing the town” with Ida Lupino, his co-star in “Escape Me Never.” Nora was being squired around by Bob Hutton. To the great glee of on-lookers—but with no apparent embarrassment on the part of the principals—this foursome kept bumping into each other in practically every night spot in town.

Nora was definitely with him recently, however, on Errol’s first voyage on his new schooner, the *Zacca*, when he sailed it from San Francisco.

“And don’t call it a yacht,” begs the sailor. “It’s not a pleasure craft. It was used by the Navy during the war and before that it was used on scientific expeditions to study marine life.”

Errol plans to use it to film background shots which he can sell to producers. His first trip will be up the Amazon River. He’d like to stay a year, but his picture commitments will probably limit the first voyage to a few months. Eventually he plans to sail around the world.

The *Zacca*, a 118-foot craft with two Diesel engines and two masts, is being outfitted for the South American trip now. It sleeps from three to thirty people. It has a freezing unit to keep at an even temperature the film he will make. He also plans to develop the film on board ship.

Verily, a departure from the pre-Hollywood days when he sailed a tramp schooner in the hazardous waters of New Guinea. On one occasion he found himself stranded in New Guinea with three

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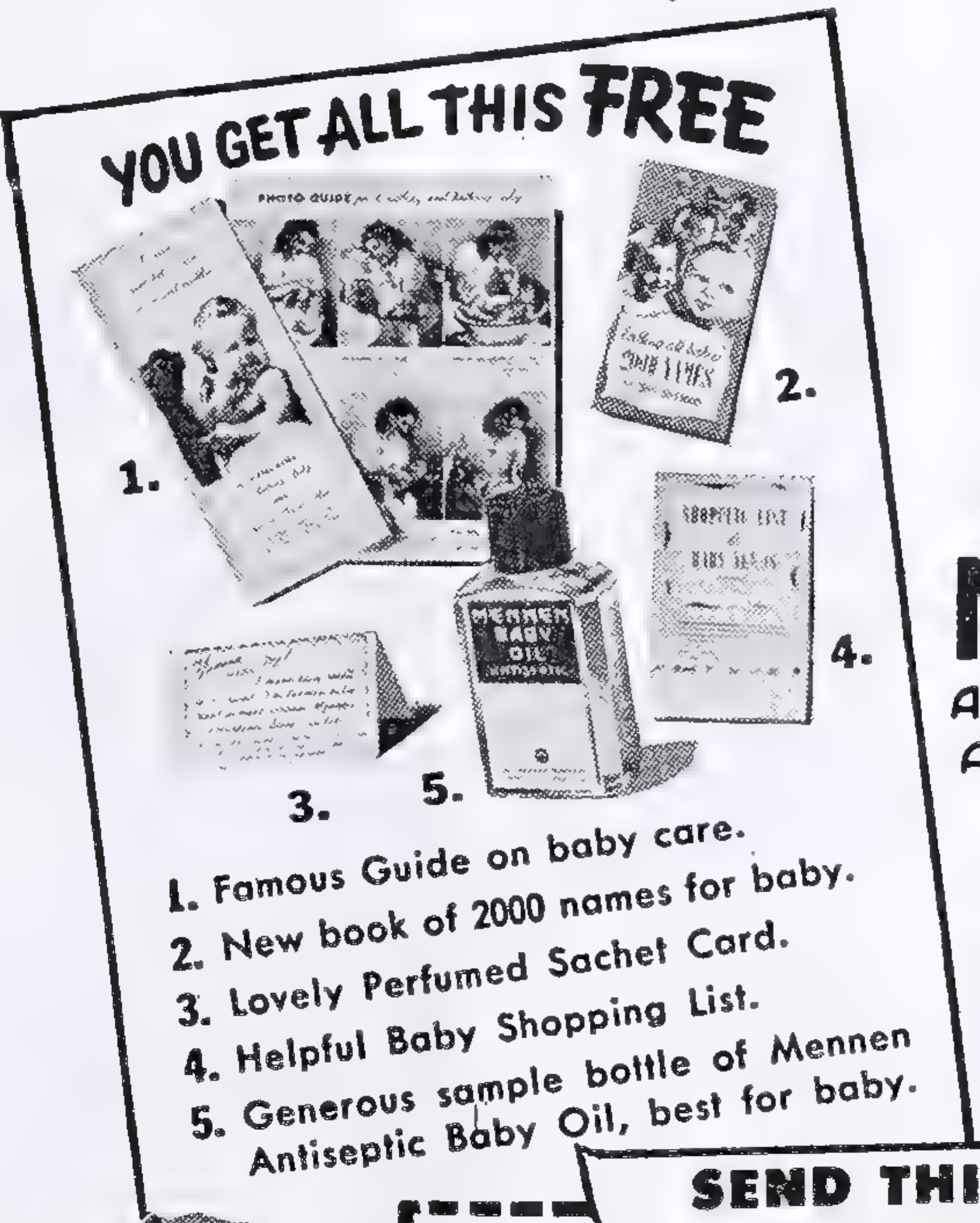
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This new, modern formula relieves teething pains quickly. Just rub a few drops on sore gums. Effective! Non-injurious! No dosing. Does not upset baby's stomach. Costs little. Buy it at your drug store.

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NUM-ZIT
TEETHING LOTION



pals. They had brought the schooner up from Sydney and wanted to head west. Unfortunately, there was no money for oil for the engines nor, so far as that goes, for a supply of canned food. They couldn't stay in port without money, so they decided to go east with the wind, heading for Rimor even though their charts didn't run that far. When they arrived, they stocked up with native food and prepared to start next day.

ERROL doesn't believe in fighting against fate. Much as he wanted to head west, it looked as though he was destined to go east, and he was ready to accept it.

"I'm not one to jump the rapids," Errol says. "There's little of the salmon in me. I'll always go the way the water is running."

But fate stepped in. The evening before they were to sail, one of his pals invested his all in a poker game—and won sixteen pounds. Their oil and food problem thus conveniently solved, they headed west.

Since then, he's a more confirmed fatalist than ever.

In the present expedition, the oil and food problems are practically nil, thanks to the profits of swashbuckling. Errol will do the navigating himself. Buster Wiles, his stunt man, will accompany him.

The question then became: Would Mrs. Flynn also be aboard?

For some time Errol wouldn't say. But it has now been announced that not only will she accompany him on the expedition, but she will be his leading lady in the picture he plans to make. Sounds like the unalloyed romance of adventure. Yet what bold soul would dare to predict in advance of the fact that it would come to pass—Flynn being Flynn?

It all depends on whether or not Errol has promised himself that this shall happen. For he believes when you make a promise to yourself you should keep it. And he does.

"I only wish," he adds hastily, "that I were as reliable about the promises I make to others."

Thus in one parting sideswipe does he prove his dogged determination that there shall be no whitewashing in this business of Flynn versus Flynn.

THE END



Three on a match—Errol Flynn with his two best friends, stand-in Jim Fleming and stunt-man Buster Wiles

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A STAR SAYS

Thanks

In which Greer Garson talks of the thrill of winning her Gold Medal

Editor's note: When Greer Garson was awarded Photoplay's coveted Gold Medal she forgot, in the excitement, to give the speech she had prepared. We thought you might like to know how she really feels.

I am sure I speak for all actors when I say that these Awards are an encouragement and an inspiration in a very special sense. Recognition by the professional standards of critics, exhibitors and members of our industry here in Hollywood are all interesting and valuable, but the Gallup movie poll, organized by Photoplay, has a particular interest for actors because it gives them, in a way, direct contact with their audience. Although the mechanical conditions under which motion pictures are made are in many ways of immeasurable help to the actors, there are times very often when we miss the presence and the stimulus of a warm and sympathetic audience such as we have in the theater.

Now any actor lucky enough to be given one of these Photoplay Awards can have with him always a visible and tangible reminder of the great invisible but very real and friendly audience that is waiting to see our screen plays months after we have worked to put them together on the sound stages here in Hollywood. And for these tokens and talismans we are very grateful.

I should like to thank Mr. Mayer for all the kind things he said about me tonight and to pay tribute to all my fellow-workers at Metro Studio to whom the greater part of these laurels belong. And may I say I am very happy to be teamed again in the movie-goers' vote with Bing Crosby, because he is a fine man who has done many fine and generous things, not only as *Father O'Malley*, but also as Mr. Bing Crosby.

This poll that Photoplay has organized is something we all appreciate, and as for myself, I cannot find words to express how deeply grateful I am for the honor that is represented by this beautiful medal.

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1. Get Models' Special entry blank at Drug or Department Store.
2. Fill in completely. Print name and address clearly.
3. Enclose with your picture (a snapshot will do) and a Models' Special make-up or lipstick box-top (or facsimile) and mail to Models' Special Cosmetics, 165 W. Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.
4. Judges are Harry Conover, famous New York model maker; Bradshaw Crandall, noted illustrator; V. Huntington Howland, Editor of Cover Girl Magazine; and Mary Bailey, Beauty Editor of Fawcett Publications. Decision of judges final. Entries will be judged and prizes awarded for photographic qualities in the entrant which in the opinion of the expert judges offer best possibilities for success as a model. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. No photographs returned.
5. All persons in United States, its territories and possessions, may enter—except employees of Models' Special Cosmetics, its Advertising Agency and their respective families. Contest subject to all Federal and State regulations.
6. Contest closes May 31, 1946. Entries must be postmarked before midnight of that date.
7. Winners will be notified by registered mail. A complete list of winners will be published.

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CANDY JONES, famous model urges

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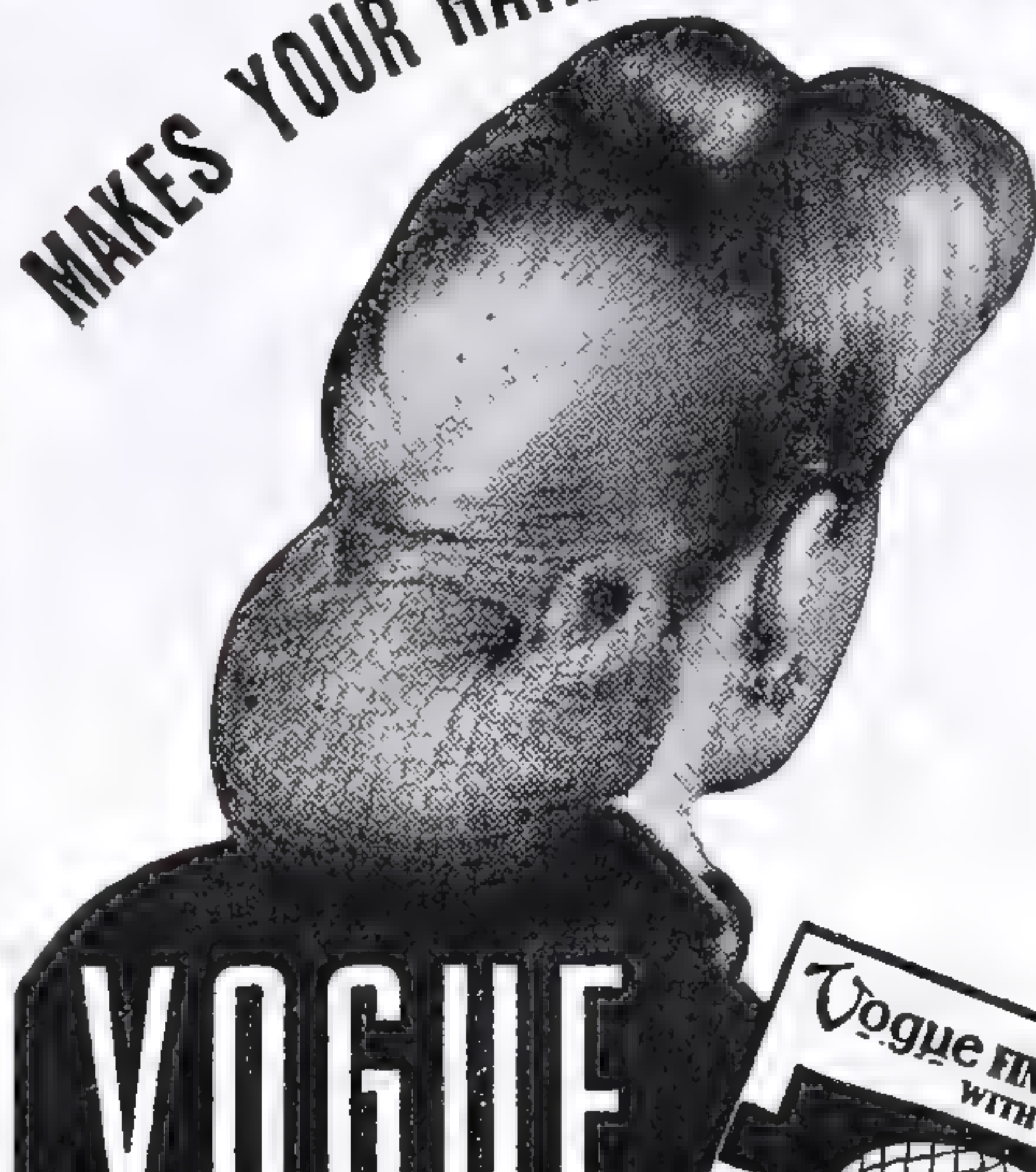
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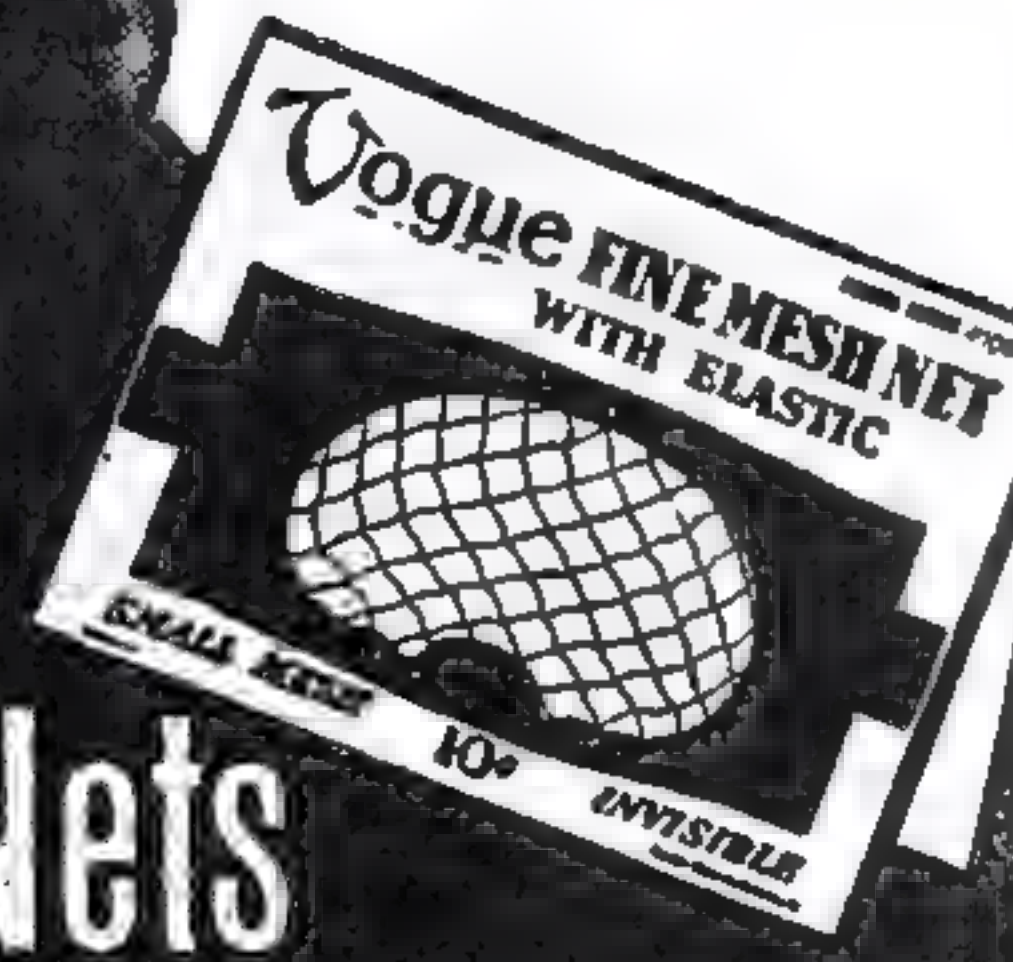
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You're Welcome, Joan

(Continued from page 35) high on her head and she was wearing a trailing, black negligee as we sat in the colorful library of her home, cozy warm and completely equipped with an Oscar!

"I know what you mean, Louella," she answered; "A year ago I would have said the same thing—asked the same question of myself. *But now I know what an Oscar costs!* I mean—what it costs in health, sweat and fears!"

I looked at the little gold statuette on the table beside us. It is no more than twelve inches high, made of metal with plating of gold. In dollars and cents, it costs about \$90. Bob Hope called it, "A bookend with a sneer"—and maybe that's all it seemed to be.

Joan must have followed my glance and my thoughts for she said quickly: "I haven't any words to tell you what comes as a part of being chosen a candidate! You want to win more than anything else in the world—and yet there is the gnawing fear that it is too much to ask for, too much to hope for. The weeks following the Academy nominations and the night of the awards are almost more than anyone can bear.

"It kept running through my mind like a broken record, 'Can I win? Can I win?' My nerves began to rip into shreds. And then I would think, 'Do all of them go through this—or is it just me?' As the time drew near I noticed I was unable to eat, I was losing weight by the pounds. Sixteen pounds, to be exact. And then, five days before *the night*, I caught the flu. In my run-down condition, it was bound to hit me harder than if I had been in my usual health. My doctor put me to bed immediately—but even then I supposed I would be able to make the Awards whether I won—or lost.

"But still I worried and it made me even more ill! Right up to the very time to leave the house, I thought I could make it. My dress was ready, everything was ready. When Dr. Branch told me that it was his orders that I could not leave bed, I was the most disappointed woman in the world."

IN all the years I have known Joan, and I have been with her through many dramatic moments, I've never seen her so emotional about anything.

The words seemed to be actually tumbling from her as she continued: "And the extra people—the bit players who have worked in my pictures for years. It meant so much when they kept telling me they had voted for me and wanted me to win. It was the first year they had had the vote, you know." Suddenly, she didn't seem like Crawford, the star, at all. She was more like an excited school girl as she went over to the desk and scooped up an armful of telegrams, letters and cards from flowers. There were messages from telephone operators, messenger girls, carpenters and grips from both Warners, where she made her triumph, and from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where she had been a reigning star for so many years. Among the yellow-backed telegrams were wires from Ingrid Bergman, Bette Davis, Barbara Stanwyck, Louis B. Mayer, Jack Warner and hundreds of others from her loyal fans who have not deserted Crawford for a moment—not a single moment. On top, was a cute one from Barbara Stanwyck's son, twelve-year-old Tony. He wrote: "I know my mother wrote you, but I want to appeal to my happiness in your success!"

"Now what does that mean?" laughed Joan. "I think Tony is as mixed-up as I am!" The little boy may have his words

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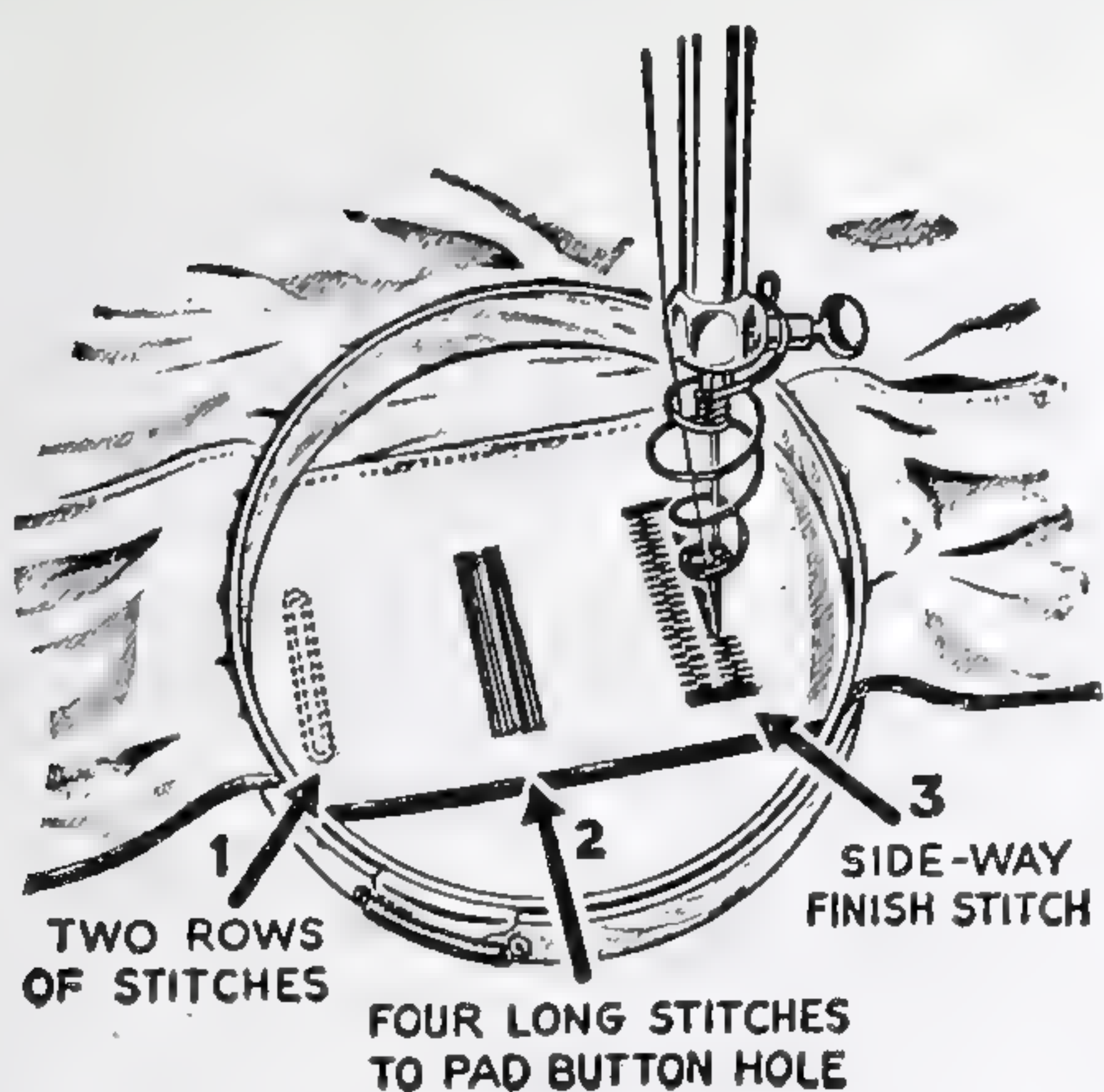
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twisted, but the spirit was there and how Joan loved it. Another "important" wire came from Harry Rapf, the M-G-M producer who first discovered Joan dancing in a New York show, brought her to Hollywood and gave her the first chance. She was very sentimental, too, about it.

I thought—Joan is the type of girl who blossoms like a flower with praise and kind words and who droops like a plant in the hot sunshine when she is criticized. I've never known a person as sensitive to what other people think.

This day, basking in the praise of the entire industry and most of the press (the Los Angeles Times film writers had boosted Ingrid Bergman and held out for her until the last minute), she was joy itself—a joy to behold, too, in that trailing negligee with her flaming hair high on her head.

"Well, anyway," I laughed, "I'm glad you lost those sixteen pounds worrying over Oscar and not some other man! And now that you have won the greatest honor Hollywood has to give you, what about the plans for your private life?"

I KNEW that Joan was planning to file suit for divorce from Phil Terry within a few days. It was the third time a marriage had ended unhappily for her and I was eager to know if she planned to be just a "career woman" from here on in.

If I had expected her to say, "My work is my all now," the lady surprised me. She hesitated just a moment before she answered, "I can't say I'll never marry again, Louella, because—I get too lonely. I love my children, little Christina and Christopher, but I am a woman who does not like to be alone. Perhaps," she smiled, "I'll marry an Oscar who can't talk back. But seriously," she went on, "when and if I marry again, I want a man who will say, 'We are not going to live in your house. I will give you a house, and you can have it any way you want, but it will be our home, not yours.'"

"Oh, Joan," I said, "you would never give this up." She has just had Bill Haines do over her house, and it is so beautiful, so livable and so comfortable—simple and not overdone. "This house must be so full of memories for you. Remember when you and Douglas Fairbanks broke up and I used your typewriter and telephone to get the story to my paper?"

"If that telephone could talk," she nodded, "what a lot of stories of happiness and heartache it could tell. I have heard good things, wonderful things over it. The saddest news was the message that one of my best friends, Paul Berns, had committed suicide. Sometimes it has rung with the word that someone has eloped. This telephone, this room, this house, holds almost all the important memories of my life."

I think I knew what she meant, for Joan has lived in the white, rambling, gracious home as Mrs. Fairbanks, Mrs. Franchot Tone and Mrs. Phil Terry.

"One thing is certain, Louella," she said. "My next marriage will not be a hasty one. I'll take my time."

"Why did you marry Phil in such a hurry?" I persisted.

"I was so lonely," she replied. "I wanted companionship. Phillip," she told me, "is thirty-seven and not years younger than I as has been printed so often. So it wasn't a matter of age. It was merely that we were not congenial and compatible. We had so little in common; so few matters to discuss together. We would sit for hours without saying a word."

She shrugged slightly and the shrug said louder than words, "But that's over now. It's in the past. Forget it."

I doubt very much if the right man, or any man, is important in her life now.

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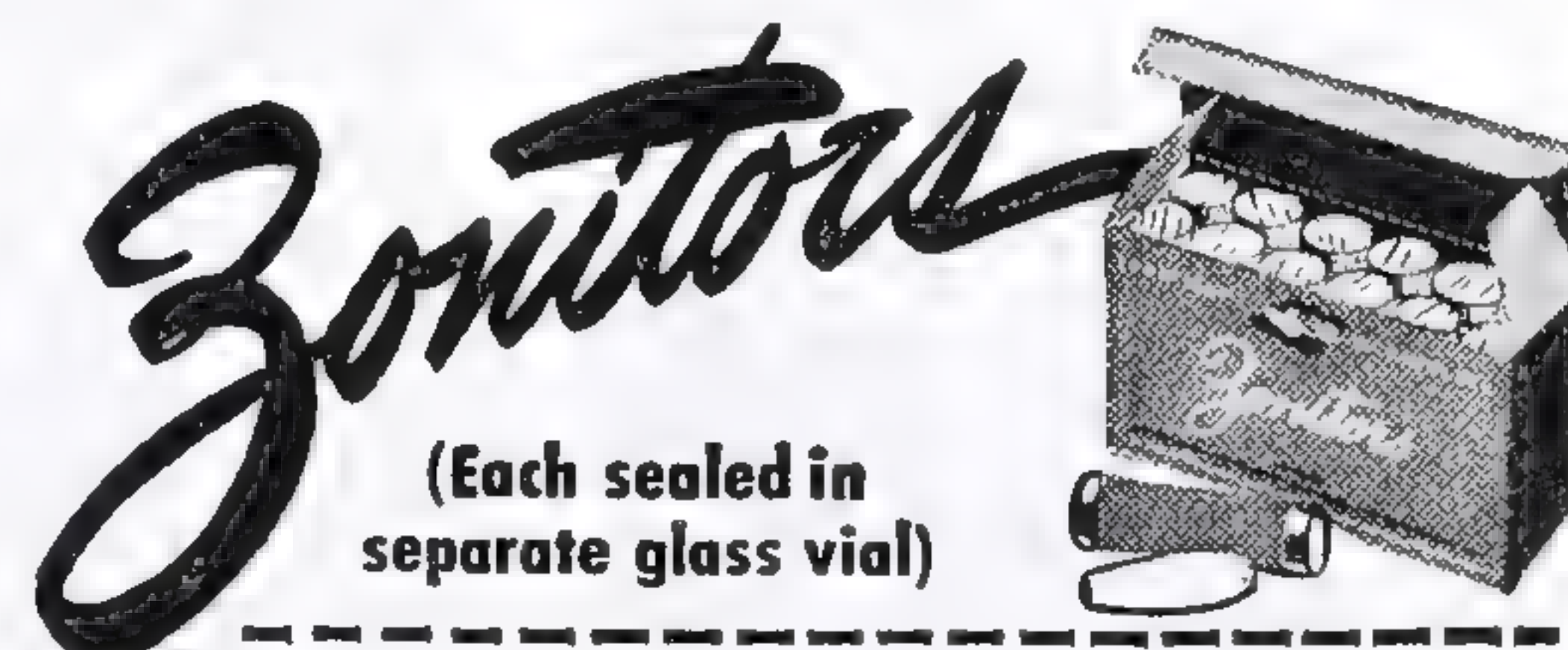
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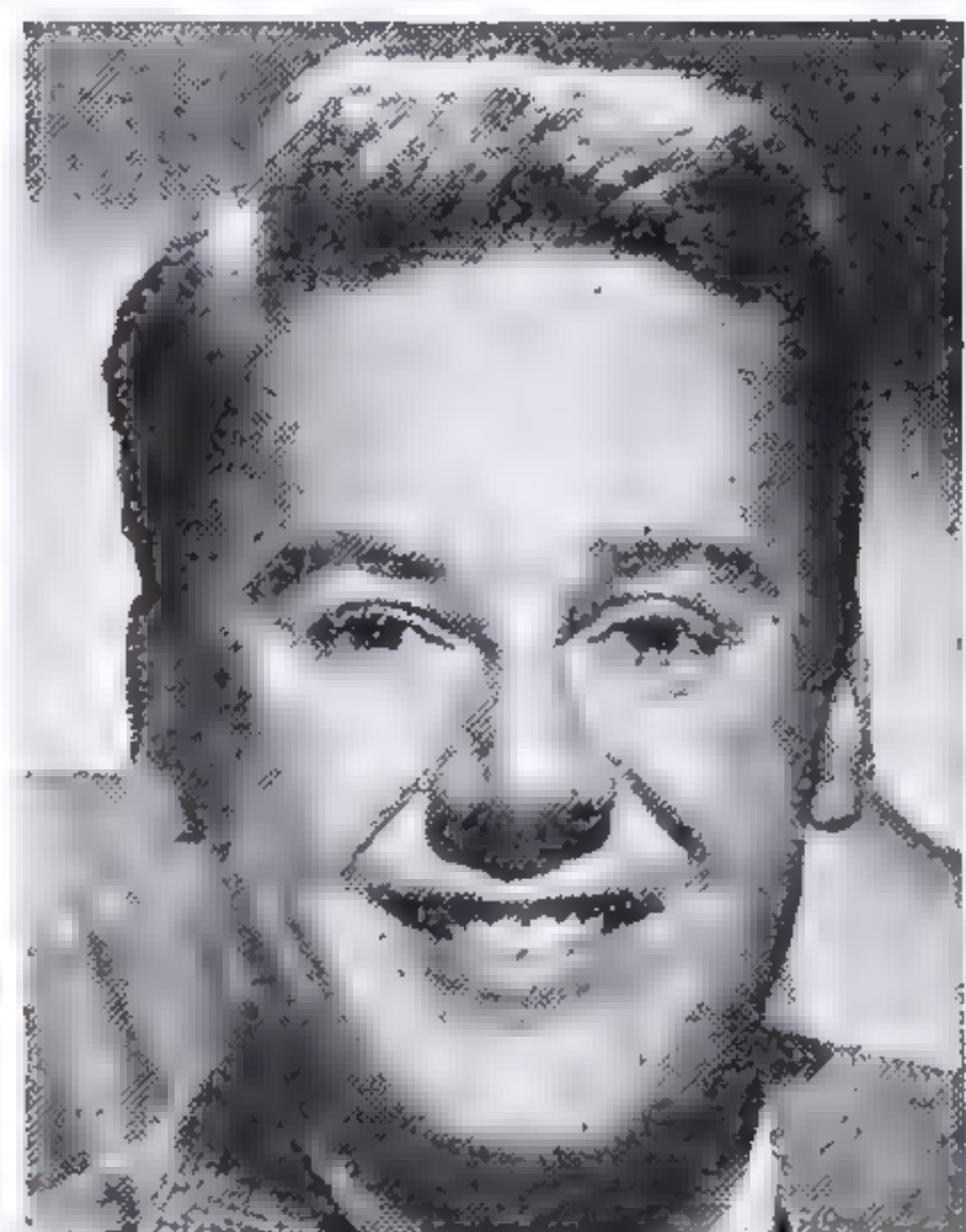
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Van Johnson

Oh, we hear rumors that this high-powered star or that top executive is quietly courting Joan. There are plenty of them who would like to take her out and to win her favor for she is very beautiful and gay and happy now. But whether she is quick to admit it or not, I think her future on the screen is the biggest thing in her life—and will be for months and months to come.

She adores Mike Curtiz, who directed "Mildred Pierce," and looks upon him as a minor god who can do no wrong. But it wasn't always that way.

When she started "Mildred" he put her through a post-graduate course of humiliation such as few actresses have ever suffered. When she came on the set in one of her usual smart suits with accented shoulder pads, he ripped off the shoulders! He wiped the heavy make-up off her lips and eyes. He ordered her to change into a "housewife's dress"—and all this in front of the crew.

"Then," said Joan, "when he found out I could take it, he started training me. After the picture was finished, we had a luncheon for the cast and crew and Mike apologized to everyone for the way he had treated me. I adore him. If, tonight, he called and said to be on the set, ready for 'Peter Pan' at eight o'clock in the morning, I would be there—such is my confidence in him.

"When I first learned I had won the Oscar, it was Mike I wanted to accept for me. And he came directly from the theater to my bedside bringing it to me. We laughed and cried and cried and laughed with first one of us and then the other holding onto Oscar!

"Perhaps I couldn't be at the theater that night as I had hoped. But we had our little moment of triumph—just four or five of us—Mike, his wife, Bess Meredith, my good friend Van Johnson, who rushed to my house—and I—and, yes, the children came in to share in our happiness even if it was way past bedtime. It was a day, an hour, a moment I can never forget so long as I live."

And that is one thing that Joan wants everyone who attended the Academy that night to know—if she could not be there, if the crowd could not share the actual moment with her, they *all* made it possible for her to own this shining happiness!

And because we are a sentimental people here in Hollywood we want her to know: "You're welcome, Joan. You deserved it. You earned it. And we are every bit as happy as you are!"

THE END

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PHOTOLIFE

in July Photoplay

June 12 or as soon thereafter

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Champagne and Pretzels

(Continued from page 43) ing about the unemployment problem, at least so far as secretaries are concerned. One of these appeared in the door with documents.

"Have you a second, Betty dear?" the secretary asked.

"More statistics! Oh, my God, how I hate money," shrieked Madame Briskin, slapping her brow like Bernhardt in "Tosca." "But I want it. Being poor but happy is malarky. I ought to know. I never knew where the next pork chop was coming from. Not that the rich are always happy either. Soon as I could afford a chop they put me on grapefruit juice—can you beat it?—every time I turned around, grapefruit juice!"

She reeled away with her secretary into the next room, the walls buckling to her expostulations. Soon she rotated back, tossing her hands and ululating.

"Don't mind me," she cried. "I'm always making a production."

The dressing room where we sat was silver and dusty rose; a fireplace embedded in antique mirror, a silver piano in a window recess, satin rose furniture against silver papered walls. "Too much of a production," Betty called it and announced she was doing it over.

Betty is too much of a production for anything more than a plain back drop.

"No one ever notices my clothes as they do Connie Bennett's," she wailed.

At the moment she was wearing above her shapely, shining legs a dark blue wool skirt, white crepe blouse, a perky checked jacket with scarlet lining and a square-cut kohinoor on the wedding finger sufficient to light a small city.

Her beauty also somewhat eludes you amid the fireworks of her personality even

though you have seen her in Technicolor. Hot chocolate eyes in ice cream whites, almond halo of frisky curls and a peach complexion, she is a fountain speciality for cannibals. Of course if you prefer to be classic she reminds you of those Venetian *principessas* whom Titian painted. She's gesticulant too, not violent as in her comedy but vivid as the Venetians. But her name was Thornberg and she was born in Battle Creek, where peppy breakfast foods come from. Could this account for her perpetual motion?

YEARS ago this reporter sought the vital secret of cyclonic Texas Guinan, perfectly impersonated on the screen by Betty Hutton in "Incendiary Blonde." Texas had the gusto of a village smithy. Once in a vaudeville act her horse kicked her.

"He kicked me as I was taking my bow," Texas said, "and on my bow. Doctors came all the way from Chicago to take X-ray pictures of it. They photographed it from all angles. Even from reconnaissance planes. When they looked at the pictures they said, 'Texas, you're so hard we can't tell your muscles from your bones.'"

"Feel those muscles!" Tex concluded triumphantly, extending an arm and leg.

Mme. Briskin, though informed of Miss Guinan's cordial cooperation, failed to offer the same hearty collaboration.

"Oh, those good old days, they didn't have to worry about a Hays office—now a Johnston," sighed Madam B. "Right now I'm getting ready to play Pearl White, the serial queen, who hung by her teeth to cliffs. I love playing those old-timers. They seem to have had so much color."

"And you are the only actress alive who can do it," said this dazzled old authority.

"The rest of the movie babes are too lady-languid."

"Maybe they have amoebas," said Madame charitably. "I had an amoeba. It makes you languid. I caught it playing the GI circuit in the South Pacific."

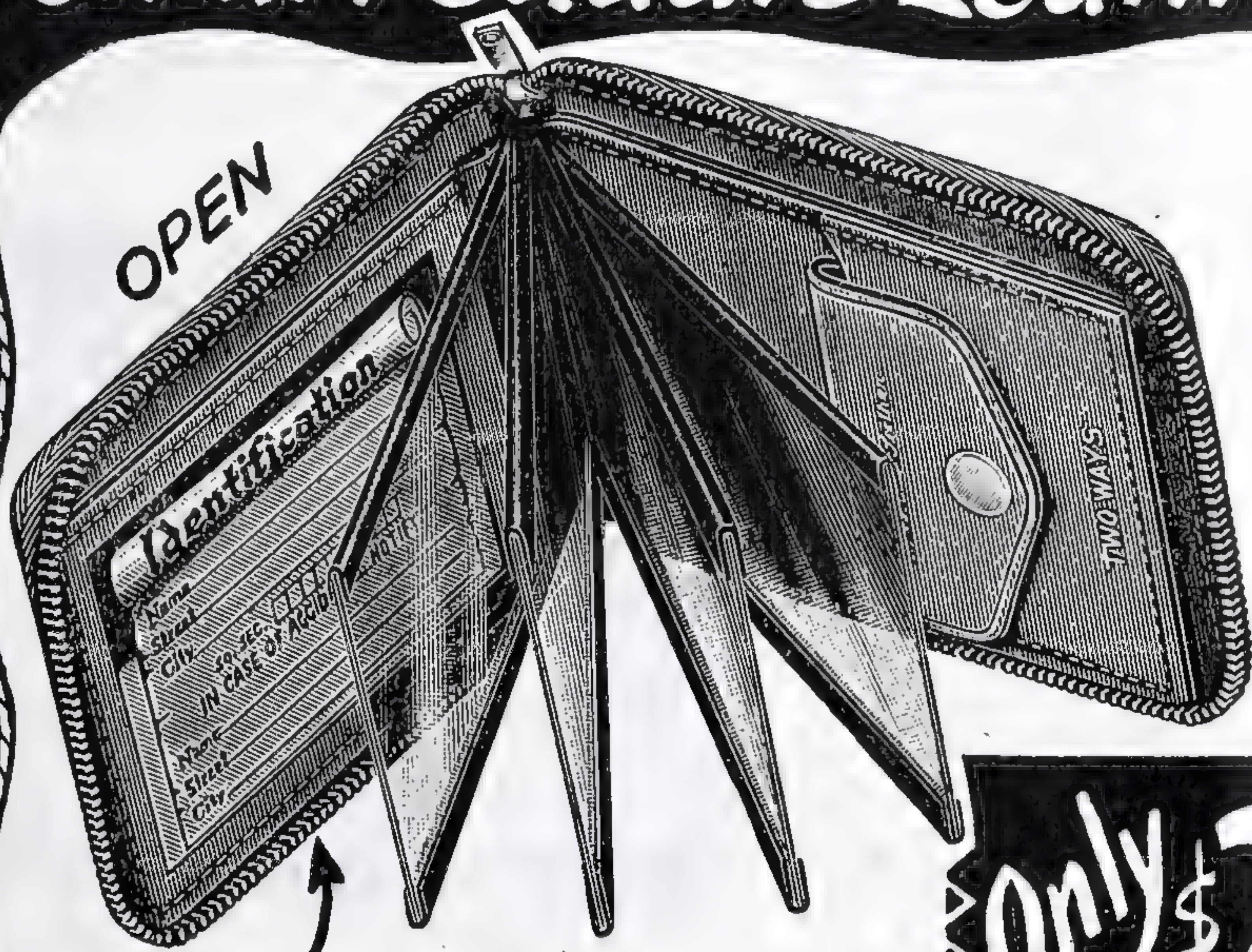
"Remind me to tell you about my breakdown. Never mind, I'll tell you anyhow. You wanted to know about my energy. It's just that I give all, all the time. I don't know how to take it easy. I knock myself out every day including Sunday. I work days and worry nights. Work and stew, that's Hutton, or it was till I cracked up and got married."

She failed to mention that she had toured every Army hospital in the United States, pranced and gagged and sang for two months in the mud and mildew of the Pacific, entertained longer and harder than any actress. In appreciation the Marines awarded her their own Oscar—a bronze mug-ugly leatherneck posed raw with broadsword. It is dedicated simply to the world's greatest trouper. On her European campaign she toppled over; the Army doctors put her away in a Paris hospital, then shipped her home.

"I seemed to have gone crowd-crazy," she said. "You've heard of circus elephants getting that way and stampeding. Soon as anyone got two feet from me I would start shaking and sweating. Then I would go numb from head to foot. I thought I was going insane. Doctors said nerves. They gave me thyroid pills."

"I was disintegrating like this—head shaking, glands jumping, pores opening and shutting—when I met Ted. I don't know what he married me for," she leaped up and drew her husband's arms around her. "Right in the midst of our wedding

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reception I got the jerks. Started bobbilating. My poor husband picked me up and carried me upstairs. He put me on the bed and talked to r... soothingly. In three minutes I was sound asleep. A heck of a wedding night!"

Now she's blooming and bouncing again, thanks to that old miracle-man husband who ordered a six-month honeymoon, threw out the darned grapefruit juice and brought on the steaks and took her walking in the hills.

"I used to think only squares went walking, but it's wonderful!" she said, astonished. "We hike all the time when we aren't eating, don't we, dear? Why don't you say something? You usually get in a word now and then. I'm talking too much. I love to talk. I would like to be a reporter and go about talking to people all over the world. Having no education, I leech onto everyone for knowledge. I read too, every night, everything."

DURING the presidential campaign she subscribed to both the New York Times and PM. She said she wanted both sides, conservative and radical, so she could make up her own mind.

And what did she turn out to be?

"She is a—a-liberal," interposed a visiting studio executive, apprehensive, no doubt, lest Madame B. announce she was an anarchist. "She is for the underdog."

"I should be," she said. "I have been one all my life. Worked from the day I was born, tending kids, washing dishes, singing for pennies."

Her mother worked in the upholstering department of the Chrysler plant in Lansing to support her and her sister.

A fur coat for mama was the object of Betty's first saving. All the profit of her last personal appearance tour went into a car for mama. Mrs. Hutton divides her time between her apartment in Hollywood and the home of her other daughter, Marion, the singer, in New York.

With the political campaign out of the way Betty turned from PM and the Times to less intense literature, mostly fiction.

"Trouble with fiction, I go about living the characters. I enjoy being someone else. I get so mixed up I don't know who I am. Right now I'm in murder mysteries—brrrrr—scaring myself to death."

"Please," said her husband, getting in a word at last. "Could you suggest some love stories for her?"

"Why Ted!" cried his spouse, properly suffocating him in proof that their one-day break-up is strictly past tense. Bubbling happiness, that gal, and no wonder. She's going to have the answer to her most fervent dream—a baby—and in a few months!

"She can cook too," he grinned, emerging from the rapturous embrace. "She puts more things into borscht than the Russians have thought up in ten centuries."

"Tell him about my biscuits, pet," said Mrs. B. then proceeded to do her own boasting. It seems they are extra thin and short and melt on your tongue, dear, and the recipe is a secret she will not share with Russia even though she is a liberal and is right behind the UNO for world peace, ready to turn bullets into biscuits, only, no one better say the reverse—that her biscuits are made of bullets.

Spaghetti is her favorite dish. Her chicken, which she soaks in a sauce overnight, would make Senator Claghorn forget Southern cooking. In fact, it has made her barbecues the talk of the town. Betty, the Barbecue Queen, they call her.

But that is the only reference to higher-ups Betty permits. Otherwise she's strictly for the underdog. And if you don't agree that she deserves the Oscar for being the most exciting, magnetic, edible actress, you can tell it to the Devil Dogs!

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 29)

Myrna Loy. Myrna leaves her farm in the country to visit city cousin Molly Lamont, openly admitting her purpose is to find "a husband of substance." When the news is carried to next-door neighbor Ameche, an inventor, he makes it a point to tell Miss Loy that she'd better not count on him because he hasn't any money. But as Myrna becomes engaged to a stuffy suitor, Richard Gaines, she realizes at the reception she loves Ameche, proposes to him and they marry. Without his realizing it, she prods and leads him on, shelters him from the results of his charming but unconventional behavior, and does an admirable job of raising their first son, Bobby Driscoll.

This is Miss Loy's first picture in two years. She looks lovely, and the part suits her well. Ameche gives the inventor an eccentric charm which lends authenticity.

Your Reviewer Says: Easy come, easy go.

✓✓ Smooth As Silk(Universal)

WITHOUT benefit of a box-office cast, this is one of the slickest, most convincing mystery yarns to hit the screen in many a murder.

Kent Taylor, a crack criminal lawyer, loves a calculating actress, Virginia Grey, who gives him the run-around by becoming engaged to producer John Litel. To get even, Taylor murders the producer and his well-planned alibi throws suspicion on his double-crossing sweetheart. Good judgment in handling of the story and smooth performances by all players make for an unusually strong brand of suspense.

Your Reviewer Says: Full of surprises—all of them good.

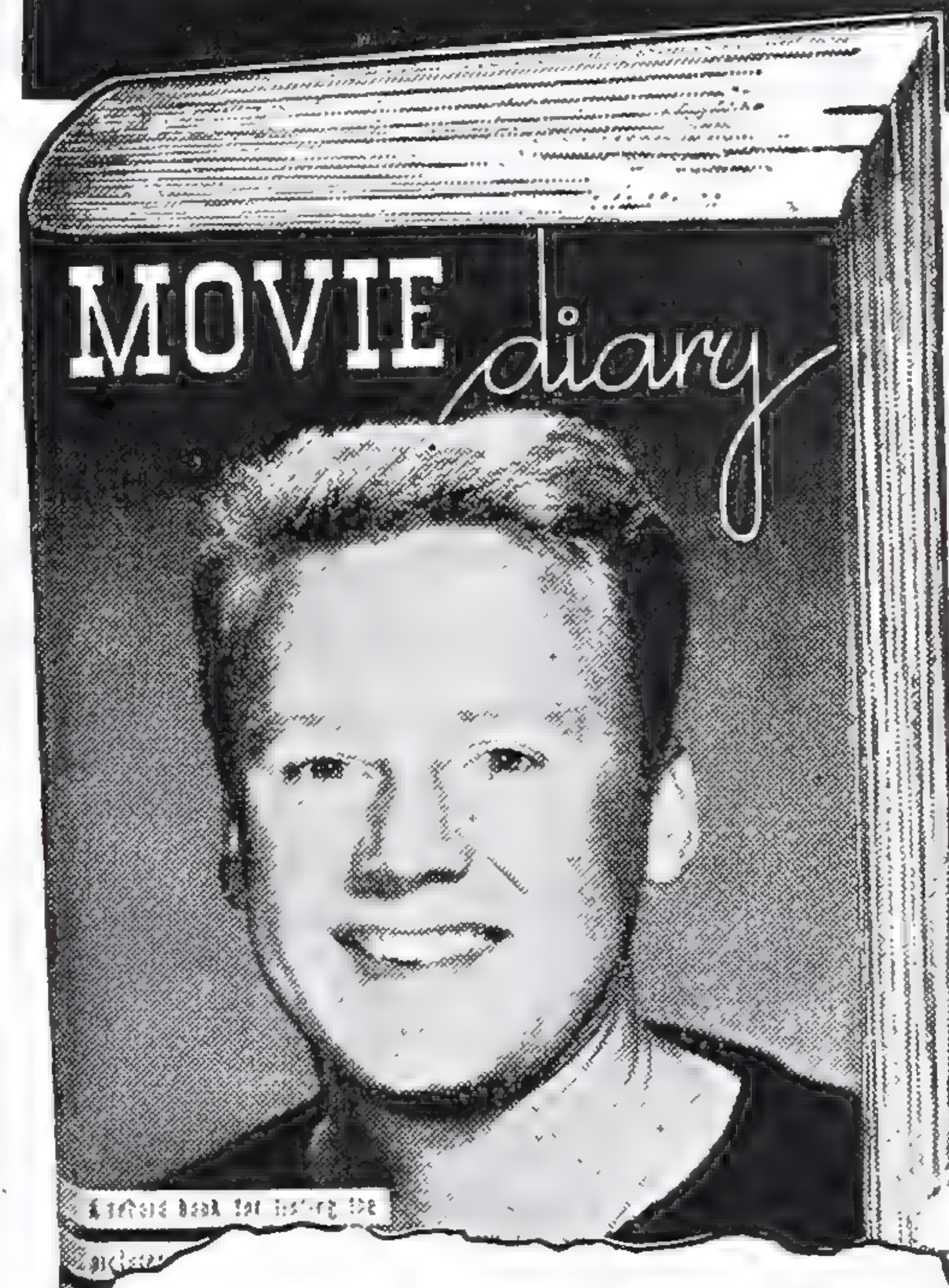
✓✓ Devotion (Warners)

THERE is a lovely haunting quality in this story of the four famous Brontë children, all of them talented and—"two of them touched with genius." Charlotte, author of the perennial favorite "Jane Eyre"; Ann, known for her poetry; Bramwell, the son and painter of the family; and Emily, the tormented genius who produced "Wuthering Heights."

The title is well chosen, for the lives of these four reveal an almost passionate devotion to each other; a devotion which could be broken neither by the drunken frustrations of the brother, nor by the rivaling between the girls.

Charlotte, delightfully played by Olivia de Havilland, is the spirited one who takes the family bit in her hands by sending for a curate to help out her aging father, the Vicar. And since family funds are congenitally low, she persuades Ann to join her by "going into service" with a wealthy family in order to give Bramwell his chance to win his spurs as a painter in London. Only Emily, who, as the eldest, somberly mothers the others, realizes the limitations of each and loves each all the more fiercely. While the others are away her love for the curate blooms, only to be stifled when the vibrant Charlotte returns and, unknown to herself, catches the curate's affections. Even literary success comes earlier and in greater abundance to Charlotte. Yet even as she is being feted by the press of London, it is Emily who her good friend, the great Thackeray, wants to meet. And it is Emily who will dominate your emotions when you see the picture. Ida Lupino plays her beautifully. It's by all odds Miss Lupino's best job in recent years. . . . Paul Henreid as the

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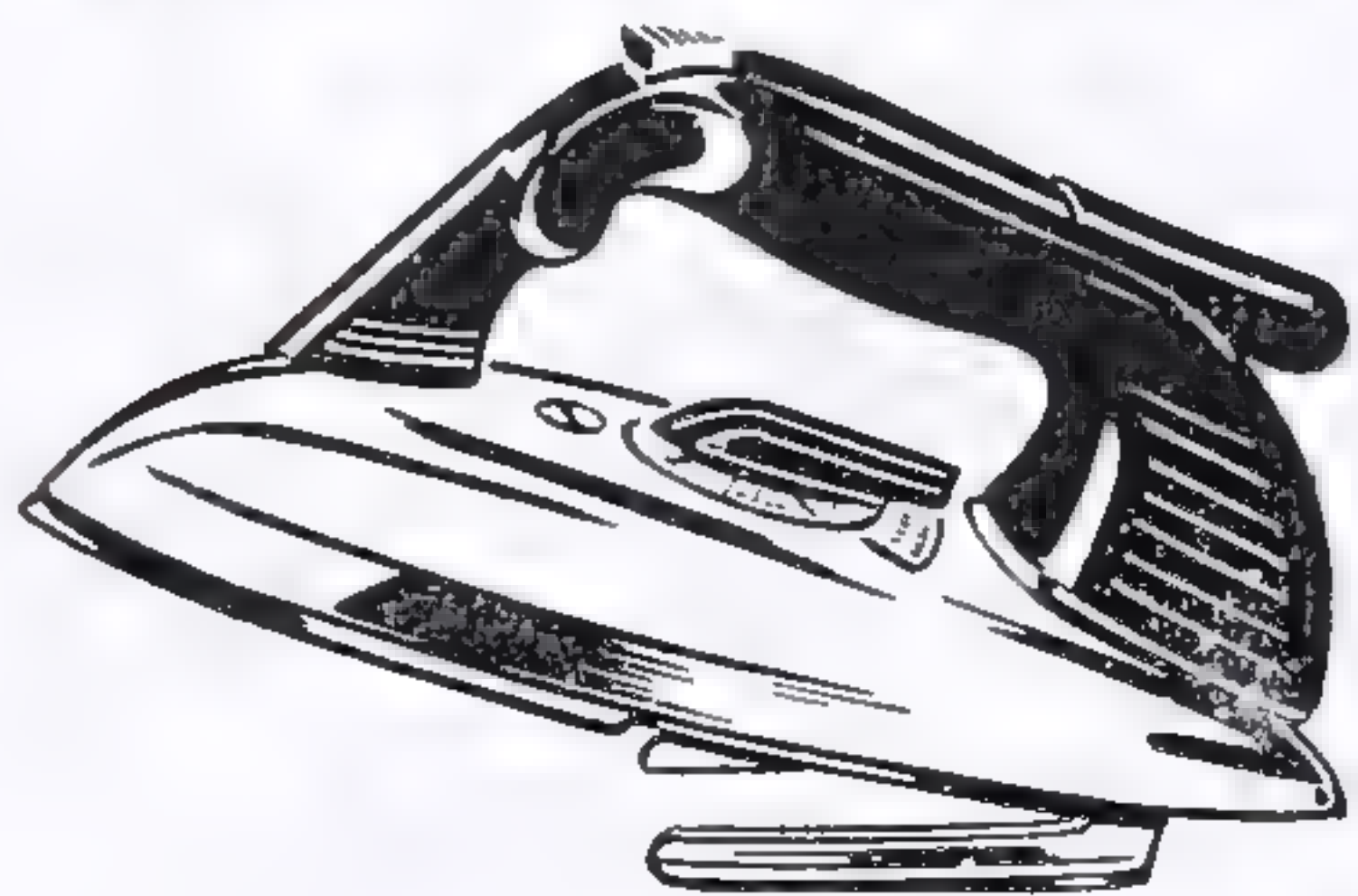
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curate makes an intelligent effort but his Viennese accent against the background of the Yorkshire village seems strange.

But the nicest thing about "Devotion" is that it brings back to us Olivia de Havilland who's been away too long.

Your Reviewer Says: Devote yourself to it.

✓ The Wife of Monte Cristo (PRC)

THIS time it's madame who fares forth with mask and sword to do battle for the common folk of France. The sequel to "The Count of Monte Cristo" is a lively little job calculated to please those who like their cops and robbers in satin breeches and twenty-yard capes.

John Loder, as chief of police, sets a trap to catch the unidentified *Avenger*, who has been upsetting his racket of selling bad drugs. With the scent getting too hot, the *Avenger*, who is none other than the Count of Monte Cristo, is forced to get out of town; whereupon his beautiful wife steps into his shoes and carries on the raids, thereby confounding all hands.

John Loder plays the corrupt prefect of police, who never forgets a lady's perfume, with smoothness and authority. The Countess gives Lenore Aubert her best American opportunity to date. She has both charm and command as the *Lady Robin Hood*. The weakest spot is Martin Kosleck, as the Count, who gives an excellent performance but does not physically suggest the romantic *Monte Cristo*. Special mention should be given Ray Collins for his perfidious collaboration with Loder.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair fare.

Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed

✓✓ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

ABILENE TOWN—Levey-UA: A Western to end all Westerns, this one is set in 1860 and has all the fixtures: Ann Dvorak, the barroom queen with heart of gold, Randy Scott tough and noble, thousands of people getting killed, cattle stampedes. (Apr.)

✓✓ **ADVENTURE**—M-G-M: Even if this is not the best vehicle in the world for the return of Clark Gable, it is one you won't want to miss, for Gable is as wonderful as ever, with Greer Garson as a librarian intellectual who falls hard for the seafaring guy, and then changes her mind twice. (Mar.)

ALONG THE NAVAJO TRAIL—Republic: Music is crowding the old Western right off the screen, but with Roy Rogers doing it, fans won't mind, though our guess is the kids would prefer more action. Dale Evans sings, as does Estelita Rodriguez and, of course, Gabby Hayes is present. (Mar.)

ANGEL COMES TO BROOKLYN, AN—Republic: The travel between heaven and Hollywood is quite busy lately, and this particular musical fantasy didn't quite strike our fancy, though it might yours. The spirit who tries to help some kids crash show business is Charles Kemper. Kaye Dowd, Robert Duke and David Street are the kids. (Mar.)

✓ **BAD BASCOMB**—M-G-M: Wallace Beery and Margaret O'Brien are teamed up in this one, with Beery an outlaw of the old West who, to escape the Federal agents, pretends piety and joins a caravan of Mormons heading for Utah. Marjorie Main is Margaret's grandmother, and Marshall Thompson and Frances Rafferty the romantic duo. (May)

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✓ **BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST, THE**—Columbia: Cornel Wilde is an energetic and colorful hero as Robin Hood's son who takes up arms when unscrupulous regent Henry Daniell attempts to dethrone the youthful king of old England. Anita Louise is the court lady in waiting who helps Wilde track down tyranny, Edgar Buchanan is Friar Tuck; and Jill Esmond the queen mother. (May)

✓ **BECAUSE OF HIM**—Universal: Deanna Durbin again turns to comedy, in a tale reminiscent of many others, about a waitress in search of a stage career, and her efforts to wangle it using New York star Charles Laughton and playwright Franchot Tone. Pleasurable, and Deanna still sings. (Apr.)

BEHIND GREEN LIGHTS—20th Century-Fox: William Gargan as a hardboiled yet honest police officer, Carole Landis as the love interest, Mary Anderson as a gangster's wife, murders, melodrama, all in one evening's routine in a police station, actually hangs together with a novel viewpoint to make a pretty good little B picture. (Apr.)

✓ **BLUE DAHLIA, THE**—Paramount: A tough mystery drama about a veteran Alan Ladd, who finds his wife, Doris Dowling, has been untrue. He fights the other man, Howard da Silva, thus providing someone else with a fine alibi for murdering Miss Dowling. Alan tries to find the murderer since he's under suspicion himself. Veronica Lake has a small but effective part. (Apr.)

BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD—Golden-UA: If you're a woman loyal to Tom Breneman's radio program, you'll probably like this picture, showing a genial master of ceremonies who finds time to patch up romances and be kind to old ladies. You'll also see Hedda Hopper, Spike Jones, Andy Russell, King Cole Trio, Bonita Granville, Eddie Ryan, Billie Burke and Zasu Pitts. (Apr.)

CAPTAIN TUGBOAT ANNIE—Republic: How Annie has changed since Marie Dressler first brought her to the screen with Wally Beery! She's pretty mellow now and Jane Darwell does the best she can with the sticky story, but it doesn't seem like Annie any more. With Edgar Kennedy, Charles Gordon and Pamela Blake. (Mar.)

✓ **DEADLINE AT DAWN**—RKO: Against a background of murder and the necessity of solving it before dawn a charming love story develops between Bill Williams and Susan Hayward. Bill gets drunk with Lola Lane, later finds her dead, and since he is suspected, seeks the murderer. Suspects are Joseph Calleia, Marvin Miller, Jerome Cowan and Paul Lukas, all good portrayals. (Apr.)

✓ **DETOUR**—PRC: A pretty good little picture about a boy who tries to get his sweetheart a continent away only to be buffeted by fate in a most unusual way. Tom Neal is fine, and so are Ann Savage and Edmund MacDonald as Neal's opposition. Has a definite appeal. (Mar.)

DETOUR TO DANGER—Planet. On sixteen millimeter color film, somewhat blurred in spots, Planet productions organized for the use of small groups who want good clean entertainment. John Day and Nancy Brinckman make this a pleasant enough film, blending romance and suspense at a swank summer resort. (Apr.)

✓ **DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID**—Bogaus-UA: A peculiar picture that doesn't hang together very coherently, nonetheless this will undoubtedly be popular, with Paulette Goddard as the vivacious chambermaid in the home of possessive Judith Anderson and the son who hates her, Hurd Hatfield. Francis Lederer is the valet, and Burgess Meredith figures in it as an eccentric old codger. (Apr.)

DICK TRACY—RKO: If it isn't the most popular comic-strip detective (if not quite as square-jawed), brought to life by Morgan Conway! We loved Mike Mazurki as Splitface, and Anne Jeffreys tries to make ever-faithful Tess's patience believable. But we warn you not to have such a concrete idea of Dick's appearance that this will disappoint you. (Mar.)

✓ **DRAGONWYCK**—20th Century-Fox: Strong melodrama, with Vincent Price as the aristocrat owner of Dragonwyck, a house of hate. Innocent country girl Gene Tierney comes to the house as companion to the young unloved daughter and remains to fall in love with Price. When his wife dies, the two marry, and then sinister developments result. Glenn Langan is the doctor who also loves Gene. (May)

FEAR—Monogram: What a lot of awful things can happen from an innocent little check! The money-lender being killed and the depicting of Peter Cooksons' resultant mental torture is all right, we suppose, but why, or why, don't the movie-makers stop trying to solve things by dreams? (Mar.)

FRONTIER GAL—Universal: Another good old Western, but this was almost too much for us, with more crockery thrown and broken than we've seen yet. We do like Rod Cameron and Yvonne De Carlo but don't think they're quite ready to star, especially without anything sensible to do. But lots of people will love it. (Mar.)

✓ **GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER**—Small-UA: Dennis O'Keefe as a dumfounded scientist trying to keep his pretty wife Sheila Ryan from knowing about his mix-up (quite innocent of course) with Marie McDonald (Gertie of the garter) is not very funny.

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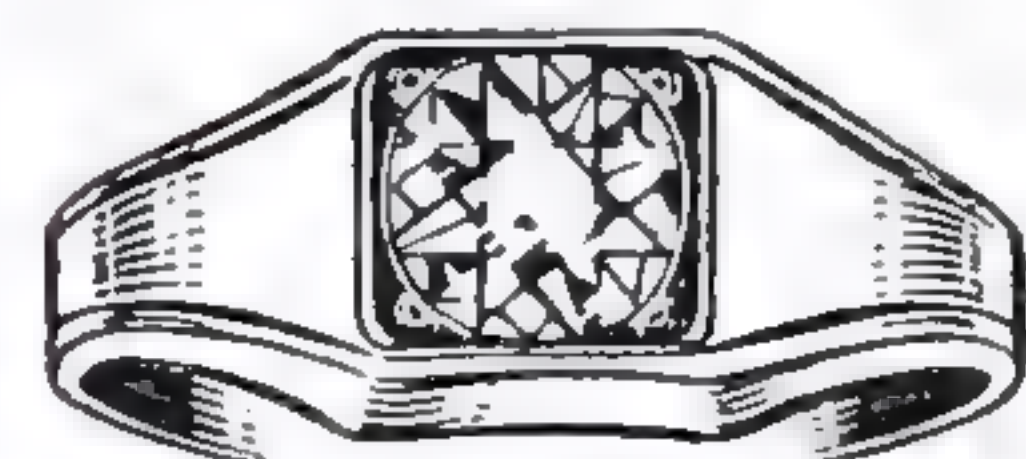
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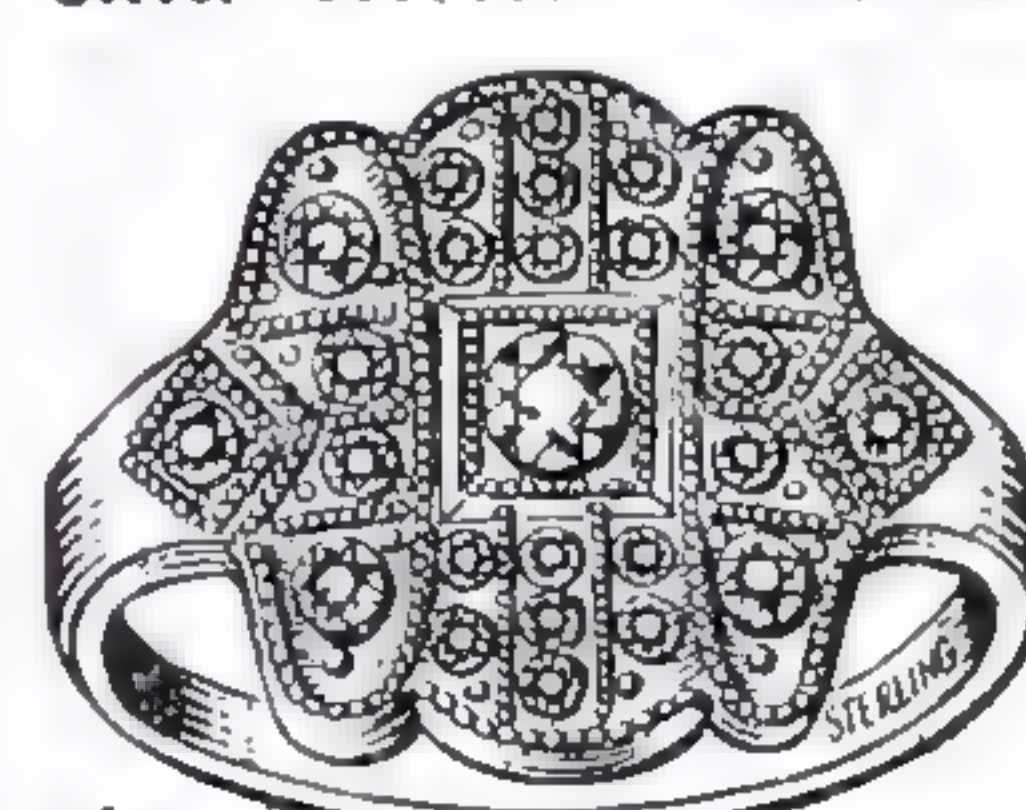
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We hear the story shocked our grandmothers, but it didn't shock us. (Mar.)

GUY COULD CHANGE, A—Republic: Alan Lane starts chasing women to assuage his sorrows after his wife dies in childbirth, letting his child, Twinkle Watts (who quite daunted us), run wild. Jane Frazee, who loves him, leaves when she sees how far he has fallen, but when he realizes his child needs his care, the way is paved for a reconciliation. (Apr.)

GILDA—Columbia: Embittered gambler Glenn Ford goes to work for George Macready in his South American gambling casino and the two become fast friends. Then Macready returns from a trip with a new wife, Rita Hayworth, the girl whom Glenn loves. The exciting melodrama then moves through a maze of German cartels, Argentine police and jealous lovers. You'll be fascinated by it all. (May)

HARVEY GIRLS, THE—M-G-M: When a Harvey Restaurant opened in the West in 1860, Judy Garland took the same train as the pioneer-waitresses to marry her correspondent fiancé. Discovering John Hodiak wrote the letters as a game, Judy joins the girls and has all sorts of experiences before her feud ends in true love. The music is wonderful and the people fun. They include Angela Lansbury, Preston Foster, Virginia O'Brien, Ray Bolger and Kenny Baker. (Mar.)

HOODLUM SAINT, THE—M-G-M: Hokumy as all get out, still the sure-fire performances of William Powell and Esther Williams will do much to hold your interest. Powell is the aggressive newspaperman who becomes a millionaire, and Esther is the girl who turns him down because of his lack of idealism. Angela Lansbury is a torch singer and you'll also see James Gleason and Rags Ragland. (May)

I RING DOORBELLS—PRC: This newspaper office setting provides some spirited dialogue with Anne Gwynne playing girl friend to Robert Shayne's reporter. We were disappointed in the not too accurate transition from the book, but liked it anyway. Cast includes Roscoe Karns, John Elderedge and Pierre Watkins. (Apr.)

JUNIOR PROM—Monogram: A catchy musical dealing with teen-age intrigue over the election of a high-school student-body president, with the students campaigning with jive music for their favorites. The revue stars Freddie Stewart, June Preisser, Judy Clark and Frankie Darro, and features the swing music of Eddie Heywood and Abe Lyman. (May)

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN—Fox: Readers of Ben Ames Williams's book will like this faithful transition to the screen, enhanced by color. Gene Tierney does the best job of her career as the psychologically over-possessive woman who disarranges so many lives. Cornel Wilde and Jeanne Crain are excellent. An outstanding treat. (Mar.)

LETTER FOR EVIE, A—M-G-M: Marsha Hunt, a shirt factory secretary, slips a note in a large-sized shirt, envisioning a big handsome soldier. The note reaches Hume Cronyn by mistake, a very funny yet pathetically timid little GI. Pamela Britton is Marsha's roommate and John Carroll the soldier for whom the note was intended. It's cute. (Mar.)

LITTLE GIANT—Universal: A really funny Abbott and Costello, with Costello as a vacuum cleaner salesman who thinks he's a psychic. Abbott has a dual role as Lou's employers who are baffled by the complications Lou's "psychic" convictions get him into. It'll give you laughs for far more legitimate reasons than the slapstick comedy the two usually give out with. (May)

MADONNA'S SECRET, THE—Republic: A tense, exciting whodunit with Francis Lederer as the artist whose models have an unfortunate habit of getting themselves murdered. When model Linda Stirling is found dead, her sister, Ann Rutherford begins posing for Lederer, hoping to find the murderer. Gail Patrick, Edward Ashley, and John Littel help keep up the suspense. (May)

MASQUERADE IN MEXICO—Paramount: Well, we didn't like Arturo de Cordova or Patric Knowles, we thought Dorothy Lamour and Ann Dvorak miscast, everybody seemed to be whirling with inactivity, and the music, singing and dancing were only fair. Outside of that the Mexican setting, we're happy to admit, was interesting. (Mar.)

MEET ME ON BROADWAY—Columbia: You've seen this backstage musical before, but it's still pleasant fare. Fred Brady is the theatrical producer who tries to break into the big time by staging an amateur show in a country club. Marjorie Reynolds is his singing and dancing star who gets jealous of his attentions to Jinx Falkenburg so gets herself involved with Loren Tindall. (May)

MISS SUSIE SLAGLE'S—Paramount: This interesting and unusual picture is the story of interwoven lives, held together by a woman (played by Lillian Gish) who runs a boarding house for medical students. It's tender and emotional, and you'll like Sonny Tufts in a new kind of role, Billy de Wolfe, Veronica Lake and Joan Caulfield. (Mar.)

MY REPUTATION—Warners: By far Barbara Stanwyck's best work since "Double Indemnity," this is an adult and intelligent picture of one woman's fight for her love against a convention-bound town, and even against her own young sons. Her strait-laced mother Lucile Watson, her lover George Brent,

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her friends Eve Arden and John Ridgely, are flawlessly interpreted (Apr.)

PILLOW OF DEATH—Universal: *Inner Sanctum* comes to movies with ghost-ridden houses, seances, murders, and Lon Chaney a very suspected attorney. Brenda Joyce is his pretty secretary, J. Edward Bromberg a spiritualist and Rosalind Ivan a delight as an Englishwoman. The pillow, incidentally, was used for smothering. (Mar.)

PORTRAIT OF MARIA—Mundales-M-G-M: A Mexican good-will picture with Dolores Del Rio playing an Indian girl who meets a tragic end. Pedro Armendariz tries to defend her from the over-moral and vindictive villagers. English is dubbed in, and the dialogue sometimes pretty silly, and perhaps foreign film fans will enjoy it best. (Apr.)

✓**PURSUIT TO ALGIERS**—Universal: Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce, inevitably *Sherlock and Watson*, this time sacrifice a vacation (they never get one, do they?) to escort a monarch safely back to the Balkans midst villains and imposters, but of course everything finally comes out all right. (Mar.)

REBECCA—Selznick-International: This picture is now being reissued, and if you missed it the first time you'll want to see this fascinating psychological study that made Joan Fontaine a star. *Rebecca*, Laurence Olivier's dead wife, never appears in the picture, but she dominates the whole story with her threat to Olivier's new marriage to Joan. With Judith Anderson and George Sanders. (May)

RIVERBOAT RHYTHM—RKO: Leon Errol's pattern in film making is still the same, and this weak-kneed farce in which, as an impoverished showboat captain, he pretends to be a Southern colonel is not very funny. Walter Catlett as the Colonel Errol impersonates offers solid support to the star, and others vainly tramping are Jonathan Hale, Marc Cramer and Joan Newton. (May)

✓✓**ROAD TO UTOPIA**—Paramount: Bing and Bob have never been so relaxed and enjoyable, as a pair of vaudeville hams headed for Alaska where Dorothy Lamour has gone to reclaim her father's mine. The boys pretend to be crooks while chasing the villains, Douglass Dumbrille and Jack LaRue. We howled with laughter. (Mar.)

✓✓**SAILOR TAKES A WIFE, THE**—M-G-M: Cute as anything, but sometimes too cute. June Allyson as the bride-in-a-hurry and Robert Walker as her eager groom are just right for their roles and are amusing in their first experiences with marital bliss. The film just misses being a tremendous hit, but it's still cute. (Mar.)

✓✓**SCARLET STREET**—Universal: The same characters from "Woman in the Window" try it again, and it's still good but not quite. Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, Dan Duryea and Rosalind Ives make the dark tale live, and we think you'll be intrigued, fascinated and repelled at the same time. (Mar.)

✓✓**SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY**—20th Century-Fox: A four-handkerchief picture, with Maureen O'Hara as the young actress who, knowing of her imminent death, adopts a child in the hope it will give her immature producer husband, John Payne, something to cling to after her death. But the little orphan's world is one of fantasy and John, in the grief of his wife's death, fails to understand her. (May)

✓✓**SEVENTH VEIL, THE**—Sydney Box-Ortus-Universal: An English psychological picture, this tells the story of Ann Todd who becomes a great pianist under the guidance of her crippled guardian, James Mason—Britain's No. One heartbeat. When Mason tries to break up her romances, the girl suffers an accident and then psychiatry enters to solve the riddle of which man she really loves. (May)

SHADOW RETURNS, THE—Monogram: Kane Richmond, nephew of the police commissioner, assumes the *Shadow* disguise in order to solve a series of murders which are baffling all the city's police force. Barbara Reed is the object of his love, Tom Dugan isn't. (Apr.)

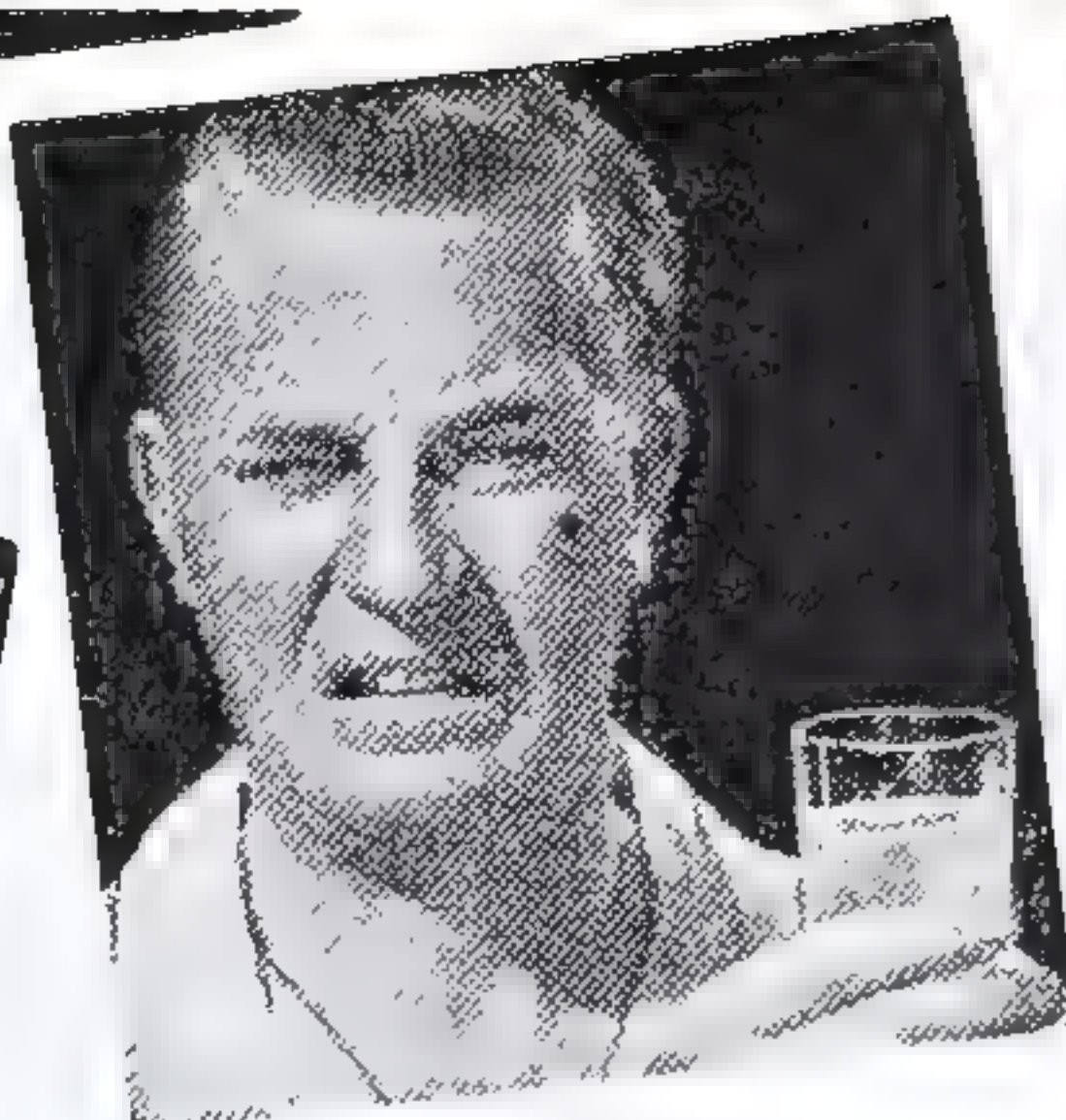
✓✓**SHE WOULDN'T SAY YES**—Columbia: How tired we are of women psychiatrists, career women trying to avoid love, and Rosalind Russell (who can be so good) acting coy. Nevertheless, this may intrigue you, and we promise you'll like Lee Bowman, Adele Jergens and Charlie Winninger. It could be better, but we've certainly seen worse. (Mar.)

✓✓**SHOCK**—20th Century-Fox: A different whodunit is this story of a girl who sees a doctor kill his wife and then is treated for shock by the killer. Vincent Price is excellent as the criminal psychiatrist who wants to destroy his hysterical patient; Lynn Bari is his nurse and partner in crime; Annabel Shaw the tortured young victim and Frank Latimore her husband. (May)

✓✓**SPIRAL STAIRCASE, THE**—RKO: This exciting murder mystery has a wonderful cast, headed by Ethel Barrymore, Dorothy McGuire and George Brent. The story doesn't always hang together, but what mystery does? The psychological twist in this case is a murderer who can't bear physical imperfections in people. Elsa Lanchester, Sara Allgood and Kent Smith lend good support. (Mar.)

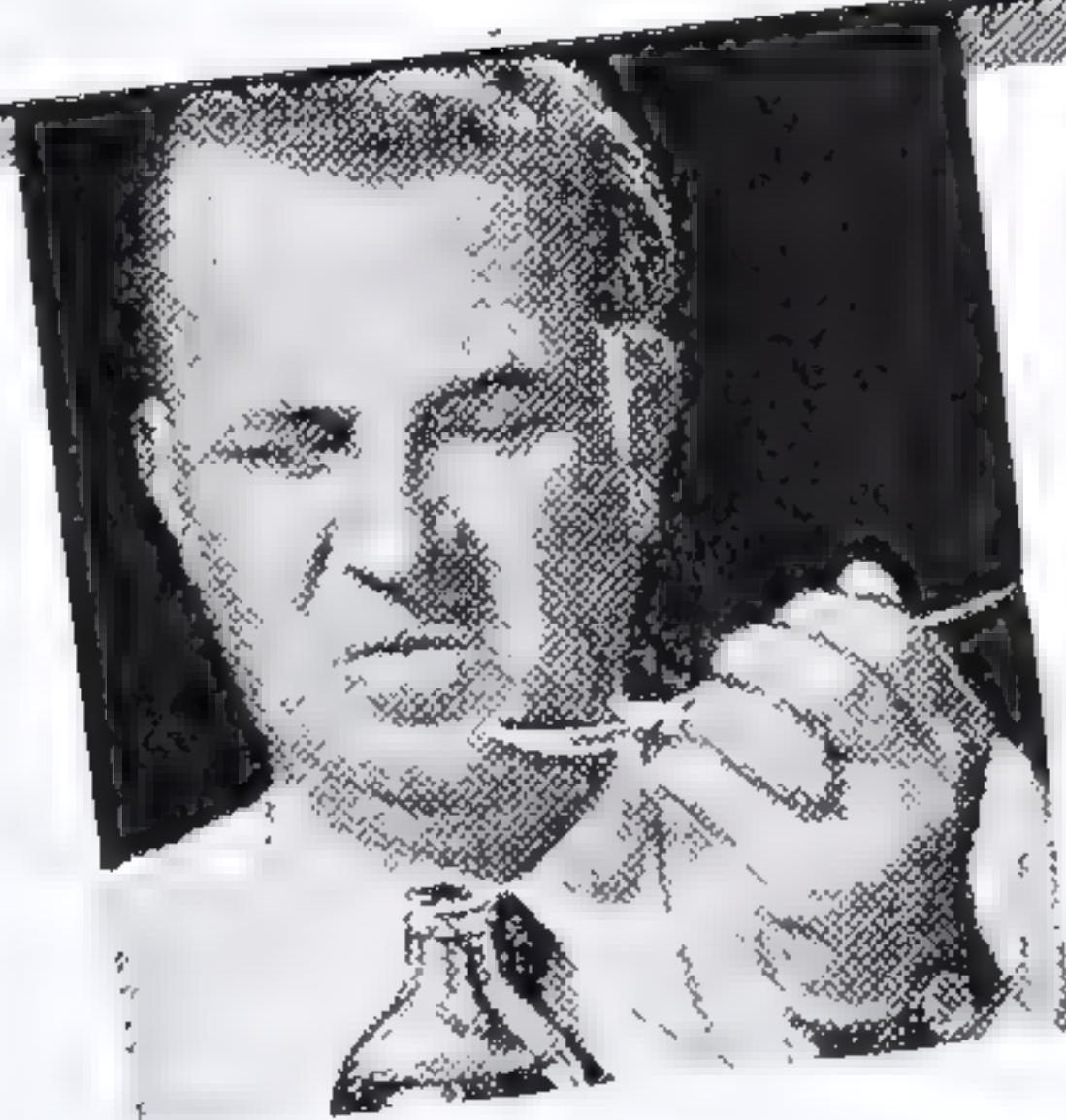
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independent production and we respect their effort. This is about a curious adventure, a boat and death. We thought Eddie good, and the picture interesting though not a strictly "Hollywood" job. (Mar.)

SWING PARADE OF 1946—Monogram: Gale Storm's the attraction of this opus—she acts, sings and dances most charmingly. Besides that, the picture is full of specialties: Connie Boswell, Louis Jordan and Will Osborn's music, the Three Stooges, Dance Director Jack Boyle in a number with Gale; and playing opposite her, Phil Regan. (Apr.)

VTARS AND SPARS—Columbia: At last the Coast Guard gets a musical for itself too, this one featuring the superb dancing of Marc Platt, pretty Janet Blair singing, and bright people like Jeff Donnell, Alfred Drake and Sid Caesar. (Apr.)

VTARZAN AND THE LEOPARD WOMAN—RKO: Tarzan, played as usual by Johnny Weissmuller, and Brenda Joyce get involved with the Leopard Men, a strange people with a stranger cult, and one thing happens after another with a fast pace. Acquannetta plays the high priestess of the Leopard Men, and her machinations keep the plot developing. With John Sheffield as Boy and Cheeta the chimpanzee. (May)

VTHEY MADE ME A KILLER—Paramount: Robert Lowery, innocently implicated in a robbery, attempts to track down the clues that will free him, aided by his loyal girl, Barbara Britton. The plot is neatly developed. Lola Lane, Edmund MacDonald and Frank Albertson round out the cast. (Apr.)

TIGER WOMAN—Republic: Kane Richards sleuths Adele Mara, who killed her husband for his insurance and then her boy friend Robert Fraser because he tried to back out. It resembles "Double Indemnity" and it isn't so bad. (Mar.)

VTOMORROW IS FOREVER—International: We recommend this one highly. It is a tragic drama of a young wife, Claudette Colbert, whose officer husband, Orson Welles, never returned from World War I. Befriended by her employer, George Brent, she eventually marries him, becoming contented. Later Orson returns, unrecognizable at first, and the handling of this problem, we feel, is admirable, the characterization superb. (Apr.)

VTUP GOES MAISIE—M-G-M: Ann Sothern continues her good-hearted blundering, this time as secretary to personable George Murphy, inventor of a helicopter. Hillary Brooke is the villainess. *Maisie* is always welcome with us. (Mar.)

VTACATION FROM MARRIAGE—M-G-M: Quite the cutest thing to come from London, produced by Alexander Korda, is this story of a rather dull English couple who become worldly wise through their separate services in the Navy, and of their comical reunion after three years apart. Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr are delightful. (Mar.)

VTIRGINIAN, THE—Paramount: A fairly exciting Technicolor Western, Joel McCrea in the title role, plays opposite pretty Barbara Britton, the Easterner who's come west to teach school. Brian Donlevy as the bad rustler, Sonny Tufts, Fay Bainter and Henry O'Neill are all excellent. (Apr.)

VTWALK IN THE SUN, A—20th Century-Fox: This is a touchingly beautiful "war-incident" story that went right to our heart. The male cast includes fine performances by Dana Andrews, Dick Conte, George Tyne, Sterling Holloway, Huntz Hall and many others. It tells of a lone platoon in a single action. Reaching and taking an objective. It's definitely worth seeing. (Apr.)

VTWELL GROOMED BRIDE, THE—Paramount: There are giggle bubbles a-plenty in this gay story revolving around the search for a magnum of champagne. Navy Lt. Ray Milland wants it for a carrier launching, but Olivia de Havilland has the last bottle in town and is determined to use it for her wedding to Army Lt. Sonny Tufts. James Gleason and Constance Dowling add to the comedy of errors. (May)

VTWHISTLE STOP—Nero: For George Raft fans only, this gloomy tale never managed to really arouse our emotions. Raft is a no-good who eventually reforms for the sake of Ava Gardner, gets framed by Tom Conway, is eventually saved through the destruction of his strange friend Vic McLaglen. (Apr.)

WTOMAN WHO CAME BACK, THE—Republic: Nancy Kelly, surviving a bus wreck, believes she has inherited an ancestor's curse of witchcraft, and not until some dire things happen is she freed of her obsession. With John Loder, Ruth Ford and little Jeanne Gail, all good. (Apr.)

VTYANK IN LONDON, A—Corporation Ltd.—20th Century-Fox: This British picture does a good job in bringing about a better understanding between the English people and the American GI. Dean Jagger, the Yank, starts off on his furlough with a chip on his shoulder and falls in love with Rex Harrison's girl, Anna Neagle. (May)

VTYOUNG WIDOW—Stromberg-UA: At last you'll see the much-publicized Jane Russell, and we think you'll like her very much as the young widow grieving for her dead husband and unwilling to accept a new love. Louis Hayward is the Army officer who falls in love with her, Penny Singleton her room mate, and Marie Wilson a not-so-bright but very popular blonde. (May)

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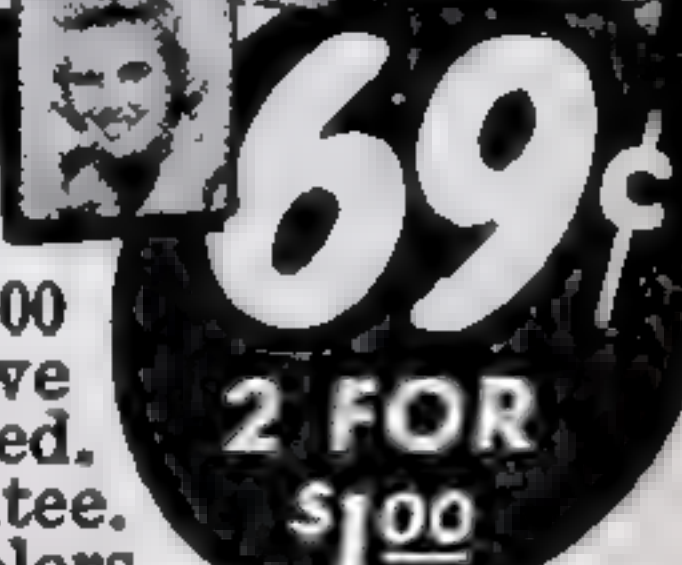
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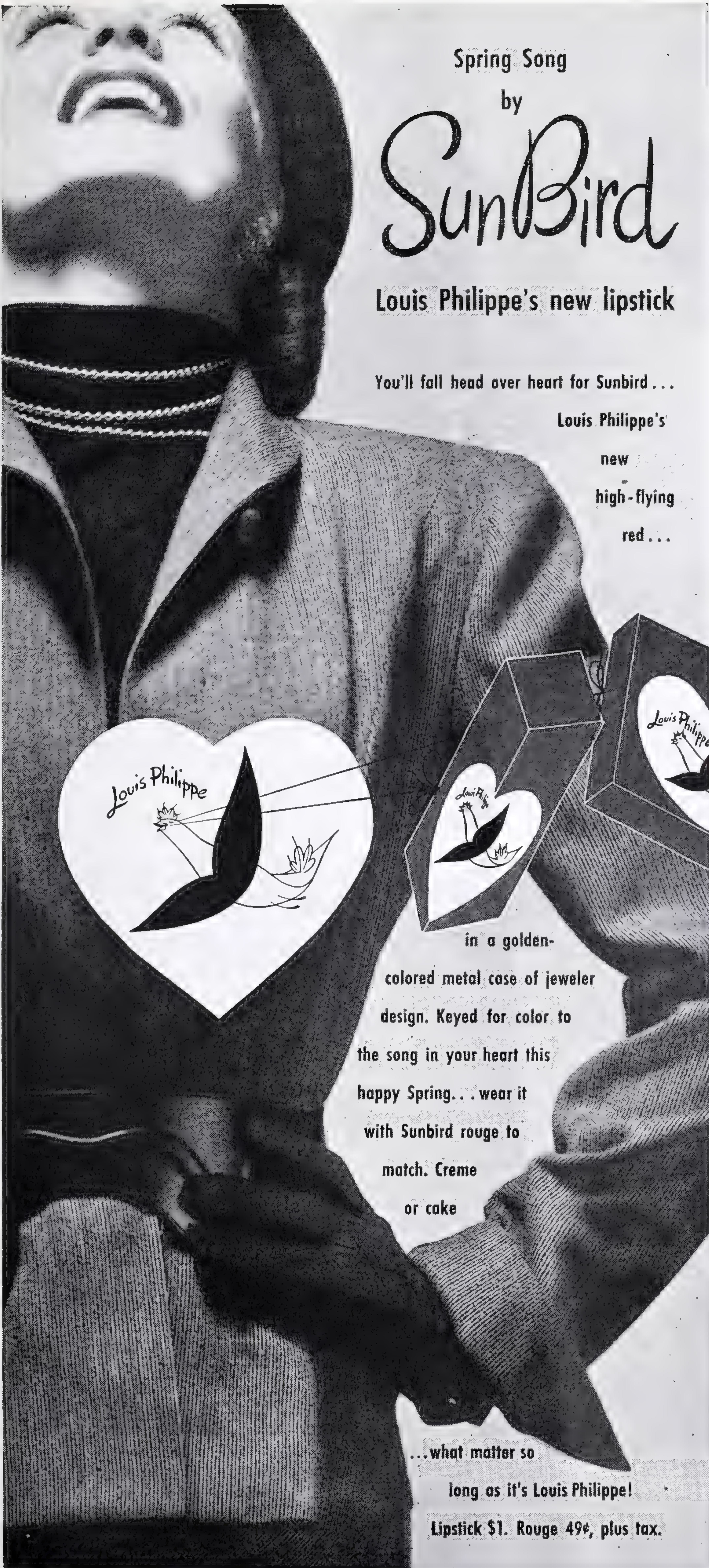
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Beauty Spots



Spotted for
beauty. Belita,
of "Suspense"

By Mary Jane Fulton

Belita, English-born skating, swimming, dancing star now playing in "Suspense," deserves an award for tact. When asked what beauty secrets European beauties know that we don't, she said none—absolutely none. American women, she feels, are as smartly dressed and groomed as you'll find anywhere. And we're the luckiest, too, she adds, because here there is no serious soap or cosmetic shortage as in England and on the Continent.

Be a Clean Beauty

We have no statistics to prove it, but need you have proof that soap leads all other beauty aids in importance? Be clean, look clean—then use your dusting powders, talcs, colognes, toilet waters and perfumes to add that extra whiff of scented sweetness that makes you nice to be near... But be clean first. Use a deodorant or anti-perspirant often; daily, if necessary. Follow carefully the directions given with the product... Don fresh underwear daily... Belita has a fetish for cleanliness. In winter she takes two baths daily; in summer, often as many as four!

For a New You

Never has there been a summer season when you have had so many becoming colors of make-up from which to choose... In lipsticks, rouges and nail polishes there are dramatic, deep-hued reds to accent a brunette beauty. As your skin tans, you can switch to the golden and coral-toned reds that will harmonize with your newly-burnished complexion.

Bright, clear reds, reds with soft blue undertones, and flattering pink and rose shades—all give a flower-like prettiness... So change your make-up as you change your costume. Match it to your complexion, the colors you're wearing and to your mood... Belita's friends tell her she never looks like the same person twice in succession. She's always changing her rouge, lipstick and nail polish and the way she wears her hair. That's one reason why they find her so interesting... It's a cue! Think you'd like to take it, and so achieve a new, more dramatic personality?

Sun Sense

If you're planning to be among the first to sport a toasty tan, be smart. Do as Belita does and acquire it gradually, using an oil, lotion or cream that not only screens out harmful sun rays, but also encourages an even tan. Some of these products make excellent make-up bases.



Lovely Leg-acy

For your own leg art these helpful hints to make yours beautiful—and keep them that way



Evelyn Keyes, next to be seen in Columbia's "The Great Highway," believes in giving her shapely legs careful attention and daily care

Attention

The first requisite of beautiful legs is attention and care. The basis of leg beauty is smoothness. For ten or twelve mornings rub your legs briskly with wet table salt before your shower or bath; this will banish dead skin and leave the legs shiny and smooth. Insure this with daily applications of your favorite hand cream or lotion and, once a week, coat the legs thoroughly with oil, massaging it in well.

Summertime toes must be as well cared for as your fingernails. This means a careful pedicure at least once a week. You might use Evelyn Keyes's professional routine: Massage cream around the cuticle and push it back with an orange stick. Cut the nails straight across—no curves—then file away the rough edges with an emery board. Paint the nails from cuticle to tip.

Go barefoot as often as you can—at home, on the beach. Your reward: No knotty knuckles, a lovely, flexible foot.

Relaxation

Don't strain your legs. Strain comes primarily from always wearing the same type shoe that places the weight of support on the same tendons. Change your shoes frequently, varying the heel heights.

When your feet are overworked, especially during the hot summer, they need a rest cure. Try Evelyn Keyes's special soother. Wrap your feet in soft cotton cloths soaked in witch hazel and elevate them on pillows while you're relaxing; the blood will circulate and your feet will begin to feel alive.

Correction

So your legs don't measure up to Miss America's proportions. Don't fret about it; get busy. There are exercises to slim or reduce ankles or calves. They won't accomplish wonders overnight but they will work miracles if you're willing to do them month after month.

To slim the thighs, calves and ankles: Lie on your back. Stretch your legs into the air; put your feet tightly together with the toes pointed up. Bend knees to the chest, raise legs into the air again, this time forming a V and pointing the toes. Drop legs outward, forming a wide V; then bring together, bend the knees and repeat.

For special emphasis on calf reduction, stand two or three feet from the wall. Lean forward, keeping the knees straight and place the elbows up, fingertips to fingertips, palms straight against the wall. Push yourself into and away from the wall. This flattens calf muscles.

Mastery

Be the master of your feet; use them for walking, don't let them use you. A cue from Evelyn Keyes on the proper way to walk: Let your heels touch the ground first, then the outer edges of your feet, then the balls of your feet. Keep your head, neck and chest up, your tummy drawn in and your back straight. Distribute your weight and balance on both legs and feet—and straighten out the legs with each step. Move freely and gracefully—you're proud of your legs!

Treasure this thought and apply it: American soldiers returning home have seen plenty of old-world beauties, but they stand together on two points—no legs can measure up to the American women's; never again do they want to see makeshift shoes. Wear shoes that are decorative and feminine—a far cry from old-world sabots and sandals; keep this in mind and you'll win veteran hearts!

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Betty Sanford

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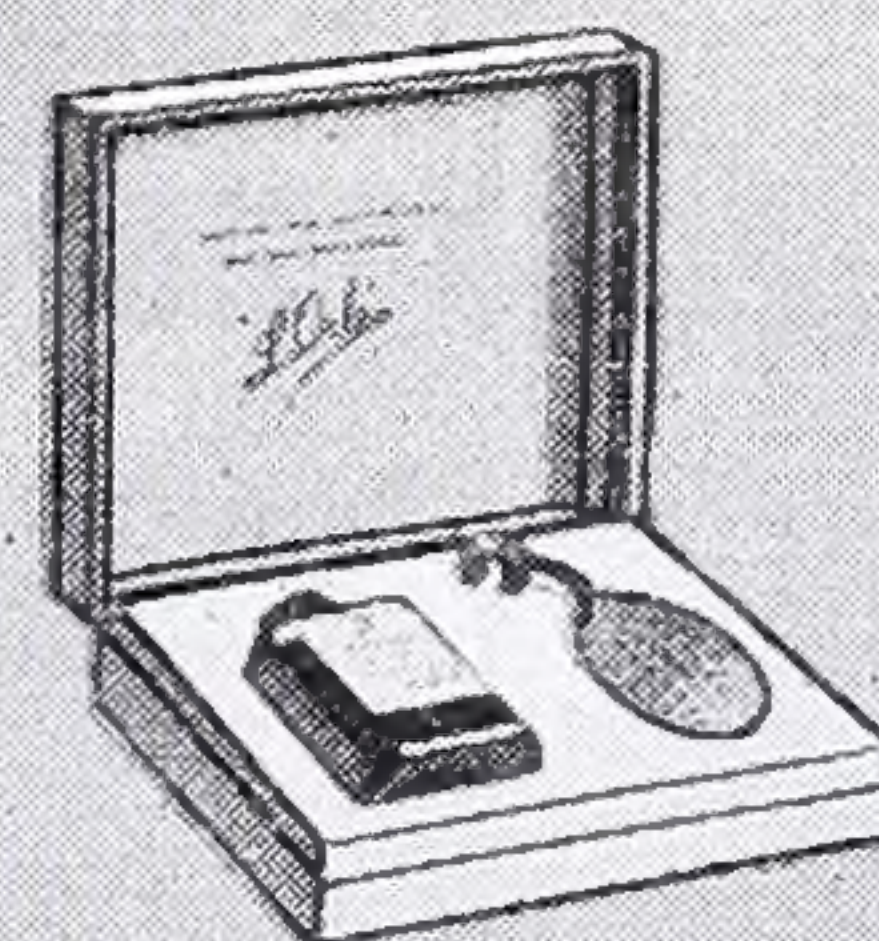
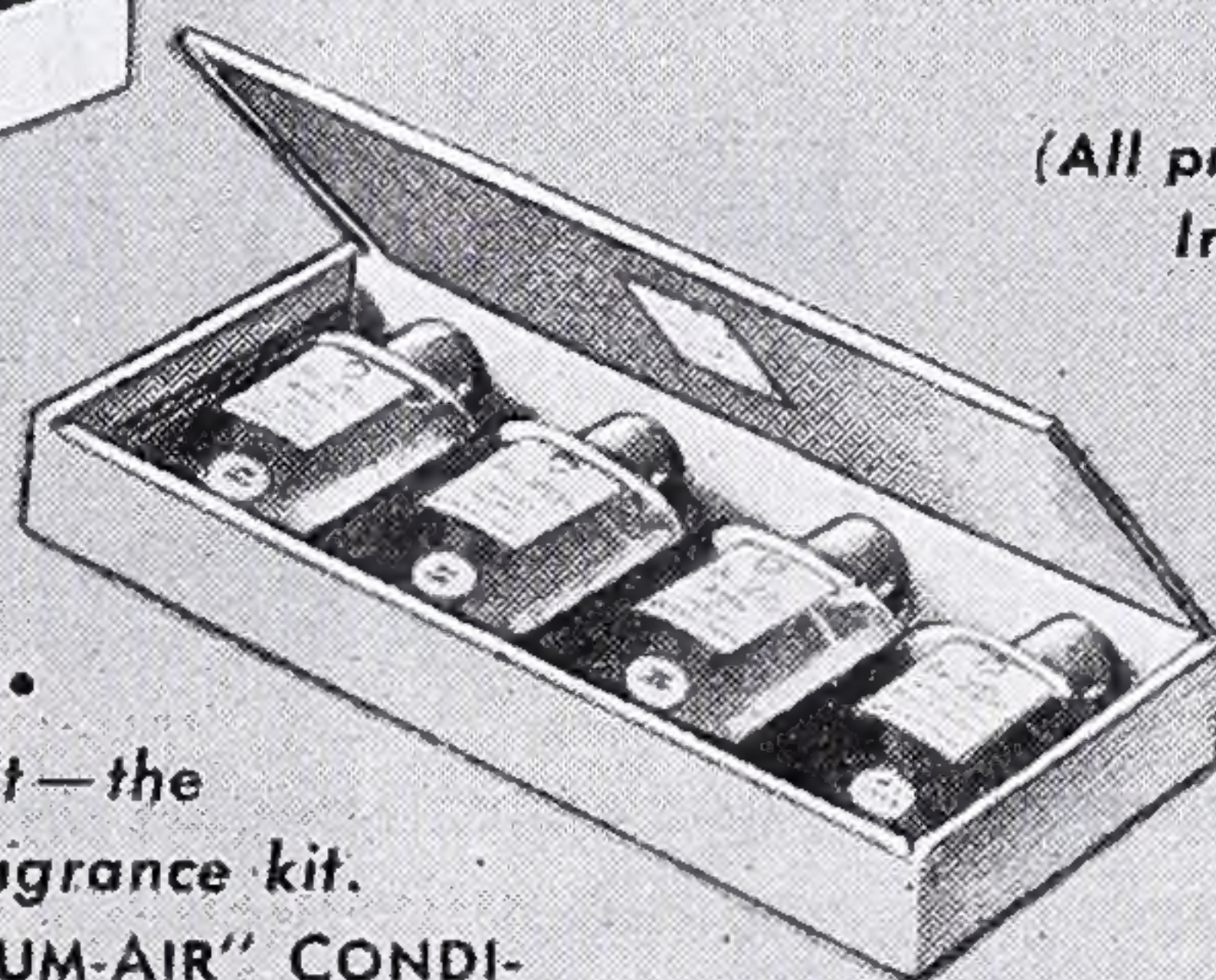
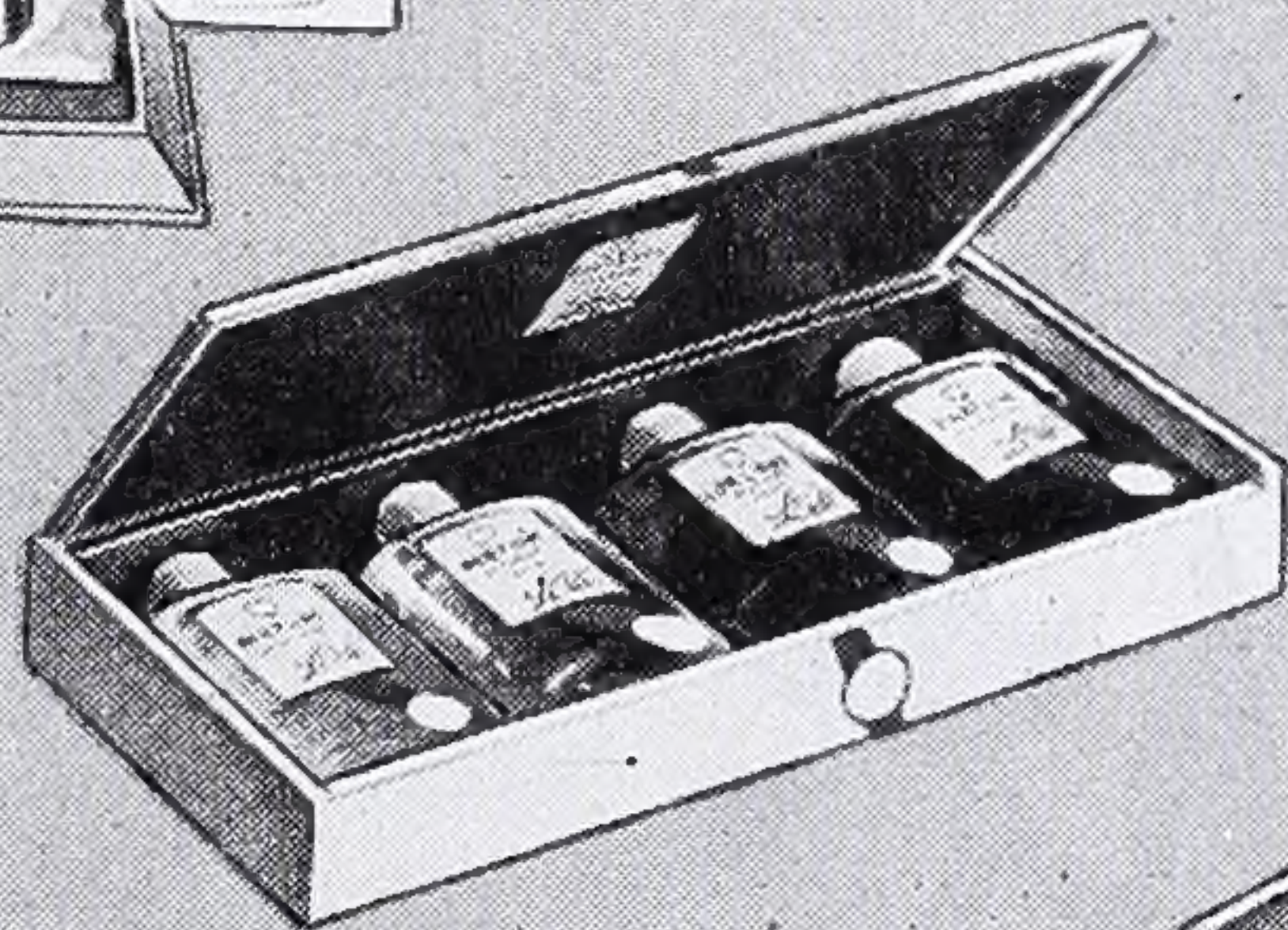
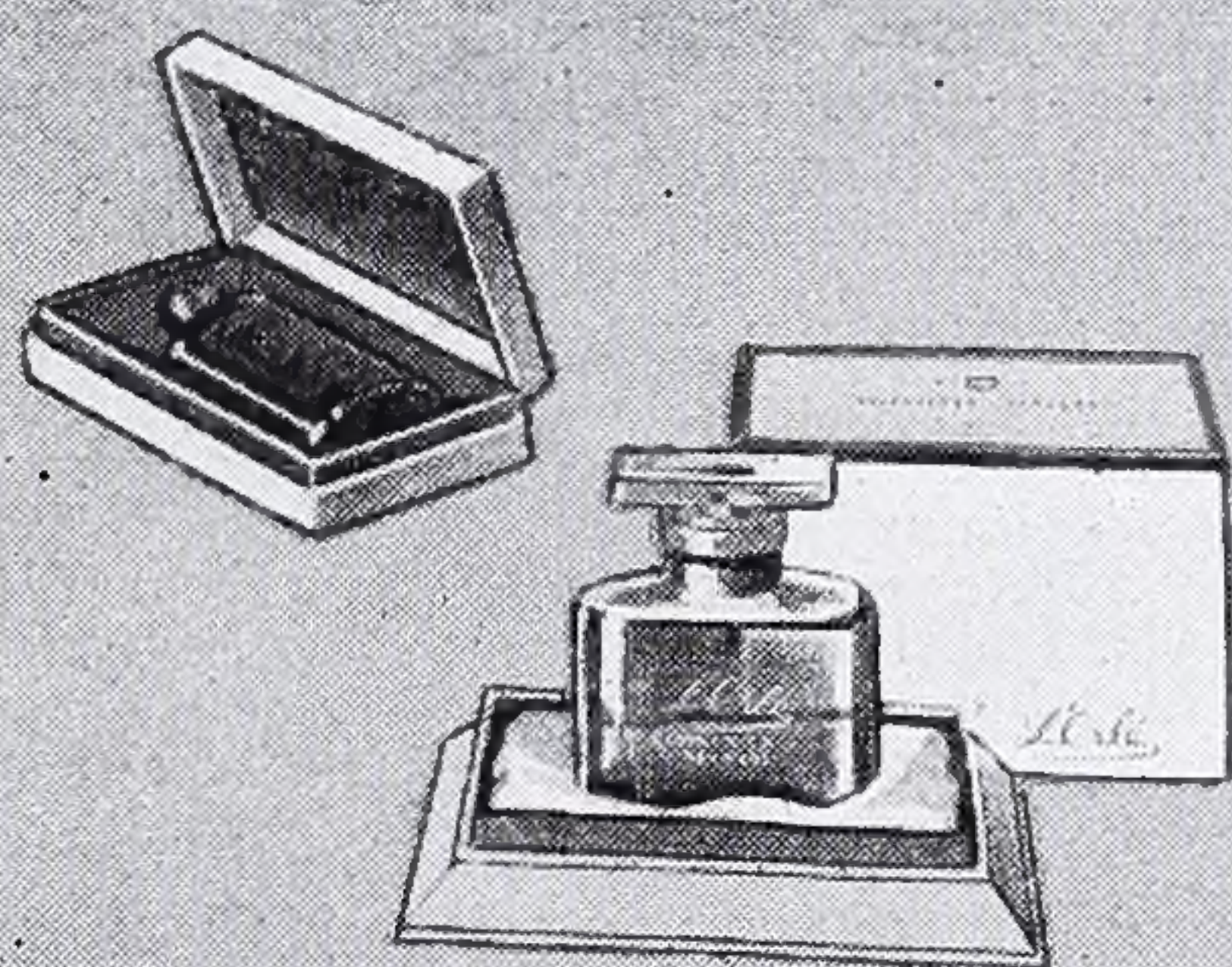
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Casts of Current Pictures

BRIDE WORE BOOTS, THE—Paramount: Sally Warren, Barbara Stanwyck; Jeff Warren, Robert Cummings; Mary Lou Medford, Diana Lynn; Lance Gale, Patric Knowles; Grace Apley, Peggy Wood; Tod Warren, Robert Benchley; Joe, Willie Best; Carol Warren, Natalie Wood; Johnny Warren, Gregory Muradian; Janet Doughton, Mary Young.

DEVOTION—Warners: Charlotte Bronte, Olivia de Havilland; Emily Bronte, Ida Lupino; Anne Bronte, Nancy Coleman; Arthur Nicholls, Paul Henreid; Thackeray, Sidney Greenstreet; Bramwell Bronte, Arthur Kennedy; Lady Thornton, Dame May Whitty; Monsieur Heger, Victor Francen; Rev. Bronte, Montagu Love; Aunt Bramwell, Ethel Griffies; Sir John Thornton, Edmond Breon; Mrs. Ingham, Doris Lloyd; Madame Heger, Odette Myrtil; Tabby, Marie De Becker; Miss Thornton, Eily Mal-yon; Hoggis, Forrester Harvey; Draper, Billy Bevan; Seton, Geoffrey Steele.

HEARTBEAT—RKO: Arlette, Ginger Rogers; Pierre, Jean Pierre Aumont; Prof. Aristide, Basil Rathbone; Ambassador, Adolphe Menjou; Roland Medeville, Melville Cooper; Yves Cadubert, Mikhail Rasumny; Baron Dvorak, Eduardo Ciannelli; Ambassador's Wife, Mona Maris; Minister, Henry Stephenson.

KID FROM BROOKLYN, THE—Goldwyn: Bur-leigh Sullivan, Danny Kaye; Polly Pringle, Virginia Mayo; Susie Sullivan, Vera-Ellen; Speed McFarlane, Steve Cochran; Ann Westley, Eve Arden; Gabby Sloan, Walter Abel; Spider Schultz, Lionel Stander; Mrs. E. Winthrop LeMoyne, Fay Bainter; Austin Austin, Clarence Kolb; Photographer, Victor Cutler; Willard, Charles Cane; Fight Announcer, Jerome Cowan; Radio Announcers, Don Wilson and Knox Manning; Matron, Kay Thompson; Master of Ceremonies, Johnny Downs.

NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN—Universal: Vivian Kenway, Rex Harrison; Rikki Krausner, Lilli Palmer; Col. Kenway, Godfrey Tearle; Sandy Duncan, Griffith Jones; Jennifer Calthrop, Margaret Johnson; Fogroy, Guy Middleton; Jill Duncan, Jean Kent; Lady Parks, Marie Lohr; Sir Hubert Parks, Garry Marsh; Sir John Brockley, David Horne.

POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE, THE—M-G-M: Cora Smith, Lana Turner; Frank Chambers, John Garfield; Nick Smith, Cecil Kellaway; Arthur Keats, Hume Cronyn; Kyle Sackett, Leon Ames; Madge Gorland, Audrey Totter; Ezra Liam Kennedy, Alan Reed; Blair, Jeff York.

SMOOTH AS SILK—Universal: Mark Fenton, Kent Taylor; Paula Marlowe, Virginia Grey; Susan Marlowe, Jane Adams; John Kimball, Milburn Stone; Don Elliot, Danny Morton; Stephen Elliot, John Lital; Fletcher Holliday, Samuel S. Hinds.

SO GOES MY LOVE—Universal: Jane, Myrna Loy; Hiram, Don Ameche; Magel, Rhys Williams; Percy, Bobby Driscoll; Josephus, Richard Gaines; Garnet, Molly Lamont; Bridget, Sarah Padden; Emily, Renie Riano; Mrs. Meade, Clara Blandick; Theodore, John Gallaudet; Raymond, John Phillips; Weldon, Bruce Edwards; Willis, Howard Freeman; Committee Men, Wheaton Chambers and Pierre Wat-kin.

SUSPENSE—Monogram: Roberta, Belita; Joe, Barry Sullivan; Harry, Eugene Pallette; Frank, Albert Dekker; Max, George E. Stone; Ronnie, Bonita Granville; Nora, Edit Angold.

TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON—M-G-M: Abi-gail Chandler, Kathryn Grayson; Martha Canford Chandler, June Allyson; Olstrom, Lauritz Melchior; "Spike," Jimmy Durante; Lawrence Tyburt Pat-ter-son Jr., Peter Lawford; Wrigley, Ben Blue; Aunt Jennifer, Isobel Elsom; Uncle Jonathan, Harry Hay-den; Mr. Lawrence Tyburt Patterson Sr., Thurston Hall; Mrs. Lawrence Tyburt Patterson Sr., Nella Walker; Ossifish, Gino Corrado.

WIFE OF MONTE CRISTO, THE—PRC: De Villefort, John Loder; Countess of Monte Cristo, Lenore Aubert; Danglars, Charles Dingle; Maillard, Fritz Kantner; Antoine, Eduardo Ciannelli; Count of Monte Cristo, Martin Kosleck; Lucille, Eva Gabor; Bonnett, Fritz Feld.

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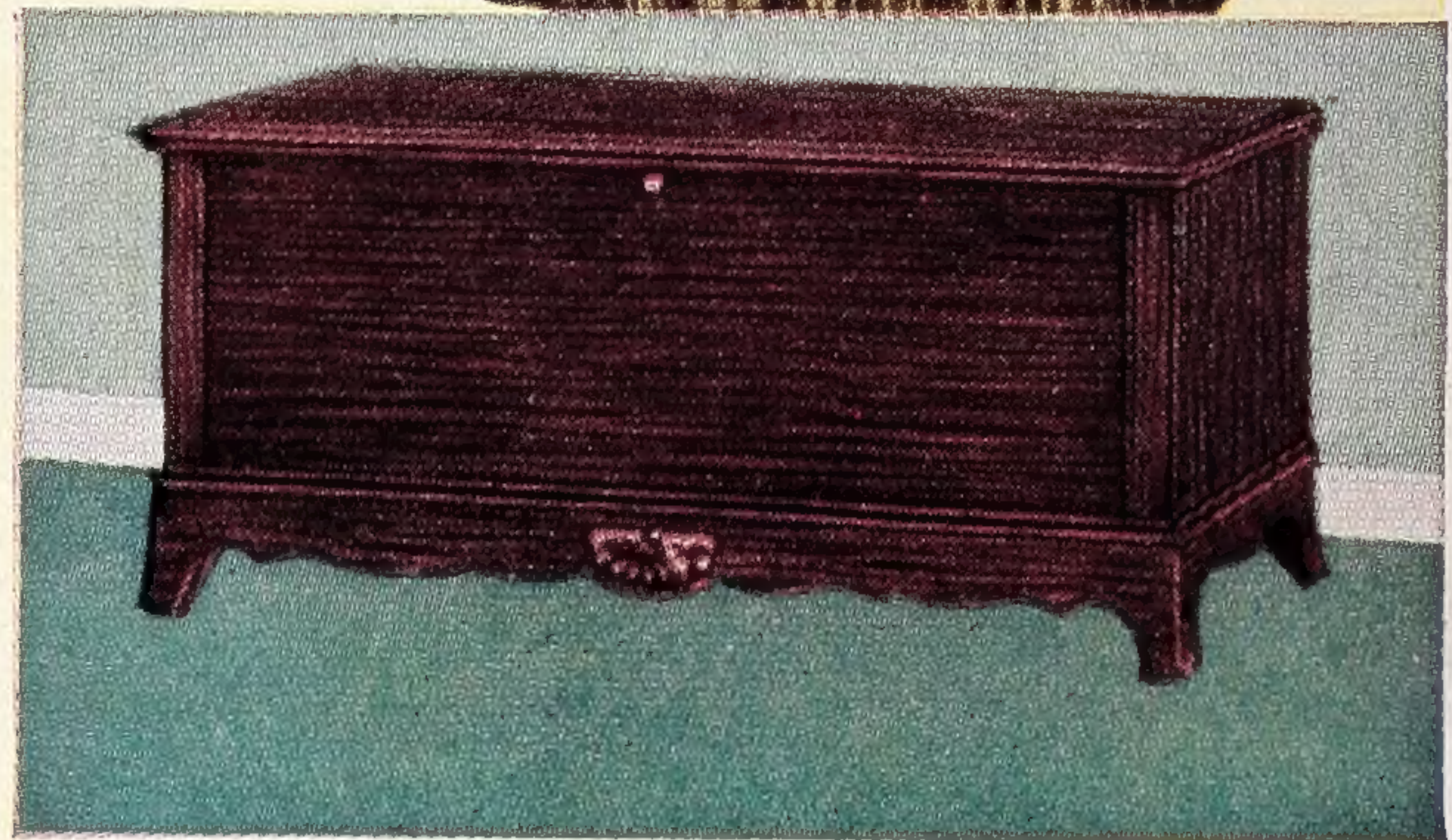
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